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THE BOY IN THE CLOAK OF GLASSING LUTHERAN

I had not removed the reputation of silence in the ground for five minutes, when the same voice whispered, "Listen—that is not both back."—4.10.14. 10

# ROB ROY

By SIR WALTER SCOTT, Bart.

For aye! the man, the good will win  
 Some station in the world, perchance;  
 But they should win it, not by the power  
 And they should keep it close.

*By the author's permission.*



Large building and grounds

EDINBURGH: ADAM & CHARLES BLACK.

1810



*WHEN* the Editor of the following volume published, about two years since, the work, called the "*Autography*," he announced that he was, for the first time, (addressing upon the public in his personal capacity. He might perhaps himself make the plea that every anonymous writer is, like the celebrated *Lucas*, only a phantom, and that therefore, although an expression of a man's feelings, as well as much unexaggerated description, he cannot be bound to give it a shape of accountability. A better apology may be found in the existing confusion of honest Doubt, that, when he said he would do a book, he did not think he should live to be married. The best of all would be, if, as has so lately happened in the case of some distinguished contemporaries, the worth of the work should, in the reader's estimation, form an atonement for the Author's breach of promise. Without pretending to hope that this may prove the case, if no only further security is wanted, that his resolution, like that of *Shamela*, fell a sacrifice, to temptation at last, if not to *discrepancy*.

It is now about six months since the Author, through the medium of his respectable Publishers, received a parcel of Papers, containing the Outline of this narrative, with a preambles, or rather with a request, couched in highly flattering terms, that they might be given to the Public, with such alterations as should be found suitable.\*

\* As it may be necessary, in the present Edition (1803), to speak upon the subject, the Author thinks it proper to say, that the communication alluded to is entirely imaginary.



There were of course no comments, that, besides the suppression of names, and of incidents approaching too much to reality, the work may on a good measure be said to be new written. Several corrections have probably crept in during the course of these changes, and the notices for the Chapters have been selected without any reference to the supposed date of the incidents. For these, of course, the Editor is responsible. Some others occurred in the original materials, but they are of little consequence. In point of material accuracy, it may be stated, that the bridge over the Forth, or rather the *Armanth* (or *Black River*), near the hamlet of *Alayford*, had not even existed thirty years ago. It does not, however, become the Editor to be the first to point out these errors; and he takes this public opportunity to thank the numerous and valuable correspondents, to whom the reader will owe the principal share of any inaccuracies which he may derive from the following pages.

1st December 1817.

## INTRODUCTION—(1829).



*IF* *WALT* the author projected this further involvement in the patronage of an independent public, he was at some loss for a title, a good name being very scarce of as much consequence in literature as in life. The title of *Red Rover* was suggested by the late Mr. Chetwode, whose opinion and experience favoured the genre of popularity which it indicated.

His introduction can be more appropriate to the work than some account of the singular character whose name is given to the title-page, and who, through good report and bad report, has maintained a wonderful degree of importance in popular recollection. This cannot be ascribed to the distinction of his birth, which, though that of a gentleman, had in it nothing of high destination, and gave him little right to command in his story. Neither, though he lived a busy, restless, and extraordinary life, were his facts equal to those of other heroes, who have been less distinguished. He owed his fame to a good measure to his residing on the very verge of the Highlands, and playing such pranks on the boundary of the 18th century, as are usually ascribed to Robin Hood in the middle ages,—and that within forty miles of Glasgow, a great commercial city, the seat of a liberal university. That a character like his, blending the wild virtues, the subtle policy, and conventional honour of an American Indian, was flourishing in Scotland during the Augustan age of Queen Anne and George I. Besides, it is probable, as Pope, would have been considerably surprised if they had known that there existed in the same island with them a personage of *Red Rover's* peculiar habits and profession. It is this strong contrast between the civilised and cultivated mode of life on the one side of the Highland line, and the wild and lawless adventures which were habitually undertaken and sustained by our wild dwellers on the opposite side of that fixed boundary, which creates the interest attached to his name. Hence it is that even yet,

*For and near, through vale and hill,  
Are found that tell the story,  
And hardly tale is true more often,  
At word of Red Rover's name.*

There were several advantages which *Rob Roy* enjoyed for continuing to advance the character which he assumed.

The most prominent of these was his descent from, and connection with, the clan *MacGregor*, as famous for their valour, and the indomitable spirit with which they maintained themselves as a clan, united and banded together in spite of the most severe laws, created with valour of rigour against those who have this probably ancient. Their history was that of several others of the original Highland clans, who were oppressed by more powerful neighbours, and either subjugated, or forced to serve themselves by recognizing their own family appellation, and assuming that of the conquerors. The peculiarity in the story of the *MacGregors*, is their retaining, with such tenacity, their separate customs and usages as a clan made circumstances of the utmost urgency. The history of the tribe is largely as follows:—But we must prove that the tale depends on some degree on tradition; therefore, accepting when written documents are quoted, it must be considered as in some degree fabulous.

The sept of *MacGregor* claimed a descent from *Urruie*, or *Gregorius*, third son, it is said, of *Alpin King of Scots*, who flourished about 787. Hence their original patronage is *Mac-Alpin*, and they are usually termed the *Clan Alpin*. An Irish verbal tale of them relates the same name. They are accounted one of the most ancient clans in the Highlands, and it is certain they were a people of original Celtic descent, and occupied at one period very extensive possessions in *Perthshire* and *Argyllshire*, which they imperiously continued to hold by the sole a claim, that is, the right of the sword. Their neighbours, the *Earls of Argyll* and *Donald*, both, in the meanwhile, managed to have the lands occupied by the *MacGregors* expressed in their charters which they easily obtained from the Crown; and thus constituted a legal right in their own favour, without much regard to its justice. As opportunities occurred of wronging or oppressing their neighbours, they gradually extended their own domains, by wronging, under the pretext of such rapid growth, those of their more unwarlike neighbours. A *Sir Duncan Campbell of Lochow*, known in the Highlands by the name of *Donachie Urru* was characterized, that is, *Black Duncan* with the *Clan*, it being his pleasure to wear such a head-gear, is said to have been particularly successful in these acts of spoliation upon the clan *MacGregor*.

The devoted sept, now finding themselves independently driven from their possessions, defended themselves by force, and occasionally perished

advantages, which they used cruelly enough. This conduct, though natural, considering the country and time, was steadily represented at the capital as arising from an unchangeable and innate ferocity, which nothing, if not war, could remedy, was nothing off the tribe of *MacDugers* root and branch.

In an act of *Privy Council* at *Stirling*, 15th September 1583, in the reign of *Queen Mary*, consultation is granted to the most powerful nobles, and chiefs of the clans, to pursue the clan *Dugor* with fire and sword. A similar warrant in 1585, not only grants the like power to *Sir John Campbell* of *Glenorchy*, the descendant of *Duncan* with the *Owl*, but discharges the lairds to reward or assist any of the clan *Dugor*, or afford them, under any colour whatever, meat, drink, or clothes.

An atrocity which the clan *Dugor* committed in 1589, by the murder of *John Drummond* of *Drummond-crag*, a favourite of the royal forest of *Glenorchy*, is described gross, with all its horrid circumstances. The clan were upon the sacred land of the merchant men, that they would make common cause in avenging the deed. This led to an act of the *Privy Council*, directing another crusade against the "wicked clan *Dugor*, so long unslain in blood, slaughter, theft, and robbery," in which letters of fire and sword are denounced against them for the space of three years. The reader will find this particular fact illustrated in the Introduction to the *Legend of Morvern* in the present edition of these *Knights*.

Other occasions frequently occurred, in which the *MacDugors* testified contempt for the laws, from which they had often experienced severity, but never protection. Though they were gradually deprived of their possessions, and of all ordinary means of procuring subsistence, they could not, nevertheless, be supposed likely to starve for famine, while they had the means of taking from strangers what they considered as rightfully their own. Hence they became used to predatory forays, and accustomed to bloodshed. Their persons were eager, and, with a little management on the part of some of their most powerful neighbours, they would easily be kindled out, to use an expressive Scottish phrase, to mutual violence, of which the only satisfaction took the advantage, and left the ignorant *MacDugors* an undivided portion of blame and punishment. This policy of pushing on the fierce clans of the *Highlands and Borders* to keep the peace of the country, is accounted by the historian one of the most dangerous practices of his own period, in which the *MacDugors* were considered as ready agents.

*Notwithstanding these severe denunciations, which were held up to the eyes of the nation, they were converted, more of the slow still-passive property, and the chief of the nation in 1793 in August, Atlantic MacGregor of Ontario. He is said to have been a brave and noble man; but, from the hour of his confinement at his death, appears to have been changed in many and important facts, one of which finally proved fatal to himself and many of his followers. This was the celebrated conflict at Okopaka, near the north-western extremity of Lake Lenore, in the vicinity of which the MacGregors continued to exercise much authority by the same glories, as right of the strongest, which we have already mentioned.*

There had been a long and bloody feud between the MacGregors and the Laird of Lenore, head of the family of Oshikuma, a powerful race on the lower part of Lake Lenore. The MacGregors' traditions affirm that the general began as a very trifling subject. Two of the MacGregors being brought, asked shelter in a house belonging to a dependent of the Oshikuma, and were refused. They then retreated to an out-house, took a soldier from the fold, killed it, and carried off the carcass, for which (it is said) they offered payment to the proprietor. The Laird of Lenore seized on the offenders, and, by the summary process which feudal barons had at their command, had them both condemned and executed. The MacGregors verify this account of the feud by appealing to a proverb current amongst them, asserting the law (which then as Oshikuma's law) that the black soldier with the white tail was ever hanged. To avenge this quarrel, the Laird of MacGregor assembled his clan, to the number of three or four hundred men, and marched towards Lenore from the banks of Lake Lenore, by a pass called *Reid na Ouel*, or the *Highlanders' Pass*.

The *Humphrey Oshikuma* received early notice of this invasion, and collected a strong force, more than twice the number of that of the invaders. He had with him the gentlemen of the name of *Prothoma*, with the *Oshikuma*, and other gentry of the *Lenore*, and a party of the citizens of *Timberline*, under command of *Tobias Smith*, a magistrate, or judge, of that town, and ancestor of the celebrated author.

The parties met in the valley of *Glenyval*, which signifies the *Glens of Corra*—a name that seemed to anticipate the event of the day, which, fatal to the conquered party, was at least equally so to the victors, the "dark waters" of *Glenyval* having reason to regret it. The MacGregors, somewhat discouraged by the appearance

of a force much superior to their own, were charged on to the attack by a *fiat*, or word-signal given, who professed that he was the decider of the dead struggle around their principal opponents. The clan charged with great fury on the front of the enemy, while John MacGregor, with a strong party, made an unexpected attack on the flank. A great part of the Colquhoun's force consisted of men, which could not act on the boggy ground. They were said to have disputed the field manfully, but were at length completely routed, and a terrible slaughter was exercised on the fugitives, of whom between two and three hundred fell on the field and in the pursuit. If the MacGregors lost, as is asserted, only ten men slain on the action, they had slight preparation for an indiscriminate massacre. It is said that their fury calculated itself to a party of students for clerical colors, who had imprudently come to see the battle. Some doubt is thrown on this fact, from the indictment against the chief of the clan Gregor being silent on the subject, as is the historian Johnston, and a Professor Ross, who wrote an account of the battle twenty-nine years after it was fought. It is, however, constantly asserted by the tradition of the country, and a stone where the dead were found is called *Loch-an-Mhacraich*, the *Mineir* or *Clark's Pigeons*. The MacGregors, by a tradition which is now found to be inaccurate, impute this cruel action to the ferocity of a single man of their tribe, renowned for his valour and strength, called *Dugall, Clan Mhor*, or the great *Macquhannoch Mhor*. He was MacGregor's father-in-law, and the chief amongst the youths in his clan, with themselves to keep them safely till the evening was over. Whether fearful of their escape, or incensed by some sarcasms which they threw on his tribe, or whether out of mere thirst of blood, this escape, while the other MacGregors were engaged in the pursuit, purchased his helpless and defenceless prisoners. When the daylight, on his return, demanded where the youths were, the *Clan* (renowned *Mhor*) *Mhor* drew out his bloody dirk, saying in Gaelic, " *Let that, and God save us!*" The latter words allude to the accusations which his victims used when he was murdering them. It would seem, therefore, that this horrible part of the story is founded on fact, though the number of the youths so slain is probably exaggerated in the local accounts. The common people say that the blood of the *Clan Mhor's* victims can never be washed off the stone. When MacGregor learnt their fate, he expressed the strongest horror at the deed, and reproached his father-in-law with having done that which would occasion the destruction of him and his clan. This supposed homicide was the ancestor of *Rob Roy*, and the tribe

from which he was descended. He was buried at the church of Portgort, where his sepulchre, covered with a brass stone,<sup>\*</sup> is still shown, and where his great strength and courage are the theme of many traditions.<sup>†</sup>

MacGregor's brother was one of the very few of the tribe who was slain. He was buried near the field of battle, and the place is marked by a rude stone, called the *Grey Stone of MacGregor*.

The *Macphersons* (Cathacks), being well mounted, escaped for the time to the north of Banoch, or Benochra. It proved no easy defence, however, for he was shortly after murdered in a castle of the north,—the family usually say by the MacGregors, though other accounts charge the deed upon the MacPhersons.

This battle of Glenfruin, and the avenging which the victors executed on the pursued, was reported to King James VI. in a manner the most reprehensible to the clan Gregor, whose general character, being that of leaders though brave men, could not much avail them in such a case. That James might fully understand the extent of the slaughter, the widows of the slain, in the number of eleven score, in deep mourning, riding upon white palfreys, and each bearing her husband's bloody shirt on a spear, appeared at Stirling, in presence of a monarch peculiarly accessible to such sights of fear and sorrow, to demand vengeance for the death of their husbands, upon those by whom they had been made desolate.

The remedy resorted to was at least as severe as the condition which it was designed to punish. By an Act of the Privy Council, dated 24 April 1602, the name of MacGregor was expressly abolished, and those who had hitherto borne it were commanded to change it for other names, the pain of death being denounced against those who should call themselves Gregor or MacGregor, the names of their fathers. Under the same penalty, all who had been at the conquest of Glenfruin, or accessory to other marauding parties charged in the act, were prohibited from carrying weapons, except a pointed staff to aid their victims. By a subsequent act of Council, 24th June 1612, death was denounced against any persons of the tribe formerly called MacGregor, who should presume to assemble in greater numbers than five. Again, by an Act of Parliament, 1617, chap. 26, these laws were renewed, and extended to the rising generation, in respect that great numbers of the children of those against whom the acts of Privy Council had been directed, were stated to be then approaching to

\* Note A. The Grey Stone of MacGregor.

† Note B. *Brigant Clach*.

continually, who, if permitted to recover the names of their parents, would render the clan as strong as it was before.

The execution of these warlike acts were chiefly intrusted to the sons to the Earl of Argyll and the powerful clan of Campbell, and to the Earl of Argyll and his followers on the more eastern Highlands of Perthshire. The MacGregors joined not to assist with the most distinguished strength; and taking a valley in the West and North High-lands retained mastery of the great conflicts, in which the powerful clan sometimes obtained transient advantages, and always sold their lives dearly. At length the pride of Alexander MacGregor, the chief of the clan, was so much lowered by the sufferings of his people, that he resolved to surrender himself to the Earl of Argyll, with his principal followers, on condition that they should be sent out of Scotland. If the unfortunate chief's own account be true, he had more reason than one for expecting some favour from the Earl, who had so often assisted and encouraged him in many of the desperate actions for which he was now called to answer a reckoning. But Argyll, an old Herrell against himself, kept a Highlandman's promise with them, fulfilling it to the eye, and breaking it to the soul. MacGregor was sent under a strong guard to the frontier of England, and being there, in the hired arms, sent out of Scotland, Argyll was judged to have kept faith with him, though the same party which took him there brought him back to Edinburgh in custody.

MacGregor of Glenstron was tried before the Court of Justiciary, 20th January 1604, and found guilty. He appears to have been instantly conveyed from the bar to the gallows; for Birnie, of the same date, reports that he was hanged at the Cross, and, for distinction sake, was suspended higher by his own height than any of his kindred and friends.

On the 14th of February following, more than of the MacGregors were executed, after a long imprisonment, and several others in the beginning of March.

The Earl of Argyll's services, in conducting to the surrender of the turbulent and warlike race and name of MacGregor, numerous common misdoers, and in the subduing of MacGregor, with a great many of the leading men of the clan, worthily entitled to death for their offences, is thankfully acknowledged by an Act of Parliament, 1607, chap. 16, and rewarded with a grant of twenty shillings of silver out of the lands of Kintore.

The MacGregors, notwithstanding the letters of fire and sword, and orders for military execution repeatedly directed against them by the



Scottish legislature, who apparently had all the resources of common sense, dignity and security, and could not even name the author of their without vituperation, showed no inclination to be bluffed out of their will of civility. They submitted to the law, indeed, as far as to take the names of the neighbouring families amongst whom they happened to live, nominally burning, as the new weight reader of that common, Drumwells, Clonphells, Grahams, Baskmans, Bencrofts, and the like; but in all intents and purposes of subordination and mutual attachment, they remained the clan Greys, marked together for right or wrong, and answering with the passed companions of their men, all who committed aggression against any individual of their number.

They continued to take and give offence with as little hesitation as before the legislative dispersion which had been attempted, as appears from the preamble to statute 1688, chapter 22, acting forth, that the clan Grey, which had been suppressed and reduced to quietness by the great care of the late King James of sacred memory, had in consequence broken out again, on the counties of Perth, Berwick, Clackmannon, Mearns, Lothian, Angus, and Moray, for which reason the statute re-establishes the disabilities attached to the clan, and grants a new commission for enforcing the laws against that wicked and rebellious race.

Notwithstanding the extreme severity of King James I. and Charles I. against this unfortunate people, who were rendered furious by proscription, and then provoked for yielding to the passions which had been unjustly irritated, the MacGregors in a man attacked themselves during the civil war to the cause of the latter monarch. Their lords have carried this to the native respect of the MacGregors for the name of Scotland, which their ancestors once wore, and have appealed to their ancestral barings, which displaying a ghastly orange colour was with a naked sword, the point of which supports a royal crown. But, without denying that such notions may have had their weight, we are disposed to think, that a war which opened the low country to the raids of the clan Grey would have more charms for them than any inducement to oppose the cause of the Commonwealth, which would have brought them into contact with Highlanders as fierce as themselves, and leaving as little to lose. Patrick MacGregor, their leader, was the son of a distinguished chief, named Duncan Athorch, to whom Montrose wrote letters as to his trusty and special friend, expressing his reliance on his devoted loyalty, with an assurance, that when such his Majesty's affairs were placed upon a

permanent footing, the possession of the clan MacGregor should be restored.

At a subsequent period of these melancholy times, we find the clan Gregor claiming the immunities of other tribes, when summoned by the Scottish Parliament to resist the violence of the Commonwealth's army, in 1650. On the last day of March in that year, a supplication to the King and Parliament, from Union Macdonalds of Park House, and Union Macdonalds of Glen, in their own names, and that of the whole name of MacGregor, set forth, that while, in obedience to the orders of Parliament, expecting all clans to come out in the present service under their designation, for the defence of religion, king, and Legislature, the petitioners were directed their men to guard the passes at the head of the river Forth, they were intercepted with by the Earl of Athole and the Lord of Buchanan, who had required the attendance of many of the clan Gregor upon their troops. This interference was, doubtless, owing to the change of name, which seems to have given rise to the claim of the Earl of Athole and the Lord of Buchanan to number the MacGregors under their banners, as *Stewarts or Buchanans*. It does not appear that the petition of the MacGregors, to be permitted to come out as a body, as other clans, met with success. But upon the Restoration, King Charles, in the first Scottish Parliament of his reign (January 1661, chap. 116), cancelled the various acts against the clan Gregor, and restored them to the full use of their family name, and the other privileges of free subjects, setting forth, as a reason for this liberty, that those who were formerly design'd MacGregors had, during the late troubles, conducted themselves with such loyalty and affection to his Majesty, as might justly wipe off all memory of former misdeeds, and take away all marks of reproach for the same.

It is singular enough, that it seems to have aggravated the feelings of the non-conforming Presbyterians, when the penalties which were most equally imposed upon themselves were relaxed towards the poor MacGregors;—as still are the last acts, any more than the worst, able to judge with impartiality of the same measures, as applied to themselves, or to others. Upon the Restoration, an influence connected to this unfortunate clan, and to its name with that which afterwards dictated the measures of Oliver, occasioned the revocation of the penal statutes against the MacGregors. There are no reasons given why these highly penal acts should have been removed; nor is it alleged that the clan had been guilty of late irregularities. Indeed, there is some reason to think that the clause was framed of set purpose,

in a shape which should elude observation ; for, though containing conclusions fatal to the rights of an every Scottish subject, it is neither mentioned in the title nor the rubric of the *Act of Parliament* in which it occurs, and is given briefly in at the close of the volume 1802, chap. 43, entitled, *an Act for the Laidbury in the Highlands*.

It does not, however, appear that after the Revolution the acts against the clan were severely enforced ; and in the latter half of the eighteenth century, they were not enforced at all. Contributions of supply were annual in Parliament by the prescribed title of *MacGregor*, and decrees of courts of justice were pronounced, and legal deeds entered into, under the same appellation. The *MacGregors*, however, while the laws continued in the strictest, still suffered under the deprivation of the name which was their birthright, and some attempts were made for the purpose of adopting another, *Mac-Alpine* or *Great* being proposed as the title of the whole clan or *tribes*. No agreement, however, could be entered into ; and the evil was submitted to as a matter of necessity, until full redress was obtained from the British Parliament, by an act abolishing for ever the penal statutes which had been so long imposed upon this ancient race. This statute, well merited by the services of many a path-way of the clan in behalf of their King and country, was passed, and the door was thrown at once open to with the same spirit of ancient times, which had made them suffer severely under a deprivation that would have been deemed of little consequence by a great part of their fellow-subjects.

They entered into a deal recognizing John Murray of Leitch, Esq. (afterwards Sir John MacGregor, Baronet), representative of the family of Glencairn, as lawfully descended from the ancient stock and blood of the Lords and Lords of MacGregor, and therefore acknowledged him as their chief on all lawful occasions and under whatever. The deal was subscribed by eight hundred and twenty-five persons of the name of MacGregor, capable of bearing arms. A great many of the clan during the last war joined themselves into what was called the *Great Alpine Regiment*, raised in 1760, under the command of their Chief and his brother Colonel MacGregor.

Having briefly noticed the history of this clan, which presents a rare and interesting example of the indelible character of the patriarchal system, the author must now offer some notices of the individuals who give name to these volumes.

In giving an account of a *Highlander*, his pedigree is first to be considered. That of Rob Roy was distinct from Our *Alban*, the

great man-of-coloured men, who is accused by tradition of having slain the young students at the battle of Glenfrass.

Without passing ourselves and our readers with the intricacies of Highland geography, it is enough to say, that after the death of Alister MacGregor of Glendora, the clan, discouraged by the unwilling persecution of their enemies, seem not to have had the means of placing themselves under the command of a single CHIEF. According to their plans of resistance and immediate descent, the several families were led and directed by Clachdara, which, in the Highland acceptation, signifies the head of a particular branch of a tribe, in opposition to Cliall, who is the leader and commander of the whole nation.

The family and descendants of Donald Clar Mhor lived chiefly in the mountains between Loch Lomond and Loch Katrine, and acquired a good deal of property there—whether by aggression, by the right of the sword, which it was never safe to dispute with them, or by legal titles of various kinds, it would be useless to enquire and unnecessary to detail. Enough;—there they certainly were—a people whom their most powerful neighbours were desirous to annihilate, their friendship in peace being very necessary to the quiet of the country, and their assistance in war equally prompt and effectual.

John MacGregor Campbell, which last name he bore in consequence of the Acts of Parliament abolishing his own, was the younger son of Donald MacGregor of Glengyle, said to have been a Lieutenant-Colonel (probably in the service of James II.), by his wife, a daughter of Campbell of Glasgowlock. John's own designation was of Lairdward; but he appears to have acquired a right of some land or other to the property or possession of Ordy Beguine, a daughter of such and forest, lying on the west side of Loch Lomond, where that beautiful lake stretches into the deep mountains of Glasgowlock.

The time of his birth is uncertain. But he is said to have been active in the service of war and plunder which attended the Revolution; and tradition affirms him to have been the leader in a predatory incursion into the parish of Rhypon, on the Lomond, which took place in the year 1691. It was of almost a bloodless character, only one person having his life; but from the extent of the depredation, it was long distinguished by the name of the War-ship, or devastation, of Rhypon.\* The time of his death is also uncertain, but as he is said to have survived the year 1722, and died an aged man, it is

\* See the *National Account of Scotland*, 2d. edition, vol. 17th. p. 225. Parish of Rhypon.

probably he may have been living, but about the time of the *Revolution of Egypt*, which would mean, has lived in the middle of the 17th century.

In the more quiet times which preceded the *Revolution*, *Red Bay*, or *Red Fisher*, seems to have served his native village, which was of no mean order, as a farmer, or trader in cattle, in a great extent. It may well be supposed that in those days no Lowland, much less English slave, ventured to enter the Highlands. The cattle, which were the staple commodity of the mountains, were carried down to fairs, on the borders of the Lowlands, by a party of Highlanders, with their arms rattling around them; and who sold, however, in all honesty and good faith with their Lowland customers. A fair, indeed, would sometimes arise, when the Lowlanders, chiefly Dorsetshire, who had to supply the English market, used to dig their horses in the west land, and carrying them round their heads, expose their warts to the warts of the Highlanders, which had not always the superiority. I have heard from one person who had been engaged in such efforts, that the Highlanders were remarkably good players, never using the point of the sword, for but their pistols in duelling; in that

With every a staff thrust and every a long,  
Knew neither and told him none.

A sick or two, or a broken head, was easily accumulated, and as the trade was of benefit to both parties, trifling differences were not allowed to interrupt its business. Indeed it was of great interest to the Highlanders, whose income, so far as derived from their cattle, depended entirely on the sale of black cattle; and a sagacious and experienced dealer brought not only himself, but his friends and neighbours, by his operations. Those of *Red Bay* were for several years so successful as to inspire general confidence, and raise him in the estimation of the country in which he resided.

His importance was increased by the death of his father, in consequence of which he succeeded to the management of his nephew *George MacGregor* of *Strathgairn*'s property, and, as his tutor, in such influence with the clan and following as was due to the reputation of *Strathgairn*. Such influence was the more remarkable, that this family of the MacGregors seemed to have refused allegiance to *MacGregor* of *Strathgairn*, the ancestor of the present *Sir James MacGregor*, and asserted a kind of independence.

It was at this time that *Red Bay* acquired an interest by purchase,

valued, or otherwise, in the property of *Orvis* *Stephens* already mentioned. He was in particular favour, during this prosperous period of his life, with his nearest and most powerful neighbour, *James, first Duke of Montrose*, from whom he received many marks of regard. His Grace consented to give his nephew and himself a right of property in the estates of *Chapple* and *Forcramb*, which they had till then only held as kindly tenants. The Duke also, with a view to the interest of the country and his own estate, supported our adventurer by loans of money to a considerable amount, to enable him to carry on his speculations in the cattle trade.

Unfortunately that species of commerce was not so liable to sudden fluctuations; and *Rob Roy* was, by a sudden depression of markets, and, as a friendly tradition adds, by the bad faith of a partner named *MacDonald*, whom he had imprudently received into his confidence, and intrusted with a considerable sum of money, rendered totally insolvent. He absconded, of course—not empty-handed, if it be true, as stated in an advertisement for his apprehension, that he had in his possession some in the amount of £7000 sterling, obtained from several witnesses and gentlemen under pretence of purchasing arms for them in the Highlands. This advertisement appeared in June 1712, and was several times repeated. It fixes the period when *Rob Roy* exchanged his commercial abstinence for speculations of a very different complexion.\*

His opinion at this period first to have returned from his ordinary dwelling at *Invercauld*, ten or twelve Scots miles (which is double the number of English) further into the Highlands, and commenced the lawless sort of life which he afterwards followed. The Duke of Montrose, who conceived himself distressed and cheated by *MacGregor's* conduct, employed legal means to recover the money lent to him. *Rob Roy's* feudal property was attached by the regular form of legal procedure, and his stock and furniture made the subject of arrest and sale.

It is well that this diligence of the law, as it is called in Scotland, which the English more liberally term distress, was used in this case with uncommon severity, and that the legal satellites, not usually the greatest persons in the world, had insulted *MacGregor's* wife, in a manner which would have aroused a valiant man than he to thoughts of unbounded vengeance. She was a woman of force and haughty temper, and is not unlikely to have disturbed the efforts in the execution of their duty, and thus to have increased all detriment, through, for the sake of humanity, it is to be hoped that the story sometimes

\* See Appendix, No. 1. p. 102.

told in a popular congregation. It is certain that the felt intense sympathy at being expelled from the house of Lord Leven, and were told in her feelings in a few years of ago—words, still well known to associates by the name of "Rob Roy's lament."

The fugitive is thought to have found his first place of refuge, in Glen Lochart, under the Earl of Argyll's protection; for, though that family had been active agents in the destruction of the Macgregors in former times, they had of late years destroyed a great many of the names in their old possessions. The Duke of Argyll was also one of Rob Roy's protectors, so far as to afford him, according to the Highland phrase, food and water—the shelter, namely, that is afforded by the forests and lakes of an inaccessible country.

The great men of the Highlands at that time, besides being extremely anxious to lay up what was called their *Patriotism*, or military valour, were also desirous to have at their disposal men of warlike character, to whom the world and the world's law were no friends, and who might at times sweep the lands or destroy the interests of a feudal enemy, without bringing responsibility on their persons. The strife between the names of Campbell and Graham, during the civil wars of the seventeenth century, had been stamped with martial law and moderate mainly. The death of the great Marquis of Montrose on the one side, the defeat at Inverlochy, and cruel plundering of Leven, on the other, were reciprocal injuries not likely to be forgotten. Rob Roy was, therefore, more of refuge in the country of the Campbells, both as having assumed their name, as connected by his mother with the family of Glenaloch, and as an enemy to the rival house of Montrose. The action of Argyll's passions, and the power of retreating rather in any emergency, gave great encouragement in the bold schemes of revenge which he had adopted.

This was nothing short of the maintenance of a predatory war against the Duke of Montrose, whom he considered as the author of his exclusion from civil society, and of the antipathy in which he had been sustained by letters of burning and capture (legal writs so called) as well as the seizure of his goods, and confiscation of his landed property. Against his Grace, therefore, his tenants, friends, allies, and relations, he disposed himself to employ every manner of emergency in his power; and though this was a single excessively extreme for active degradation, Rob, who professed himself a Jacobite, took the liberty of extending his sphere of operations against all whom he chose to consider as friendly to the revolutionary government, or in

that most dangerous of weapons—the *Udian of the Kingdom*. Under one or other of these pretences, all his neighbours of the Lowlands who had anything to lose, or were unwilling to compound for security by paying him an annual sum for protection or *fishwauze*, were exposed to his ravages.

The country in which this private warfare, or system of depredation, was to be carried on, was, until opened up by roads, in the highest degree favourable for his purposes. It was broken up into narrow valleys, the habitable part of which bore no proportion to the large wilderness of forest, rocks, and precipices by which they were enclosed, and which was, moreover, full of inaccessible gorges, moorlands, and natural strongholds, unknown to any but the inhabitants themselves, where a few men acquainted with the ground were capable, with ordinary valour, of baffling the pursuit of numbers.

The opinions and habits of the nearest neighbours to the Highland line were also highly favourable to Rob Roy's purposes. A large proportion of them were of his own clan of Macdonalds, who claimed the property of Dalrymple, and other Highland districts, as having been part of the ancient possessions of their tribe, though the harsh laws, under the severity of which they had suffered so deeply, had assigned the sovereignty to other families. The clan were of the seventeenth century had accustomed these men to the use of arms, and they were particularly brave and fierce from remembrance of their sufferings. The vicinity of a comparatively rich Lowland district gave also great temptation to incursion. Many belonging to other clans, habituated to contempt of industry, and to the use of arms, drove towards an ungraciated frontier which presented facility of plunder; and the state of the country, new as possible and quiet, verified at that time the opinion which Dr. Johnson heard with doubt and suspicion, that the most disorderly and lawless districts of the Highlands were those which lay nearest to the Lowland line. There was, therefore, no difficulty in Rob Roy, descended of a tribe which was widely dispersed in the country we have described, collecting any number of followers whom he might be able to keep in action, and to maintain by his proposed operations.

He himself appears to have been singularly adapted for the profession which he proposed to exercise. His stature was not of the tallest, but his person was uncommonly strong and compact. The greatest peculiarities of his frame were the breadth of his shoulders, and the great and almost disproportionate length of his arms; so remarkable, indeed, that it was said he could, without sleeping, sit



the garters of his Highland hose, which are placed two inches below the knee. His countenance was open, manly, stern at periods of danger, but frank and cheerful in his hours of solatity. His hair was dark red, thick, and fringed, and curled short around the face. His fashion of dress derived, of course, the loose and ragged part of the hip, which was described to me as resembling that of a Highland kilt, kerseie, with red hair, and evincing masculine strength similar to that animal. To these personal qualifications must be added a masterly use of the Highland sword, in which his length of arm gave him great advantage—and a perfect and accurate knowledge of all the customs of the wild country in which he harboured, and the character of the various individuals, whether friendly or hostile, with whom he might come in contact.

His mental qualities seem to have been as free adapted to the circumstances in which he was placed. Though the descendant of the Blood-thirsty Clur Alfar, he inherited none of his ancestor's ferocity. On the contrary, Rob Roy avoided every appearance of cruelty, and it is not asserted that he was ever the cause of unnecessary bloodshed, or the actor in any deed which could lead the way to it. His schemes of plunder were methodical and executed with equal boldness and sagacity, and were almost universally successful, from the skill with which they were laid, and the secrecy and rapidity with which they were executed. Like Robin Hood of England, he was a kind and gentle robber, and, while he took from the rich, was liberal in relieving the poor. This might in part be policy; but the universal tradition of the country speaks it to have arisen from a better motive. All whom I have conversed with, and I have in my youth seen some who knew Rob Roy personally, give him the character of a benevolent and humane man "in his way."

His ideas of morality were those of an Arab chief, being such as naturally arose out of his wild situation. Supposing Rob Roy to have argued on the tendency of the life which he pursued, whether from choice or from necessity, he would doubtless have assumed to himself the character of a brave man, who, deprived of his natural rights by the partiality of laws, undeterred to assert them by the strong hand of natural power; and he is most faithfully described as reasoning thus, in the high-toned poetry of my gifted friend Walsworth:

Say, then, that he was more at home,  
 As when he thought as bold as death;  
 For to the principles of things  
 He sought his moral creed.

*Said generous Rob, "What need of blades?  
 Have all the scimitars and their shabes;  
 They sit as up against our head,  
 And turn, against ourselves."*

"*If I have a passion, make a law,  
 The false is good to be avoided;  
 And for the law itself we fight  
 In bitterness of soul."*

"*And pressed, blinded, they are less  
 Indiscriminate than the glass and the Jew,  
 They find I govern me my sword,  
 That tells me what to do."*

"*The creatures are of flesh and fall,  
 And those that crawl on the mind;  
 With them no sleight can last; they lie  
 In power, and power of mind."*

"*For why? Because the good old rule  
 Enjoins them; the simple plan,  
 That they should take who have the power,  
 And they should keep who are,*

"*A house which is quickly built,  
 A signal through which all can see;  
 Thus, making here powder the strong,  
 To weaken cruelly."*

"*And frictions of mind is shielded,  
 He turned into feelingly captive,  
 While in the mastery of his tongue  
 Each fulfils his desire."*

"*All blades and scimitars stand and fall  
 By strength of power or of will;  
 'Tis God's appointment who must win,  
 And who is to subvert."*

"*Then then," said Rob, "right is plain,  
 And longest life is but a day,  
 To live my rule, maintain my right,  
 I'll take the shortest way."*

*And there among these walls he lived,  
 Through woman's love and man's care  
 The only, he was loved alone,  
 And Rob was loved alone.*

We are not, however, to suppose the character of this distinguished

calm to be that of an actual hero, acting uniformly and consistently on such moral principles as the Christiana had who, standing by her grave, has imprinted her name. On the contrary, as in numerous other battles and chiefs, Rob Roy appears to have mixed his professions of principle with a large alloy of craft and dissimulation, of which his conduct during the civil war is sufficient proof. It is also said, and truly, that although his country was one of his strongest characteristics, yet sometimes he assumed an airiness of manner which was not easily endured by the high-spirited men to whom it was addressed, and thus the daring outlaw took frequent escapes, from which he did not always come off with credit. From this it has been inferred, that Rob Roy was more of a body than a hero, or at least that he had, according to the common phrase, his fighting days. Some eyes now wide know him well, have described him when at battle or a ball, a tale, or a night within doors, then in martial combat. The hour of his life may be pointed to reveal this change; while, at the same time, it must be allowed, that the situation in which he was placed rendered him practically aware to maintaining quietude, where nothing was to be had save blood, and where success would have opened up against him war and peaceful success, in a country where revenge was still considered as a duty rather than a crime. The power of commanding his passions on such occasions, far from being inconsistent with the part which Montfomer had to perform, was manifestly necessary, at the period when he lived, to prevent his career from being cut short.

I may here mention one or two occasions on which Rob Roy appears to have given way to the manner alluded to. My late venerable friend, John Ross of Ochiltree, while engaged as a classical scholar and as an authentic reporter of the ancient history and manners of Scotland, informed me, that on occasion of a public meeting at a house in the town of Duns, Rob Roy gave some offence to James Edmondstone of Morton, the same gentleman who was unfortunately concerned in the slaying of Lord Rollo (see *Macdonald's Grimsay Trials*, No. IX.), when Edmondstone compelled Montfomer to quit the town on pain of being thrown by him into the highway. "I broke one of your ribs on a former occasion," said he, "and now, Rob, if you proceed one farther, I will break your neck." But it must be remembered that Edmondstone was a man of consequence in the Jacobite party, as he carried the royal standard of James VII. at the battle of Sheriffmuir, and also, that he was near the door of his own mansion-house, and probably surrounded by his friends and

alleviate. Rob Roy, however, refused an expedition for entering under such a threat.

Another well-known case is that of *Conningham of Daphne*.

Henry Conningham, Esq. of Daphne, was a gentleman of Strathgibbie, who, like many gentlemen of our own time, united a natural high spirit and daring character with an affliction of debility of address and manners according to fashion.\* He seemed to be in company with Rob Roy, who, either in contempt of Daphne's supposed effrontery, or because he thought him a safe person to fix a quarrel on (a point which Rob's enemies alleged he was wont to consider), insulted him so greatly that a challenge passed between them. The guests of the students had broken Conningham's sword, and while he remained the house in quest of his own or some other, Rob Roy went to the Blisking Hill, the appointed place of combat, and perched there with great mystery, waiting for his opponent. In the meantime, Conningham had rummaged out an old sword, and, entering the ground of combat in all haste, rushed on the action with such unexpected fury that he fairly drove him off his field, nor did he show himself in the village again for some time. Mr. MacGregor Stirling has a pleasant account of this incident in his own edition of *Minnie's Strathgibbie*; still he records Rob Roy's disclaimer.

Occasionally Rob Roy suffered disaster, and incurred great personal danger. On one remarkable occasion he was saved by the coolness of his lieutenant, Macmaster or Fletcher, the Little John of his band—a fine active fellow, of course, and celebrated as a marksman. It happened that MacGregor and his party had been surprised and dispersed by a superior force of horse and foot, and the word was given to “split and squander.” Each did his best, but a bold dragoon attached himself to pursuit of Rob, and overtaking him, struck at him with his broadsword. A plash of iron on his

\* His courage and effrontery of fashion were noted, which is less frequently the case, with a spirit of ironic sympathy. He is thus described in Lord Bunsay's undated verses, entitled “Angie's Lament”:—

“His dress had many broad seams,

His boots had broad seams,

The Duke then, looking round well pleased,

Said, ‘Woe you’ve been to Flanders!’

A man polite and jolly man

Traverse was called on.

Then Harry bowed, and whisked, and bowed,

And staid to the door.”

See a Collection of Original Poems, by Robert Bunsay, vol. 2, p. 221.

least avoid the MacGregor from being set down to the truth; but the blow was heavy enough to bow him to the ground, crying as he fell, "Oh, Mammahlah, is there nothing to her?" (as in the gas). The tragedy, at the same time, corroborates, "O—o ye, were mother were wrought your nightingale!" and her own remark for a second blow, when Mammahlah died, and the bell pierced the daughter's heart.

Such as he was, Rob Roy's progress in his occupation is thus described by a gentleman of sense and talent, who resided within the circle of his predatory war, and probably felt their effects, and speaks of them, as might be expected, with little of the fulsomness with which, from their position and romantic character, they are now regarded.

"This man (Rob Roy MacGregor) was a person of cunning, and neither wanted stratagem nor address; and having abandoned himself to all licentiousness, set himself at the head of all the base, rascally, and desperate people of that class, in the west end of Perth and Strathmore shires, and visited those which converse with thefts, robberies, and depredations. Very few who lived within his reach (that is, within the distance of a maternal cry) could promise to themselves security, either for their persons or effects, without obliging themselves to pay him a heavy and shameful tax of black-mail. He at last proceeded to such a degree of audaciousness that he committed robberies, raised contributions, and raised quarrels, at the head of a very considerable body of armed men, in open day, and in the face of the government."<sup>2</sup>

The extent and success of these depredations cannot be surprising, when we consider that the arms of them were sold in a country where the general law was neither enforced nor respected.

Having remarked that the general habit of cattle-stealing had thinned more than of the better classes to the injury of the practice, and that as man's property consisted chiefly in herds, it was considered in the highest degree precarious, Mr. Graham adds—

"On these accounts there is no culture of ground, no improvement of pasture, and from the same reasons, no manufactures, no trade; in short, no industry. The people are extremely giddy, and therefore so numerous, that there is not business in that country, according to its present order and economy, for the subsistence of them.

<sup>2</sup> Mr. Graham of Gartnarnock's Copy of the Description in the Highland. See Graham's edition of Perth Letters from the North of Scotland, Appendix, vol. II. p. 363.

Every place is full of idle people, accustomed to idleness, and busy in everything but rapine and depredations. No trader or merchant house can be found anywhere through the country, so in these they waste away their time, and frequently consume there the returns of their illegal purchases. Even the laws have never been executed, nor the authority of the magistrates ever established. None the officer of the law neither dare nor can execute his duty, and several places are about thirty miles from lawful justice. In short, there is no order, no authority, no government."

The period of the rebellion, 1718, approached even after Rob Roy had attained celebrity. His Jacobite partialities were now placed in opposition to his sense of the obligations which he owed to the intended protection of the Duke of Argyll. But the threat of "downing his winking steps amid the din of general war" induced him to join the forces of the House of Han, although his patron the Duke of Argyll was at the head of the army opposed to the Highland insurgents.

The MacGregors, a large part of them at least, that of Clac Mhor, on this occasion were not commanded by Rob Roy, but by his nephew already mentioned, George MacGregor, otherwise called James Graham of Glenelg, and still better remembered by the Gaelic epithet of *Glenelg Dhu*, i.e. Black Face, from a black spot on one of his loins, which his Highland girth rendered visible. There can be no question, however, that being then very young, Glenelg must have acted on most occasions by the advice and direction of an experienced leader at his side.

The MacGregors assembled in numbers at that period, and began men to threaten the Lowlands towards the lower extremity of Loch Lomond. They suddenly seized all the boats which were upon the lake, and, probably with a view to some enterprise of their own, drove them overland to Dunrobin, in order to intercept the progress of a large body of west-country soldiers who were on their way for the government, and serving in that direction.

The soldiers made an excursion for the recovery of the boats. Their forces consisted of volunteers from Paisley, Edinbrough, and elsewhere, who, with the assistance of a body of men, were towed up the river Lom in long-boats belonging to the ships of war then lying in the Clyde. At last they were joined by the forces of Sir Humphrey Colquhoun, and James Grant, his son-in-law, with their followers, arrived in the Highland dress of the period, which is pictorially

described.\* The whole party crossed in *Craig-Papine*, but the *Mac-Gregors* did not offer to sail. If we are to believe the account of the expedition given by the historians, *Naas*, they kept on shore at *Craig-Papine* with the utmost impatience, no crews appearing to appear there, and by the noise of their drums, which they beat incessantly, and the discharge of their artillery and small arms, terrified the *MacGregors*, whom they appear never to have seen, and of their fortresses, and caused them to fly in a panic to the general camp of the *Highlanders on South-Fillies*.† The last-mentioned were accounted as getting possession of the boats at a great expenditure of noise and courage, and little risk of danger.

After their temporary removal from his old haunts, *Rob Roy* was sent by the Earl of *Mor* to *Aberdeen*, he came, it is believed, a part of the *Mac-Gregors*, which is settled in that country. There was none of his own family (the sons of the *Old Maid*). They were the descendants of about three hundred *MacGregors* whom the Earl of *Murray*, about the year 1624, transported from his estates in *Highland* to appear against his enemies the *MacDonalds*, a race of hardy and valiant as they were themselves.

But while in the city of *Aberdeen*, *Rob Roy* met a relation of a very different class and character from those whom he was sent to encounter in arms. This was Dr. *James Gregory* (by descent a *Mac-Gregor*), the patriarch of a dynasty of professors distinguished for literary and scientific talent, and the grandfather of the late eminent physician and accomplished scholar, *Professor Gregory of Edinburgh*. This gentleman was at the time Professor of *Medicine* in *King's College, Aberdeen*, and son of Dr. *James Gregory*, distinguished as master in the University of the reflecting telescope. With such a family it may seem our friend *Rob* could have had little conversation. But civil war is a species of misery which introduces men to strange acquaintances. Dr. *Gregory* thought it a point of prudence to shun *London*, at so critical a period, with a name so formidable and influential. He invited *Rob Roy* to his house, and treated him with as much

\* "At eight they arrived at *Lane*, where they were joined by Sir *Samuel*, *Catharine* of *Lane*, and *James Grant* of *Finarroch*, his son *Isaac*, followed by thirty or fifty shabby fellows in their shabby hose and buffed platts, armed each of them with a well-used gun on his shoulder, a strong broadsword target, with a corresponding steel of about half an ell in length, covered into the scabb of it, on the left arm, a slender dagger by the side, and a pistol or two, with a dish and knife, in his belt." *MacGill's History of the Jacobites*, vol. 3, p. 197.

† Note C. The Loch Lomond Expedition.

*broader, that he profused in his generous heart a degree of gratitude which would likely to occasion very conspicuous effects.*

The Professor had a son about eight or nine years old,—a lively, stout boy of his age,—with whom acquaintance our Highland Robin Hood was much taken. On the day before his departure from the house of his learned relative, *Rob Roy*, who had perceived deeply how he might regret his uncle's kindness, took Dr. Gregory aside, and addressed him to this purpose:—"My dear Sir, I have been thinking what I could do to show my sense of your hospitality. Now, have you here a fine spirited boy of a son, whom you are ruining by crowning him with your nation's back-breaking, and I am determined, by way of manifesting my good-will to you and yours, to take him with me and make a man of him." The learned Professor was utterly overwhelmed when his worthy kinsman commenced his kind proposal in language which implied no doubt of its being a proposal which would be, and ought to be, accepted with the utmost gratitude. The task of apology or explanation was of a most difficult description; and there might have been considerable danger in suffering *Rob Roy* to perceive that the permission with which he threatened the son was, in the father's eyes, the only road to the gallows. Indeed, every excuse which he could at first think of—such as regret for putting his friend to trouble with a youth who had been educated in the Lowlands, and so on—only strengthened the chieftain's inclination to patronise his young kinsman, as he supposed they arose entirely from the modesty of the father. He would for a long time take no apology, and even spoke of carrying off the youth by a certain degree of kindly violence, whether his father consented or not. At length the surprised Professor pleaded that his son was very young, and in an inferior state of health, and not yet able to endure the hardships of a mountain life; but that in another year or two he hoped his health would be firmly established, and he would be in a fitting condition to attend on his brave kinsman, and follow out the splendid destiny to which he owed the way. This argument being made, the converse parted,—*Rob Roy* pledging his honour to carry his young relation to the hills with him on his next return to Aberbrothach, and Dr. Gregory, doubtless, praying in his secret soul that he might never see *Rob's* Highland face again.

James Gregory, who thus engaged being his kinsman's recruit, and in all probability his kinsman, was afterwards Professor of Medicine in the College, and, like most of his family, distinguished by his scientific acquirements. He was author of an available and parti-



vacuous disposition; and his friends were wont to remark, when he showed any suspicion of these fellows, "ART thou come of our having been educated by Rob Day?"

The connection between Rob Day and his classical education did not end with the period of *Julius' translated grave*. At a period scarcely really subsequent to the year 1713, he was walking in the Castle Street of Aberdeen, arm in arm with his host, Dr. James Gregory, when the drums in the barracks suddenly beat to arms, and soldiers were seen pouring from the barracks. "If those fellows are breaking out," said Rob, taking leave of his guests with great sangfroid, "it is time for me to look after my safety." So saying, he stood down a short way, as John Swenson says, "erect upon his legs and close upon his arms."\*

It has been already stated that Rob Day's conduct during the Jacobite rebellion of 1746 was very singular. His parents and followers were in the Highland army, but his heart seems to have been with the Duke of Argyll's. Yet the insurgents were constrained to trust to him as their only guide, when they marched from Perth towards Breckinry, with the view of crossing the Firth at what was called the Ford of Fines, and when they themselves could be could not be relied upon.

This movement to the westward, on the part of the insurgents, brought on the battle of Sheriffmuir—indeed, in its immediate results, but of which the Duke of Argyll seized the whole advantage. In this action, it will be concluded that the right wing of the Highlanders broke and cut to pieces Argyll's left wing, while the troops on the left of Mar's army, though consisting of his sons, Montrose, and Cameron, were completely routed. During this conflict of right and pursuit, Rob Day retained his station on a hill in the centre of the Highland position; and though it is said his attack might have decided the day, he could not be prevailed upon to charge. This was the more unfortunate for the insurgents, as the landing of a party of the Macphersons had been committed to Mar-Quay. This, it is said, was owing to the age and infirmity of the chief of that name, who, unable to lead his clan in person, deputed

\* The fact of these associations, which brings the highest pitch of civilization in contact with the barbarous state of society, I have heard told for the first time distinguished by Gregory, and the members of his family have had the kind note to inform the story with their qualifications and family circumstances, and furnish the authentic particulars. The second note on the translation of an old man, who was present when Rob took French leave of his Murray guests on leaving the dragoon band, and superintended the arrangements for Mr. Alexander Forbes, a determination of Dr. Gregory by testimony, who is still alive.

to his last apparent, Macpherson of Ford, discharging his duty as that morning: as that the Irish, or a part of them, were impeded with their allies the MacGregors. While the favourable moment for action was gliding away unemployed, Mac's possible action reached Rob Roy that he should presently attack. To which he coolly replied, "No, no! if they cannot do it without me, they cannot do it with me." One of the Macphersons, named Alexander, one of Rob's original professors, valiant, a dragoon, but a man of great strength and spirit, was so incensed at the timidity of his temporary leader, that he threw off his plaid, drew his sword, and rushed out to his discomen, "Let us venture thus no longer! if he will not lead you I will." Rob Roy replied, with great calmness, "Were the question about driving Highland cattle or hydes, doubtless, I would yield to your superior skill; but as it respects the leading of men, I must be allowed to be the better judge."—"Did the matter respect driving Ulster-Expos cattle," answered the Macpherson, "the question with Rob would not be, which was to be best, but which was to be foremost." Incensed at this answer, MacGregor drew his sword, and they would have fought upon the spot if their friends on both sides had not interfered. But the moment of attack was completely lost. Rob did not, however, neglect his own private interest in the occasion. In the confusion of an undisciplined field of battle, he carried his followers by plundering the baggage and the spoil on both sides.

The first real artificial ballad on the battle of Blar-na-Mor does not forget to allude to our hero's conduct on this memorable occasion—

*Rob Roy he stood right  
On a hill far to watch  
The looky far enough that I saw, man;  
For he w'as intendant  
From the place where he stood,  
Fill now more true in do there-a-w', man.*

Notwithstanding the sort of neutrality which Rob Roy had assumed to observe during the progress of the Rebellion, he did not escape some of its penalties. He was included in the act of attainder, and the house in Freuchville, which was his place of retreat, was burned by General Lord Dalrymple, when, after the conclusion of the insurrection, he marched through the Highlands to disarm and punish the offending clans. But upon going to Fowberry with about forty or fifty of his followers, Rob obtained favour, by an apparent surrender of their arms to Colonel Patrick Campbell of Fifeach, who furnished them and their leader with provisions under his hand. During this in a

great measure secured from the movement of government, Rob Roy established his residence at Craig-Doonan, near Loch Leven, in the midst of his own forests, and had no time to relax his pursuits quarred with the Duke of Montrose. For his progress he was not so fast as many men, and well armed too, as he had got accustomed. He never started without a body-guard of ten or twelve picked fellows, and without much effort could increase them to fifty or sixty.

The Duke was not wanting in efforts to destroy this troublesome adversary. His Grace applied to General Carpenter, recommending the forces in Scotland, and by his orders three parties of soldiers were directed from the three different points of Glasgow, Stirling, and Fife, near Edinburgh. Mr. Graham of Kilsno, the father of Montrose's relation and father, Sheriff-depute also of Inver-shire, accompanied the troops, that they might act under the civil authority, and have the assistance of a trusty guide well acquainted with the hills. It was the object of these several expeditions to arrive about the same time in the neighbourhood of Rob Roy's residence, and surprise him and his followers. But heavy rains, the difficulties of the country, and the good intelligence which the Duke was always supplied with, disappointed their well-concerted combination. The troops, finding the birds were flown, occupied themselves by destroying the nest. They burned Rob Roy's house,—though not with impunity for the MacGregors, assembled among the thistles and cliffs, fired on them, and killed a grenadier.

Rob Roy avenged himself for the loss which he sustained on this occasion by an act of singular activity. About the middle of November 1710, John Graham of Kilsno, already mentioned as father of the Montrose family, went in a place called Chapel Troath, where the tenants of the Duke were accustomed to appear with their tithes and rents. They appeared accordingly, and the farmer had received ready money to the amount of about £200, when Rob Roy entered the room at the head of an armed party. The Steward endeavoured to protect the Duke's property by shewing the books of accounts and money into a garret, trusting they might escape notice. But the experienced foreman was not to be beguiled where such a prize was at stake. He recovered the books and cash, placed himself calmly in the receipt of custom, numbered the accounts, protected the money, and gave receipts on the Duke's part, saying he would hold reckoning with the Duke of Montrose out of the damages which he had sustained by his Grace's men, to which he included the losses he had suffered, as well by the burning of his house by General Carpenter,

on by the late expedition against Oriskany. He then requested Mr. Graham to attend him; nor does it appear that he treated him with any personal violence, or even rudeness, although he informed him he regarded him as a heretic, and menaced rough usage so soon as he should be pardoned, or in danger of being pardoned. Five more evolutions were here performed. After some rapid changes of place (the fatigue attending which was the only consequence that Mr. Graham seems to have complained of), he carried his prisoner to an island on Loch Katrine, and caused him to write to the Duke, to state that his ransom was fixed at 2400 marks, being the balance which MacGregor pretended remained due to him, after deducting all that he owed to the Duke of Montrose.

However, after detaining Mr. Graham for six days in custody on the island, which is still called Rob Roy's Prison, and could be no comfortable dwelling for November nights, the Duke seems to have desisted of obtaining further advantage from his bold attempt, and suffered his prisoner to depart unharmed, with the amount-ransom, and bills granted by the accounts, bidding especial care to retain the cash.\*

About 1717, our Chieftain had the dangerous adventure of falling into the hands of the Duke of Athole, almost as much his enemy as the Duke of Montrose himself; but his courage and dexterity again freed him from certain death. See a contemporary account of this curious affair in the Appendix, No. 7.

Other parties are told of Rob, which agree the same boldness and audacity as the account of Killbuck. The Duke of Montrose, weary of his violence, procured a quantity of arms, and distributed them among his tenants, in order that they might defend themselves against future violence. But they fell into different hands from those they were intended for. The MacGregors made separate attacks on the houses of the tenants, and threatened them all one after another, not, as was supposed, without the consent of many of the persons so distressed.

As a great part of the Duke's rents were payable in kind, there were granaries (granaries) established for storing up the corn at Aberdeen, and elsewhere on the Buchanan estate. To these storehouses Rob Roy used to repair with a sufficient force, and of course when he was last expelled, and waited upon the delivery of quantities of grain—

\* The reader will find two original letters of the Duke of Montrose, with that which Mr. Graham of Killbuck despatched from his prison-house by the Courier's errand, in the Appendix, No. 11. p. 467.

measures for his own use, and measures for the welfare of the country people; always giving regular visits to his own manse, and pretending to reckon with the Duke for what came he received.

In the meanwhile a partition was established by Government, the value of which may be still seen about half-way betwixt Loch Lomond and Loch Katrine, upon Rob Roy's original property of Invermoid. Even this military establishment could not bridle the restless MacGregor. He continued to surprise the little fort, alarm the militia, and destroy the justification. It was afterwards re-established, and again taken by the MacGregors under Rob Roy's nephew Gibson. Then, previous to the invasion of 1747-8. Finding the fort of Invermoid was a third time repaired after the collision of civil discord; and when we find the celebrated General Wolfe commanding in it, the disposition is strongly affected by the variety of time and events which the circumstances bring continuously to recollection. It is now truly dismantled.\*

It was not, strictly speaking, as a profound diplomatist that Rob Roy was conducted his operations, but as a sort of contractor for the police; in Scottish phrase, a *lifter of black-mail*. The nature of this contract has been described in the *Went of Waverley*, and in the note on that work. Mr. Graham of Guthrie's description of the character may be here transcribed:—

"The confusion and disorder of the country were so great, and the Government so absolutely impotent in, that the robber people were obliged to purchase some security to their effects by shameful and ignominious contracts of black-mail. A person who had the greatest correspondence with the thieves was agreed with to procure the lands accounted for from thence, for certain money to be paid yearly. Upon this fact he employed one half of the thieve to recover stolen cattle, and the other half of them to stand, in order to make this agreement and black-mail without discovery. The cattle of these gentlemen who refused to contract, or give contribution to that perambulating prowlery, are plundered by the daring part of the watch, in order to force them to purchase their protection. Their leader calls himself the Captain of the Watch, and his headlings go by that name. And as this gives them a kind of authority to traverse the country, so it makes them capable of doing any mischief. These crews through the Highlands make altogether a very considerable body of men, armed from their rapine to the greatest felicity, and very capable to act in a military or police manner after."

\* About 1748, when the matter seemed to pass that way while on a tour I made the Highlands, a partition, consisting of a single column, was still maintained at Invermoid. The miserable watch was playing its tedious work on all points and inequalities; and when we asked permission to repeat inspection, he told us the world had the key of the fort under the stone.

" People who are ignorant and enthusiastic, who are in absolute dependence upon their chief or landlord, who are devoted to their amusement by dramatic exhibitions, sports, or masquerade shoggyism, and who are not masters of any property, may easily be formed into any mould. They fear no danger, as they have nothing to lose, and as one with one he is induced to attempt anything. Nothing can make their indignation worse—evils, however, and abuses do commonly deluge them in such circumstances, that by then they better it."<sup>2</sup>

As the practice of contracting for black-mail was an obvious encouragement to robbery, and a great obstacle to the course of justice, it was, by the statute 1677, chap. 21, declared a capital crime both on the part of him who lent and him who paid the sum of ten. But the necessity of the case prevented the execution of this severe law, I believe, on any one instance; and even went on admitting to a certain unlawful disposition rather than run the risk of other evils—just as it is now found difficult or impossible to prevent those who have lost a very large sum of money by robbery, from compensating with the price for restoration of a part of their booty.

At what rate Rob Roy lent black-mail I never heard stated; but there is a formal contract by which his nephew, in 1741, agreed with various landlords of estates in the counties of Perth, Stirling, and Dunbarton, to recover cattle stolen from them, or to pay the value within six months of the loss being intimated, if such intimation were made to him with sufficient despatch, on consideration of a payment of 4*l*. on each 100*l*. of value so recovered, which was not a very heavy insurance. Petty thefts were not included in the contract, but the theft of one horse, or one head of black cattle, or of sheep exceeding the number of ten, fell under the agreement.

Rob Roy's profits upon such contracts brought him in a considerable revenue in money or cattle, of which he made a popular use; for he was publicly liberal as well as privately haughty. The minister of the parish of Dalquhith, whose name was Robertson, was at one time threatening to pursue the parish for an augmentation of his stipend. Rob Roy took an opportunity to assure him that he would do well to abstain from this new avocation—a hint which the minister did not fail to understand. But to make him more complaisant, Macfarlane presented him every year with a cow and a fat sheep, and so scrupulous as to the mode in which the donor came by them are said to have effected the revenue gentleman's conscience.

The following account of the proceedings of Rob Roy, on an apple-

<sup>2</sup> Letters from the North of Scotland, vol. 2, pp. 144, 145.

shown to him from one of his contractors, and in it something very interesting to me, as told by an old settlerman to the *London* who was present on the expedition. But as there is no point or marked incident in the story, and as it must necessarily be without the half-physical, half-moralised look with which the narrator accompanied his recollections, it may possibly lose its effect when transferred to paper.

My informant stated himself to have been a lad of fifteen, living with his father on the estate of a gentleman in the *Lowes*, when, some I have forgotten, in the autumn of last. On a fine morning in the end of October, the period when such expeditions were almost always to be apprehended, they found the Highland thieves had been down upon them, and swept away ten or twelve head of cattle. Rob Roy was sent for, and came with a party of men or eight armed men. He heard with great gravity all that could be told him of the circumstances of the outrage, and expressed his confidence that the local-robbers<sup>2</sup> could not have carried their booty far, and that he should be able to recover them. He desired that two Lowlanders should be sent on the party, as it was not to be expected that any of his gentlemen would take the trouble of driving the cattle when he should receive possession of them. My informant and his father were dispatched on the expedition. They had no good will to the journey, nevertheless, provided with a little food, and with a dog to help them to manage the cattle, they set off with MacGregor. They travelled a long day's journey in the direction of the mountain *Ben-veitich*, and slept for the night in a ramshackle hut or bothy. The next morning they resumed their journey among the hills, Rob Roy directing their course by signs and marks on the earth which my informant did not understand.

About noon Rob commanded the armed party to halt, and to be ready to go to the heather where it was desired. "Go you and your men," he said to the eldest Lowlander, "go boldly over the hill;—you will see Lowlands you, on a plain on the other side, your master's cattle, feeding, it may be, with others; gather your men together, taking care to disturb no one else, and drive them to this place. If any one speaks to or threatens you, tell them that I am here, at the head of twenty men."—"But what if they abuse us, or kill us?" said the Lowland peasant, by no means delighted at finding the ordinary impost on him and his men. "If they do you any wrong," said Rob,

<sup>2</sup> *Local-robbers*—a name given to cattle thieves (properly one who deceives in this article, or takes).

"I will never forgive them as long as I live." The Looklander was by no means content with this security, but did not think it right to dispute Rob's reputation.

He and his men climbed the hill therefore, found a deep valley, where there grew, as Rob had predicted, a large herd of cattle. They carefully selected those which their master had lost, and took measures to drive them over the hill. As soon as they began to remove them, they were surprised by hearing cries and screams; and looking around in fear and trembling they saw a woman seeming to have started out of the earth, who looked at them, that is, scolded them, in Gaelic. When they contrived, however, in the best Gaelic they could master, to deliver the message Rob Roy told them, she became silent, and disappointed without offering them any further assistance. The chief heard their story on their return, and spoke with great complacency of the art which he possessed of putting such things to rights without any unpleasant results. The party were now on their road home, and the danger, though not the fatigue, of the expedition was at an end.

They drove on the cattle with little repose until it was nearly dark, when Rob proposed to halt for the night upon a wide moor, across which a cold north-west wind, with frost on its wing, was whistling to the tune of the *Piper of Strath-Durn*.<sup>a</sup> The Highlanders, sheltered by their plods, lay down on the heath comfortably enough, but the Looklanders had no protective shelter. Rob Roy observing this, directed one of his followers to afford the old man a portion of his plaid; "for the valiant (hey), he says," said the forester, "keep himself warm by walking about and watching the cattle." My informant heard this sentence with no small distress; and as the frost wind grew more and more cutting, it seemed to freeze the very blood in his young veins. He had been exposed to weather all his life, he said, but never could forget the cold of that night, so-much that, in the bitterness of his heart, he cursed the bright moon for giving so heat with so much light. At length the stress of cold and weariness became so insupportable that he resolved to desert his watch to seek some repose and shelter. With that purpose he crept himself down behind one of the most bulky of the Highlanders, who acted as headman to the party. Not satisfied with having secured the shelter of the man's large person, he creased a share of his plaid, and by imperceptible degrees drew a corner of it round him. He was now comparatively in paradise, and slept sound till daybreak.

<sup>a</sup> The wind which swept a whirl-gale in Balmuccie was so called.



when he awoke, and was terribly afraid on discovering that his mother and operations had altogether consumed the short-sleeved's neck and shoulders, which, lacking the plaid which should have protected them, were covered with cuts and scratches (as here first). The lad ran to great dread of a landing, at least, when it should be found how ignorantly he had been accommodated at the expense of a principal person of the party. Good Mr. Lamentation, however, got up and shook himself, rubbing off the hair first with his plaid, and uttering something of a wail at night. They then drove on the cattle, which were reduced to their bones without further attention.—The chow ran hardy to forward a tale, but got it without materials both for the poet and artist.

It was perhaps about the same time that, by a rapid march into the Balgachidder hills at the head of a body of his men traversing, the Duke of Maroon actually captured Rob Day, and made him prisoner. He was mounted behind one of the Duke's followers, named James Stewart, and made fast to him by a horse-girth. The person who had him there to charge was grandfather of the fatigued man of the same name, now deceased, who lately kept the inn on the vicinity of Loch Kintyre, and acted as a guide to visitors through that beautiful scenery. From him I learned the story many years before he was either a publisher, or a guide, except to mountain chieftains.—It was coming (to resume the story), and the Duke was pressing on to help his prisoner, as long as he after in vain, in some place of security, when, in crossing the Tull or Firth, I forget which, MacGregor took an opportunity to capture Stewart, by all the ties of old acquaintance and good neighbourhood, to give him some chance of an escape from an armed force. Stewart was moved with compassion, perhaps with fear. He slipped the girth-buckle, and Rob, dropping down from behind the horse's crupper, dived, swam, and escaped, pretty much as described in the Novel. When James Stewart came on shore, the Duke hastily descended where his prisoner was; and as no distinct answer was returned, instantly suspected himself's conversion at the escape of the Outlaw; and, drawing a steel pistol from his belt, struck him down with a blow on the head, from the effects of which, his descendant said, he never completely recovered.

In the course of his repeated escapes from the pursuit of his powerful enemy, Rob Day at length became wiser and fiercer. He wrote a mock challenge to the Duke, which he circulated among his friends to arouse them over a battle. The reader will find this

document in the *Appendix*.<sup>\*</sup> It is written in a good hand, and not particularly deficient in grammar or spelling. Our Southern readers must be given to understand that it was a piece of *homage*,—a *quid*, in short,—on the part of the *Confederate*, who was too important to propose such a *reversé* to *mobility*. This letter was written in the year 1778.

In the following year *Rob Roy* composed another *quid*, very little to his own reputation, as he therein confesses having played *hokey* during the civil war of 1712. It is addressed to General Wade, at that time engaged in discussing the Highland clans, and making military roads through the country. The letter is a singular composition. It sets out the writer's real and unfeigned desire to have offered his services to King George, but for his inability to do so, owing to a jail for a civil debt, at the instance of the Duke of Montrose. Being thus debarred from taking the right side, he acknowledged to embrace the wrong one, upon *Feeling's* principle, that since the King wanted men and the whole soldiers, it were worse than to be idle to such a stirring war, than to embrace the worst side, were it as black as rebellion could make it. The impossibility of his being neutral in such a debate, *Rob* seems to lay down as an undeniable proposition. At the same time, while he acknowledges having been forced into an attitude of rebellion against King George, he pleads that he not only avoided acting offensively against his Majesty's forces on all occasions, but, on the contrary, went in there what intelligence he could collect from time to time; for the truth of which he refers to his Grace the Duke of Argyll. What influence this plea had on General Wade, we have no means of knowing.

*Rob Roy* appears to have continued to live very much as usual. His fame, on the manuscript passed beyond the narrow limits of the country in which he resided. A pretended history of him appeared in London during his lifetime, under the title of the *Highland Rhymer*. It is a catch-penny publication, having in front the effigy of a species of *ape*, with a beard of a foot in length; and his actions are as much exaggerated as his personal appearance. Some few of the best known characteristics of the hero are told, though with little accuracy; but the greater part of the pamphlet is entirely *fictional*. It is good only to furnish a theme for a narrative of the kind, had not fallen into the hands of *Dr Roy*, who was engaged at the time on subjects somewhat similar, though inferior in dignity and interest.

As *Rob Roy* advanced in years, he became more peaceful in his habits, and his nephew *Colonel John*, with most of his tribe, re-

<sup>\*</sup> *Appendix*, No. III. p. 409.

warmed these parallel quarrels with the Duke of Montrose, by which his work had been distinguished. The policy of that great family had hitherto been rather to attack this wild tribe by kindness than to follow the mode of violence which had been hitherto instinctively resorted to. Louis at a late war was general to many of the MacGregors, who had heretofore held possession in the Duke's Highland property merely by occupancy; and Cluny (or Macdonald), who continued to act as collector of black-mail, managed his policy, as a commander of the Highland watch assigned at the charge of Government. He is said to have strictly abstained from the open and ignominious depredations which his kinsmen had practised.

It was probably after this state of temporary quiet had been obtained, that Rob Roy began to think of the converse of his former state. He had been bred, and long pursued himself, a Protestant; but in his later years he embraced the Roman Catholic faith,—perhaps on Mrs. Col's principle, that it was a comfortable religion for one of his calling. He is said to have adopted on the verge of his conversion, a desire to gratify the noble family of Perth, who were then strict Catholics. Having, as he observed, assumed the name of the Duke of Argyll, his first protector, he could pay no complaisant worth the Duke of Perth's acceptance were complying with his taste of religion. Rob did not pretend, when present chiefly on the subject, to justify all the tenets of Catholicism, and acknowledged that extreme reaction always appeared to him a great waste of time, or oil.\*

In the last years of Rob Roy's life, his clan was involved in a dispute with one more powerful than themselves. George of Argyll, a chief of the tribe as named, was proprietor of a half-ferme in the Strath of Balgachler, called Invercauld. The MacGregors of Rob Roy's tribe claimed a right to it by ancient occupancy, and declared they would oppose to the utmost the settlement of any person upon the farm not being of their own name. The Straths since then with two hundred men, well armed, to do themselves justice by main force. The MacGregors took the field, but were unable to maintain an equal strength. Rob Roy, finding himself the weaker party, called a parley, in which he represented that both sides were friends to the King, and that he was unwilling they should be weakened by mutual conflict, and thus made a march of surrendering to Argyll the disputed territory of Invercauld. Argyll, accordingly, retired to Glencoe then, at an easy distance, the MacGregors, a family dependent on

\* There is a tradition in Scotland to the effect Donald Bann Loch in Wemyss, chap. 121.

the *Stewarts*, and from whose character for strength and bravery, it was expected that they would make their right good if attacked by the *Mustangers*. When all this had been amicably adjusted, on presence of the two clans drawn up in arms near the Rock of Independence, Red Eye, apparently fearing his tribe might be thought to have cancelled too much upon the occasion, stepped forward and said, that where so many gallant men were met on arms, it would be shameful to part without a trial of skill, and therefore he took the freedom to invite any gentlemen of the *Stewarts* present to exchange a few blows with him for the honour of their respective clans. The brother-in-law of *Appee*, and second chieftain of the clan, *Akator Stewart* of *Imowahlye*, accepted the challenge, and they measured with broadsword and target before their respective clansmen.\* The combat lasted till Red received a slight wound in the arm, which was the usual termination of such a combat when fought for honour only, and not with a mortal purpose. Red Eye dropped his point, and congratulated his adversary on having been the first man who ever drew blood from him. The victor generously acknowledged, that without the advantage of youth, and the agility accompanying it, he probably could not have come off with advantage.

This was probably one of Red Eye's last exploits in arms. The time of his death is not known with certainty, but he is generally said to have survived 1738, and to have died an aged man. When he found himself approaching his final change, he expressed some curiosity for particular parts of his life. His wife laughed at these scraps of curiosity, and related him to the life of a man, as he had lived. In reply, he rebuked her for her violent passions, and the accounts she had given him. "You have put strife," he said, "between me and the best men of the country, and now you would place enmity between me and my God."

There is a tradition, so very inconsistent with the former, of the character of Red Eye is justly considered, that while on his deathbed, he learned that a person with whom he was at enmity proposed to visit him. "Flee me from my bed," said the invalid: "drive my shield around me, and bring me my dogskin, bark, and peltate—I shall never be cold that a fencer met Red Eye *Min-Onger* defensive and unarmed." His fencer, conjectured to be one

\* Some accounts state that *Appee Stewart* was Red Eye's antagonist on this occasion. My authorities, from the account of *Imowahlye* himself, was so stated to the truth. But the point when I received the information is now so distant, that it is possible I may be mistaken. *Imowahlye* was rather of low stature, but very well made, athletic, and an excellent swordsman.

of the *MacLarens* before and after marriage, related most justly his complaints, increasing after the death of his formidable mother. *Rob Roy* mentioned a cold brought on by their short acquaintance, and as soon as he had left the house, "Nan," he said, "will be one—let the paper play. He'll not talk" (for where he was), and he would be home again before the day was finished.

This singular man died in bed in his own house, in the parish of *Stapinildie*. His was burial in the churchyard of the same parish, where his features in early days were distinguished by a mark, except at the figure of a headstone.

The character of *Rob Roy* is, of course, a mixed one. His energy, heroism, and goodness, qualified as highly necessary to success in war, became in some degree even, from the manner in which they were employed. The circumstance of his crime, however, must be admitted as some relaxation of his habitual irregularities against the law; and for his political expatriation, he might in that distracted period plead the example of men far more powerful, and less excusable in becoming the sport of circumstances, than the poor and desperate nation. On the other hand, he was in the constant exercise of virtue, the more meritorious as they were inconsistent with his general character. Pursuing the occupation of a predatory chieftain,—in modern phrase a captain of banditti,—*Rob Roy* was moderate in his revenge, and humane in his conquests. His sense of cruelty or bloodshed, seldom in battle, as hardly against his nature. In his manner, the formidable soldier was the friend of the poor, and, to the extent of his ability, the support of the weak and the orphan—bapt his sword when plucked—and died lamented in his own wild country, where there were hearts grieved for his long absence, though their minds were not sufficiently cultivated to appreciate his errors.

The author perhaps might to stop here; but the fate of a part of *Rob Roy's* family was so extraordinary, as to call for a continuation of this somewhat prolix account, as affording an interesting chapter, not on Highland manners alone, but on every stage of society in which the people of a primitive and half-civilized tribe are brought into close contact with a nation, in which civilization and policy have attained a complete superiority.

*Rob* had five sons,—*Clail*, *Ronald*, *James*, *Deven*, and *Robert*. Nothing occurs worth notice concerning three of them; but *James*, who was a very handsome man, seems to have had a good deal of his father's spirit, and the month of *Dougal Oar Alar* had apparently

demanded on the shoulder of Robin Oig, that is, young Robin. Shortly after Rob Roy's death, the attack which the MacGregors entertained against the MacLarens again broke out, at the instigation, it was said, of Rob's widow, who seems due for to have deserved the character given to her by her husband, as an *Aid* stirring up to blood and strife. Robin Oig, under her instigation, swore that as soon as he could get back a certain gun which had belonged to his father, and had been lately at Dundee to be repaired, he would shoot MacLaren, for having presumed to settle on his mother's land.<sup>4</sup> He was as good as his word, and shot MacLaren when between the struts of his plough, wounding him mortally.

The aid of a Highland lauch was procured, who probed the wound with a probe made out of a cat's paw, i.e., the stalk of a cat's paw or cat's paw. This lauch gentleman declared he could not venture to proceed, not knowing with what shot the patient had been wounded. MacLaren died, and about the same time his cattle were brought, and his fine stock destroyed in a barbarous manner.

Robin Oig, after this feat—which one of his biographers represents as the unhappy discharge of a gun—retired to his mother's house, it being that he had drawn the first blood in the quarrel afterwards. On the approach of troops, and a body of the Stewart, who were bound to take up the cause of their tenant, Robin Oig absconded, and escaped all search.

The doctor already mentioned, by name Colman Macdonald, with James and Donald, brothers to the actual perpetrator of the murder, were brought to trial. But as they confessed to represent the action as a rash deed committed by "the daft villain Rob," in which they were not accessory, the jury found their acquittal. To the crime was *Not Proven*. The alleged acts of spoil and violence on the MacLaren's cattle were also found to be unsupported by evidence. As it was proved, however, that the two brothers, Donald and James, were bold and repeated delinquents, they were appointed to find caution to the extent of £500, for their good behaviour for seven years.<sup>5</sup>

The spirit of dissidence was at that time as strong—in which must be added the wish to secure the assistance of stout, able-bodied, and, as the Scotch phrase then was, peckie men—that the representation

<sup>4</sup> This fatal gun was taken from Robin Oig, when he was seized many years afterwards. It remained in possession of the regiments before whom he was brought for examination, and was taken part of a small collection of arms belonging to the nation. It is a Spanish-barrelled gun, marked with the letters S.M.O., the Baron MacGregor Campbell.

<sup>5</sup> Robin Oig's acquittal against the MacLarens.

of the noble family of Perth condemned to act openly as partisans of the MacIntyres, and appeared as such upon their trial. So at least the reader was informed by the late Robert MacIntosh, Esq., of recent date. The circumstances may, however, have occurred later than 1746—the year in which this first trial took place.

Rabbi Chip served for a time in the 42d regiment, and was present at the battle of Preston, where he was made prisoner and wounded. He was exchanged, returned to Scotland, and obtained his discharge. He afterwards appeared openly in the MacIntyre's country; and, notwithstanding his outlawry, married a daughter of Graham of Donside, a possessor of some property. His wife died a few years afterwards.

The intervention of 1748 once afterwards called the MacIntyres to arms. Robert MacIntyre of Glenmorack, generally regarded as the chief of the whole name, and grandfather of Sir John, when the clan resumed in that character, raised a MacIntyre regiment, with which he passed the standard of the Chamber. The sons of Glen Albyn, however, asserting independence, and accompanied by the noble and his cousin James Roy MacIntyre, did not join this Irish all corps, but united themselves to the banner of the titular Duke of Perth, under William MacIntyre Drummond of Dalnathla, whom they regarded as head of their branch of Glen Albyn, should arms ever come from France. To prevent the union after the Highland fashions, James had down the name of Campbell, and assumed that of Drummond, as complimentary to Lord Perth. He was also called James Roy, after his father, and James Albyn, or Big James, from his height. His corps, the relics of his father Ed's band, laboured with great activity; with only twelve men he succeeded in surprising and burning, for the second time, the fort at Faversham, constructed for the express purpose of holding the country of the MacIntyres.

What rank or command James MacIntyre had, is uncertain. He calls himself Major; and Chevalier Johnston calls him Captain. He must have held rank under Charles XII, his kinsman, but his active and enterprising character placed him above the rest of his brethren. Many of his followers were unmarried; he supplied the want of guns and accoutrements with apothecaries set straight upon their heels.

At the battle of Prestonpans, James Roy distinguished himself. "His company," says Chevalier Johnston, "did great execution with their rifles." They cut the legs of the horses in two—the riders through the middle of their bodies. MacIntyre was brave and un-

tripld, but at the same time, somewhat whimsical and singular. When advancing to the charge with his weapons, he received five wounds, two of them from balls that pierced his body through and through. Stricken on the ground, with his head resting on his hand, he called out loudly to the Highlanders of his company, "My boys, I am not dead. By G—, I shall see if any of you does not do his duty." The victory, as is well known, was instantly obtained.

In some current letters of James Roy,\* it appears that his Highlanders were broken on this occasion, and that he, nevertheless, remained the army with six companies, and was present at the battle of Culloden. After that defeat, the clan MacGregor kept together in a body, and did not disperse till they had returned into their own country. They brought James Roy with them in a litter, and, without being particularly molested, he was permitted to reside in the MacGregor's country along with his brothers.

James MacGregor Drummond was obtained for high treason with persons of more importance. But it appears he had entered into some correspondence with Government, as, in the letters quoted, he mentions having obtained a pass from the Lord Justice-Clark in 1745, which was a sufficient protection to him from the military. The circumstances are obscurely stated in one of the letters already quoted, but may perhaps, proved to subsequent incidents, authorize the supposition that James, like his father, could look at both sides of the sword. As the confusion of the country subsided, the MacGregors, like fowls which had lagged the harvest, drove back to their old haunts, and lived unmolested. But an atrocious outrage, in which the sons of Bob Roy were concerned, brought at length on the family the full vengeance of the law.

James Roy was a married man, and had fourteen children. But his brother, Robin Roy, was now a widower; and it was resolved, if possible, that he should make his fortune by carrying off and marrying, by force if necessary, some stream of fortune from the Lowlands.

The imagination of the half-civilized Highlanders was not shocked at the idea of this particular species of violence, than might be expected from their general kindness to the wretch as when they make part of their own families. But all their views were tinged with the idea that they lived in a state of war; and in such a state, from the time of the siege of Troy to "the moment when *Protesilaus fell*,"†

\* Published in Macdonald's Magazine, vol. II p. 225.

† *Ulysses* Homer's *Phylogony*, Canto II.



the female captives are, in undisturbed silence, the most valuable part of the booty—

\* *The morning after daylight, the boatmen ran off.*

It's not our wish to do away of the risk run, or to a similar instance in the book of *Julius*, for evidence that such deeds of violence have been committed by us a long while. Indeed, the want of evidence was no reason along the Highland line as to all, rise to a variety of snags and boulders.<sup>2</sup> The events of history, as well as those of Scotland, prove the crime to have been a common in the same barbarous parts of both countries; and any or more who happened to place a man of spirit the cause of a good deed, and proved a few chosen friends, and a constant in the numbers of, was not permitted the alternative of saving him any. What is more, it would seem that the man is themselves, and "cherished in the bosom of their sex, were, among the lower classes, as subject to racial and marriages as that which is generally to be detected as "poor Renny's song," or rather, the way of Renny with poor Renny. It is not a great many years since a respectable woman, when the lower rank of life, expressed herself very warmly to the author as his taking the freedom to cover the behaviour of the Man of the question. She said "that there was no one in giving a bride her much choice upon such occasions; that the marriage was the happiest long you which had been off land." Finally, she asserted that her "own mother had never seen her father till the night he brought her up from the house, with two kind of black robes, and there had not been a happy night in the country."

James Drummond and his brother having similar opinions with the author's old acquaintance, and finding how they might value the fallen fortunes of their class, forced a resolution to with their brother's fortune by stealing up an extraordinary marriage between John's City and one John Kay, or Wright, a young woman more than twenty years old, and who had been left about two months a widow by the death of her husband. Her property was estimated at only from 10,000 to 12,000 marks, but it seems to have been a singular temptation to these men to join in the commission of a great crime.

This poor young victim lived with her mother in her own house at Edinburgh, in the parish of St. James and close of Stirling. At this place, in the night of 2d December 1788, the men of John Kay, and particularly James Alton and John Kay, entered into the house when

\* See Appendix, No. VI. p. 206.

the object of their attack was evident, powerful guns, swords, and pistols to the heads of the family, and terrified the women by threatening to level upon the doors if Jane Ray was not surrendered, as, said James Ray, "his brother was a young fellow determined to make his fortune." Having, at length, dragged the object of their lawless purposes from her place of concealment, they tore her from her mother's arms, mounted her on a horse before one of the gang, and carried her off in spite of her screams and cries, which were long heard after the terrified spectators of the outrage could no longer see the party retired through the darkness. In her attempts to escape, the poor young woman threw herself from the horse on which they had placed her, and in so doing fractured her ribs. They then laid her double over the pommel of the saddle, and transported her through the streets and moors till the pain of the injury she had suffered to her ribs, augmented by the weakness of her posture, made her consent to sit upright. In the execution of this crime they stopped at more houses than one, but none of the inhabitants dared interrupt their proceedings. Amongst others who saw them were that classical and accomplished scholar the late Professor William Richardson of Glasgow, who used to describe as a terrible dream their violent and noisy entrance into the house where he was then residing. The Highlanders killed the horse laden, brandishing their arms, demanding what they pleased, and receiving whatever they demanded. James Miller, he said, was a tall, stern, and soldier-like man. John Oly looked more gentle; dark, but yet really in complexion—a good-looking young scoundrel. Their victim was so discoloured in her dress, and fearful in her appearance and demeanour, that he could hardly tell whether she was alive or dead.

The gang arrived the unfortunate woman in Dornochness, where they had a priest strong enough to read the marriage service, while James Miller fearfully held the bride up before him; and the priest declared the couple man and wife, even while she protested against the validity of his consent. Under the same threats of violence, which had been all along used to enforce their scheme, the poor victim was compelled to reside with the pretended husband who was thus forced upon her. They even dared to carry her to the public church of Dalquharran, where the officiating clergyman (the same who had been Bob Ray's pastor) only asked them if they were married persons. Robert MacGregor answered in the affirmative; the terrified female was silent.

The country was now too effectually subjected to the law for this

with outrage to be followed by the advantages proposed by the actors. Military parties were sent out in every direction to seize the *Moss Doctors*, who were for two or three miles compelled to shift from one place to another in the mountains, leaving the unfortunate *John Key* along with them. In the meanwhile, the Supreme Civil Court issued a warrant, seizing the property of *John Key*, or *Wright*, which remained out of the reach of the actors in the evidence the year which they expected. They had, however, adopted a belief of the poor woman's spirit being so far broken that she would prefer submitting to her condition, and adhering to *John Key* as her husband, rather than incur the disgrace of appearing in such a cause in an open court. It was, indeed, a delicate experiment; but their business struggle, chief of their immediate family, was of a larger view to business proceedings,\* and the captain's friends having had recourse to his advice, they feared that he would withdraw his protection if they refused to place the prisoner at liberty.

The brothers resolved, therefore, to tolerate the unhappy woman, but previously had recourse to every means which should oblige her, either from fear or otherwise, to renounce her marriage with *John Key*. The soldiers (all Highland men) administered drugs, which were designed to have the effect of phlebotomy, but were probably delirious. *James Blair* at one time threatened, that if she did not acquiesce in the match she would find that there were enough of men in the Highlands to bring the heads of two of her uncles who were pursuing the civil lawsuit. At another time he fell down on his knees, and confessed he had been accessory to wronging her, but begged she would not ruin his innocent wife and large family. She was made to swear she would not prosecute the brothers for the offence they had committed; and she was obliged by threats to subscribe papers which were tendered to her, intimating that she was carried off in consequence of her own previous request.

*James Blair* threatened accordingly brought his pretended sister-in-law to *Edinburgh*, where, for some little time, she was carried about from one house to another, watched by them with whom she was lodged, and never permitted to go out alone, or even to approach the windows. The Court of Session, considering the peculiarity of

\* Such, at least, was Heywood's character; for when *James Blair*, while pursuing the narrative at *Edinburgh*, called out, in order to arouse opposition, that *Glengyle* was lying in the water with a loaded gun to persecute his captivity, *John Key* told Mrs. Blair, there she was confident *Glengyle* would never acknowledge so cowardly a business.

the case, and regarding James Hoy as being still under some possible restraint, took her person under their own special charge, and appointed her to reside in the family of Mr. Wightman of Maudslayi, a gentleman of respectability, who was married to one of her near relatives. Two sentinels kept guard on the house day and night—a precaution not deemed superfluous when the Maudslays were in question. She was allowed to go out whenever she chose, and to do whatever she had a mind, as well as the man of law employed in the civil suit on either side. When she first came to Mr. Wightman's house she seemed broken down with affliction and suffering, as shewn in features that her mother hardly knew her, and so shaken in mind that she scarce could recognise her parent. It was long before she could be assured that she was in perfect safety. But when she at length received confidence in her situation, she made a full and free declaration, or confession, telling the full history of her wrongs, imploring to free her former allies on the subject, and expressing her resolution not to prosecute those who had injured her, in respect of the oath she had been compelled to take. From the guarded breath of such an oath, though a compulsory one, she was released by the terms of Scottish jurisprudence, in that respect more equitably than those of England, prosecutions for oaths being always considered as the express and charge of the King, without interference or aid to the private party who has sustained the wrong. But the unhappy sufferer did not live to be either accused or witness against those who had so deeply injured her.

James M<sup>r</sup>. Drummond had left Edinburgh as soon as his half-dead grey had been taken from his stallion. Mrs. Hoy, or Wright, was released from her species of confinement there, and removed to Glasgow, under the escort of Mr. Wightman. As they passed the Hill of Slacks, her escort thought to say, "This is a very wild spot; what if the Maudslays should come upon us?" "Och, foh! it's nae her monstrous manner," the very sight of them would kill us." She continued to reside at Glasgow, without venturing to return to her own house at Edinburgh. Her pretended husband made some attempts to obtain an interview with her, which she steadily rejected. She died on the 14th October 1761. The information for the Crown hints that her disease might be the consequence of the usage she received. But there is a general report that she died of the small-pox.

In the meantime, James M<sup>r</sup>. or Drummond, fell into the hands of justice. He was considered as the instigator of the whole affair. Nay, the deceased had informed her friends that on the night of her

being married off, Johna Ggy, went to her crime and tears, and partly intended to let her return, when Anne came up with a pistol in her hand, and, asking whether he was such a coward as to relinquish an enterprise in which he had risked everything to procure her a fortune, in a manner compelled his brother to proceed. Anne's trial took place on 12th July 1782, and was conducted with the utmost solemnity and respectability. Several witnesses, all of the highest character, swore that the marriage was performed with every appearance of acquiescence on the woman's part, and that no force or violence, one of these sheriff-substitutes of the county, swore she might have made her escape if she wished, and the magistrates stated that he offered her assistance if she felt desirous to do so. But when asked why he, in his official capacity, did not arrest the MacGillivray, he could only answer, that he had not force sufficient to make the attempt.

The judicial declaration of Anne Kay, or Wright, stated the violent manner in which she had been carried off, and they were confirmed by many of her friends, from her private communications with them, which the court of her death reached good evidence. Indeed, the fact of her abduction (to use a Scottish law term) was completely proved by impartial witnesses. The unhappy woman admitted that she had pretended acquiescence in her fate on several occasions, because she dared not trust such an official to assist her to escape, not even the sheriff-substitute.

The jury brought in a special verdict, finding that Anne Kay, or Wright, had been forcibly carried off from her home, or charged to the indictment, and that the accused had failed to show that she was herself guilty and consenting to this act of outrage. But they found the forcible marriage, and subsequent violence, was not proved; and also found, in illustration of the juror's guilt in the premises, that Anne Kay still afterwards acquiesced in her condition. Eleven of the jury, using the names of other four who were absent, subscribed a letter to the Court, stating it was their purpose and desire, by such special verdict, to take the juror's case out of the class of capital crimes.

Several informations (criminal arguments) on the import of the verdict, which must be allowed a very mild one in the circumstances, were laid before the High Court of Justiciary. This point is very severely debated in these pleadings by Mr. Grant, Solicitor for the Crown, and the celebrated Mr. Leitch, on the part of the prisoner; but James Blair did not vote the merit of the Court's decision.

He had been committed to the Castle of Edinburgh on some reports that an escape would be attempted. But he contrived to address his

blatly even from that prison. His daughter had the address to enter the prison, disguised as a soldier, bringing home word, as she pretended. In this soldier's dress her father quickly escaped himself. The wife and daughter of the prisoner were heard by the warden scolding the supposed soldier for having done his work ill, and the warden came out with his hat slouched over his eyes, and grumbling, as if at the manner in which they had treated him. In this way the prisoner passed all the guards without suspicion, and made his escape to France. He was afterwards captured by the Court of Justice, which proceeded to the trial of James MacGregor, or Drummond, his brother, 12th January 1785. The accused had unquestionably been with the party which carried off Jane Kay; but no evidence being brought which applied to him individually and directly, the jury found him not guilty—and nothing more is known of his fate.

That of James MacGregor, who, from talent and activity, if not by severity, may be considered as head of the family, has been long misrepresented; as it has been generally asserted in *Low Reports*, as well as elsewhere, that his ordinary was returned, and that he returned and died in Scotland. But the various letters published in Macleod's *Magazine* for December 1857, show this to be an error. The first of these documents is a petition to Charles Edward. It is dated 16th September 1785, and pleads his services in the cause of the Stuart, according to his calls to the prosecution of the Hanoverian Government, without any allusion to the affair of Jane Kay, or the Court of Justice. It is stated to be forwarded by MacGregor Drummond of Dalchlich, whom, as before mentioned, James after acknowledged as his chief.

The effect which this petition produced does not appear. Some temporary relief was perhaps obtained. But, even after, this daring adventurer was engaged in a very dark intrigue against an heir of his own country, and placed pretty nearly in his own circumstances. A remarkable Highland story must be here briefly alluded to. Mr. Campbell of Glenora, who had been named Justice for Government on the forfeited estates of Stewart of Ardchich, was shot dead by an assassin as he passed through the wood of Lathemore, after meeting the ferry of Dalchichich. A posthumous, named James Stewart, a natural brother of Ardchich, the forfeited person, was tried as being accessory to the murder, and condemned and executed upon very doubtful evidence; the hottest part of which only amounted to the accused person having assumed a nephew of his own, called Alice Drach Stewart, with money to escape after the deed was done. Not

enlight with his vengeance, which was obtained in a manner little to the honour of the dispensation of justice at the time, the friends of the deceased Stewart were equally desirous to obtain possession of the person of Allan Brock Stewart, supposed to be the actual homicide. James Arthur Drummond was warmly applied to to rescue Stewart to the west-coast, and bring him over to Britain, to almost certain death. Drummond MacGregor had kindred connections with the slain Stewart; and, besides, the MacGregors and Campbells had been friends of his, while the former then and the Stewarts had, as we have seen, been recently at feud; lastly, Robert Oly was now in custody at Edinburgh, and James was desirous to do some service by which his brother might be freed. The joint firm of these motives was, in James's estimation of right and wrong, here but some inclination for engaging in such an enterprise, although, as must be necessarily supposed, it could only be executed by treachery of a gross description. MacGregor stipulated for a bribe to return to England, promising to bring Allan Brock father along with him. But the intended victim was put upon his guard by two countrymen, who suggested James's intentions towards him. He escaped from his kidnapper, after, as MacGregor alleged, ridding his portmanteau of some clothes and four snuff-boxes. Such a charge, it may be observed, could never have been made unless the parties had been living in a state of intimacy, and had access to each other's baggage.

Although James Drummond had thus misused his ideas in the matter of Allan Brock Stewart, he used his talents to make a journey to London, and had an interview, as he says, with Lord Holland, Mr. Cardale, and the Under-Secretary, put many puzzling questions to him; and, as he says, offered him a situation, which would bring him bread, in the Government's service. This offer was advantageous as to emolument; but in the opinion of James Drummond, his acceptance of it would have been a disgrace to his birth, and have rendered him a scoundrel to his country. If such a tempting offer and sturdy rejection had any foundation in fact, it probably relates to some plan of espionage on the Jacobins, which the Government might hope to carry on by means of a man who, in the matter of Allan Brock Stewart, had shown no great nicety of feeling. Drummond MacGregor was in far accommodating as to intimate his willingness to act in any station to which other promises of honour served, but not otherwise;—an answer which, compared with some passages of his past life, may remind the reader of Ancient Pistol standing upon his reputation.

Having thus proved inextinguishable, as he tells the story, in the presence of Lord Holderness, James Drummond was ordered instantly to quit England.

On his return to France, his condition seems to have been utterly disastrous. He was seized with fever and gravel—ill, consequently, in body, and weakened and disappointed in mind. A few French literary characters directed to put him in death in revenge of the designs he had harboured against them.\* The Stuart clan were in the highest degree unfriendly to him; and his late expedition to London had been attended with many suspicious circumstances, amongst which it was not the slightest that he had kept his purposes secret from his chief ally, Dalziel. His intercourse with Lord Holderness was suspicious. The Jacobites were probably, like Don Bernard in *Castle Stove*, in the ill-luck, little disposed to like those who kept company with *Alphonsus*. Macdonnell of Lochgarry, a man of unquenchable honour, lodged an information against James Drummond before the High Stoolie of Dunkirk, accusing him of being a spy, so that he found himself obliged to leave that town and come to Paris, with only the mere of diversion given for his immediate subsistence, and with absolute beggary staring him in the face.

It is not after the criminal avowal, that the accomplice in MacLellan's assassination, or the manager of the outrage against *Farm Key*, as an agent of sympathy; but it is miserably to look on the dying struggles even of a wolf or a tiger, victims of a species directly hostile to our own; and, in like manner, the utter distress of this man, whose faults may have sprung from a wild system of education, working on a haughty temper, will not be pursued without some pity. In his last letter to Dalziel, dated Paris, 25th September 1764, he describes his state of debilitation as absolute, and expresses himself willing to execute his talents in bookish or bookish labour, or as a hunter or fowler, if he could only procure employment in such an inferior capacity till something better should come. An Englishman may smile, but a Scotchman will sigh at the prospect, in which the poor starving wretch asks the loan of his patient's beggary that he might plough over some of the miserably barren of his own land. But the effect of such a strain, in a great degree, from association; and wounds which might for the names of a *Londoner* or *Parisian*, bring back to the Highlander his lefty mountains, wild lake, and the darts of his fellows of the glen. To prove MacLellan's claim to sympathy, we have inserted the last part of the letter alluded to.

\* *Notes &c.* Adam Smith Memorial.



"By all appearance I am born to suffer misery, and it seems they're not at all, and I, for such is my wretched case at present, that I do not know exactly where to go or what to do, as I have no relations to keep body and soul together. All that I have received here is about 12 hours, and have before a room at my old quarters in *Rue St. Pierre, Rue de Clugny*. I want you, the lawyer, begging of you to let me know if you are to be in town, now, that I may have the pleasure of seeing you, for I have more to make application to that you about, and all I want is, if it was possible you could advise where I could be employed without going to active beggary. This probably is a difficult point, yet unless it's attended with some difficulty, you might think nothing of that your long head can bring about matters of much more difficulty and consequence than this. If you'd discuss this matter to your friend Mr. Butler, it's possible he might have some employ wherever I could be of use, as I pretend to know as much of law as of anything else on horseback or by footstep. You may judge my resolution, as I propose the nearest thing to lead a horse till better and up. I am sorry that I am obliged to give you so much trouble, but I hope you are very well assured that I am grateful for what you have done for me, and I leave you to judge of my present wretched case. I am, and shall for ever continue, dear Sir, your most obedient servant, *John MacGregor*."

"P.S.—If you'd send your place by the horses, and all the other little trifles belonging to it, I would put them to work, and play some melancholy tune, which I may now with enjoy, and in real truth. Forgive my not getting directly to you, for if I could have heard the answer of yours, I could not choose to be seen by my friends in my wretchedness, nor by any of my acquaintances."

While *MacGregor* wrote in this disconsolate manner, Death, the end but sure remedy for mortal ills, and decider of all doubts and uncertainties, was hovering near him. A memorandum on the back of the letter says the writer died about a week after, in October 1764.

It now remains to mention the fate of *Robin Oig*—for the other sons of *Rob Roy* seem to have been no way distinguished. *Robin* was apprehended by a party of military from the fort of *Invercauld*, at the foot of *Gartmore*, and was conveyed to *Edinburgh* 16th May 1762. After a delay, which may have been produced by the negotiations of *James* for obtaining up *Allen Brock Stewart* upon promise of his brother's life, *Robin Oig*, on the 21st of December 1762, was brought to the bar of the High Court of Justiciary, and indicted by the names of *Robert MacGregor*, alias *Campbell*, alias *Dummond*, alias *Robert Oig*; and the address led against him resembled exactly that which was brought by the Crown on the former trial. *Robert's* case was in some degree more favourable than his brother's;—for, though the principle in the feasible marriage, he had yet to plead that he had shown symptoms of retracting while they were carrying

*Juan Kay* off, which were allowed by the circumstances and threats of his harder-natured brother *James*. A considerable space of time had also elapsed since the poor woman died, which is always a strong circumstance in favour of the accused; for there is a sort of presumption in guilt, and crimes of an old date seem less odious than those of recent occurrence. But notwithstanding these considerations, the jury, in *Robert's* case, did not express any solicitude to save his life as they had done that of *James*. They found him guilty of being *art and part* in the forcible abduction of *Juan Kay* from her own dwelling.\*

*Robt. Kay* was condemned to death, and executed on the 15th February 1784. At the place of execution he behaved with great decency; and professing himself a Catholic, imputed all his misfortunes to his removing from the true church two or three years before. He employed the violent methods he had used to poison Mrs. Kay, or Wright, and hoped his fate would stop further proceedings against his brother *James*!†

The newspapers observed that his body, after hanging the usual time, was delivered to his friends to be carried to the Highlands. To show the recollection of a venerable friend, recently taken from us in the fulness of years, then a schoolboy at Edinburgh, enables the author to add, that a much larger body of *Macdougals* than had ever before arrived in Edinburgh visited the corpse at that place with the solemn and other well-attended of Highland ceremony, and conveyed it to Dalquhaden. Thus we may conclude this long account of *Robt. Kay* and his family with the classic phrase,

FIN. QUAEREREMUS.

I have only to add, that I have selected the above from many anecdotes of *Robt. Kay* which were, and may still be, current among the mountains where he flourished; but I was far from wanting their exact authenticity. Classical particularities were very apt to guide the tongue and pen, as well as the pencil and stagecoach, and the features of an anecdote are wonderfully softened or exaggerated as the story is told by a *Macdougall* or a *Campbell*.

\* The Trials of the Sons of *Robt. Kay*, with accounts of themselves and late Ministry, were published at Edinburgh, 1783, in 4to.

† *James* died near three months before, but his death might easily remain a long time without the news of *Robt.*





How have I deem'd, that this affliction  
Should light as heavy on me! I have no more seen,  
And this no more mine own.—My great ones  
Flung o'er his head that their treasures'd thus be strew'd!  
Till such my home be laid out.

MONTAGUE THOMAS.

You have requested me, my dear friend, to bestow some of that leisure, with which Providence has blessed the decline of my life, in registering the hazards and difficulties which attended its commencement. The recollection of those adventures, as you are pleased to term them, has indeed left upon my mind a disordered and varied feeling of pleasure and of pain, mingled, I trust, with no slight gratitude and veneration to the Disposer of human events, who guided my early course through much risk and labour, that the ease with which he has blessed my prolonged life might seem softer from remembrance and contrast. Neither is it possible for me to doubt, what you have often affirmed, that the incidents which befall us among a people singularly pugnacious in their government and manners, have something interesting and attractive for those who love to hear an old man's stories of a past age.

Still, however, you must remember, that the tale told by one friend, and related to by another, loses half its charm when committed to paper; and that the narratives to which you have attended with interest, as heard from the voice of him to whom they conveyed, will appear less deserving of attention when perused in the seclusion of your study. Let your greater age and robust constitution preserve longer life than will, in all human probability, be the lot of your friend. There, then, those sheets into some secret drawer of your cabinet, till we are separated from each other's society by an event which may happen at any moment, and which must happen within the course of a few—a very few years. When we are parted in this world, to meet, I hope, in a better, you will, I am well aware, cherish more than it deserves the memory of your departed friend, and will find in those details which I am now to commit to paper, matter for musingly, but not unpleasant reflection. Others hearken to the recollections of their bosom partners of their external features—I put into your hands a faithful transcript of my thoughts and feelings, of my virtues and of my failings, with the secured hope, that the fallies and headstrong impetuosity of my youth will meet the same kind construction and forgiveness which have so often attended the faults of my matured age.

One advantage, among the many, of addressing my Memoirs (if I may give them sheets a name so imposing) to a dear and intimate friend, is, that I may spare some of the details, in this case unnecessary, with which I must needs have detained a stranger from what I have to say of greater interest. Why should I bestow all my talismans upon you, because I love you in my power, and have tale, paper, and time before me? At the same time, I dare not promise that I may not show the opportunity so temptingly offered me, to treat of myself and my own concerns, even though I speak of circumstances as well known to you as to myself. The seductive love of narrative, when we ourselves are the heroes of the events which we tell, often dissipates the attention due to the time and patience of the audience, and the best and wisest have yielded to its seduction. I need only remind you of the singular instance noticed by the firm of that rare and original edition of *Italy's Memoirs*, which you (with the fond vanity of a book-collector) valued upon preferring to that which is related to the useful and ordinary form of *Memoirs*, but which I think curious, solely as illustrating

how far so great a man as the author was accessible to the delusion of self-importance. If I recollect rightly, that venerable poor and great statesman had appointed no fewer than four gentlemen of his household to draw up the events of his life, under the title of *Memorals of the Sage and Royal Affairs of State, Domestic, Political, and Military*, translated by Henry IV., and so forth. These grave recorders, having made their compilation, reduced the *Memors* containing all the remarkable events of their master's life into a narrative, addressed to himself in proper person. And then, instead of telling his own story, in the third person, like *John Gower*, or in the first person, like most who, in the hall, or the study, undertake to be the heroes of their own tale, Bully enjoyed the refined, though whimsical pleasure, of having the events of his life told over to him by his secretaries, being himself the auditor, as he was also the hero, and probably the author, of the whole book. It must have been a great sight to have seen the constabular, as he sat upright on a stanchioned ruff and laced cassock, void make him, seated in state beneath his canopy, and listening to the recitation of his compilers, while, standing bare in his presence, they informed him gravely, "Thus said the duke—so did the duke infer—such were your grace's sentiments upon this important point—such were your secret counsels to the king on that other emergency,"—circumstances, all of which must have been much better known to their hearer than to themselves, and most of which could only be derived from his own special communication.

My situation is not quite so ludicrous as that of the great Bully, and yet there would be something whimsical in Frank Cheseldene giving Will Treham a formal account of his birth, education, and connections in the world. I will, therefore, wrestle with the tempting spirit of P. P., Clerk of our Parish, as I best may, and endeavour to tell you nothing that is familiar to you already. Some things, however, I must recall to your memory, because, though formerly well known to you, they may have been forgotten through lapse of time, and they afford the groundwork of my dwelling.

You must remember my father well; he, as your own was a member of the marvellous house, you know him from history. Yet you hardly saw him in his best days, before age and infirmity had quenched his ardent spirit of enterprise and speculation. He would have been a poorer man, indeed, but perhaps as happy,

had he devoted to the extension of science those active energies, and acute powers of observation, for which commercial pursuits found occupation. Yet, in the fluctuations of mercantile speculation, there is something resembling to the adventures, even independent of the hope of gain. He who embarks on that field, one, requires to possess the skill of the pilot and the fortitude of the navigator, and after all may be wrecked and lost, unless the gales of fortune blow in his favour. The mixture of necessary attention and inevitable hazard,—the frequent and cruel uncertainty whether produce shall overcome fortune, or fortune baffle the attempts of produce, affords full occupation for the powers, as well as for the feelings of the mind, and trade has all the fascination of gambling without its moral guilt.

Early in the 18th century, when I (Harvey tells me) was a youth of some twenty years old, I was summoned suddenly from Bourdeaux to attend my father on business of importance. I shall never forget our first interview. You recollect the brief, abrupt, and somewhat stern mode in which he was wont to communicate his pleasure to those around him. Kneeling I see him even now in my mind's eye;—the firm and upright figure, —the crisp, quick and determined,—the eye, which shot so keen and so penetrating a glance,—the features, on which care had already planted wrinkles,—and hear his language, in which he never trusted word in vain, expressed in a voice which had sometimes an occasional harshness, far from the intonation of the speaker.

When I descended from my post-chaise, I hastened to my father's apartment. He was traversing it with an air of composed and steady deliberation, which even my arrival, although an only son absent for four years, was unable to discompose. I threw myself into his arms. He was a kind, though not a fond father, and the tear twinkled in his dark eye, but it was only for a moment.

"Dearest writes to me that he is satisfied with you, Frank."

"I am happy, sir"——

"But I have less reason to be so," he added, sitting down at his bureau.

"I am sorry, sir"——

"Horry and happy, Frank, are words that, on most occasions, signify little or nothing.—Here is your last letter."

He took it out from a number of others tied up in a parcel of red tape, and carefully labelled and filed. Then lay my poor spirit, written on the subject the nearest to my heart at the time, and crunched in words which I had thought would work compassion if not correction,—there, I say, it lay, squashed up among the letters on miscellaneous business in which my father's daily affairs had engaged him. I cannot help smiling internally when I recollect the manner of least study, and wounded feeling, with which I regarded my remonstrance, to the perusing of which there had gone, I promise you, some trouble, as I beheld it extracted from amongst letters of advice, of credit, and all the commonplace lumber, as I then thought them, of a merchant's correspondence. Surely, thought I, a letter of such importance (I dared not say, even to myself, so well written) deserved a separate place, as well as more anxious consideration, than those on the ordinary business of the counting-house.

That my father did not observe my dissimulation, and would not have minded it if he had. He proceeded, with the letter in his hand. "This, Frank, is yours of the 11th ultimo, in which you advise me (reading from my letter), that in the most important business of forming a plan, and adopting a profession for life, you trust my paternal goodness will hold you enabled to at least a negative voice; that you have *insuperable*—ay, *insuperable* is the word—I wish, by the way, you would write a more distinct cursive hand—draw a score through the tops of your fs, and open the loops of your Ps—*insuperable* objections to the arrangements which I have proposed to you. There is much more to the same effect, occupying four good pages of paper, which a little attention to perspicuity and distinctness of expression might have compressed within as many lines. For, after all, Frank, it amounts but to this, that you will not do as I would have you."

"That I cannot, sir, in the present instance, not that I will not."

"Words will very little with me, young man," said my father, whose inflexibility always possessed the air of the most perfect calmness of self-possession. "Can not may be a more civil phrase than will not, but the expressions are synonymous where there is no moral impossibility. But I am not a friend to doing business hastily; we will talk this matter over after dinner—Come!"



Owen appeared, not with the silver locks which you were used to witness, for he was then little more than fifty; but he had the same, or an exactly similar uniform suit of light-brown clothes,—the same pearl-grey silk stockings,—the same stock, with six silver buckles,—the same platted cravat ruffles, drawn down over his shoulders in the parlour, but in the counting-house carefully folded back under the sleeves, that they might remain unstained by the ink which he daily consumed;—in a word, the same grave, broad, yet benevolent cast of features, which continued to his death to distinguish the head clerk of the great house of Osbaldistone and Trevelyan.

"Owen," said my father, as the kind old man shook me affectionately by the hand, "you must dine with us to-day, and hear the news Frank has brought us from our friends in Brunswick."

Owen made one of his stiff bows of respectful gratitude: for, in those days, when the distance between superior and inferior was entered in a manner to which the present times are stranger, such an invitation was a favour of some little consequence.

I shall long remember that dinner-party. Deeply affected by feelings of anxiety, not unmingled with displeasure, I was unable to take that active share in the conversation which my father seemed to expect from me; and I too frequently gave unsatisfactory answers to the questions with which he assailed me. Owen, however, betwixt his respect for his patron, and his love for the youth he had cherished on his knee in childhood, like the timorous, yet anxious ally of an invaded nation, endeavoured at every whisper I made to explain my meaning, and to cover my retreat; manoeuvres which added to my father's patrician displeasure, and brought a shade of it upon my kind advocates, instead of protecting me. I had not, while residing in the house of Deburgh, absolutely conducted myself like

*A clerk wouldn't hit his father's nail to Owen,  
Who pour'd a stream when he should reprove:—*

but, to my truth, I had frequented the counting-house no more than I had thought absolutely necessary to secure the good report of the Frenchman, long a correspondent of our firm, to whom my father had trusted for initiating me into the mysteries of commerce. In fact, my principal attention had

been dedicated to literature and nearly useless. My father did not altogether discourage such experiments, whether mental or personal. He had too much good sense not to perceive, that they came gracefully upon every one, and he was sensible that they coloured and dignified the character to which he wished me to aspire. But his chief ambition was, that I should succeed not merely to his fortune, but to the views and plans by which he imagined he could extend and perpetuate the wealthy inheritance which he designed for me.

Love of his profession was the motive which he chose should be most ostensible, when he urged me to tread the same path; but he had others with which I only became acquainted at a later period. Impetuous in his schemes, as well as skillful and daring, each new adventure, when successful, became at once the incentive, and furnished the means, for further speculation. It seemed to be necessary to him, as to an ambitious conqueror, to push on from achievement to achievement, without stopping to secure, for less to enjoy, the acquisitions which he made. Accustomed to see his whole fortune trembling in the scales of chance, and desirous of adopting expedients for restoring the balance in his favour, his health and spirits and activity seemed ever to increase with the animating hazards on which he staked his wealth; and he resembled a sailor, accustomed to brave the billows and the foe, whose confidence rose on the eve of tempest or of battle. He was not, however, insensible to the changes which increasing age or supervening malady might make in his own constitution; and was anxious in good time to secure to me an assistant, who might take the helm when his head grew weary, and keep the vessel's way according to his counsel and instruction. Paternal affection, as well as the furtherance of his own plans, determined him to the same conclusion. Your father, though his fortune was raised in the house, was only a sleeping partner, as the commercial phrase goes; and Owen, whose prudence and skill in the details of arithmetic rendered his services invaluable as a head clerk, was not possessed either of information or talents sufficient to conduct the mysteries of the principal management. If my father were suddenly separated from life, what would become of the world of schemes which he had formed, unless his son were moulded into a commercial Heracles, fit to sustain the weight when relinquished by the falling Atlas? and what would become of that son himself, if,

a stranger to business of this description, he found himself at once involved in the labyrinth of mercantile concerns, without the clue of knowledge necessary for his extraction! For all these reasons, avowed and secret, my father was determined I should embrace his profession; and when he was determined, the resolution of no man was more invincible. I, however, was also a party to be consulted, and, with something of his own pertinacity, I had formed a determination probably contrary.

It may, I hope, be some palliative for the resistance which, on this occasion, I offered to my father's wishes, that I did not fully understand upon what they were founded, or how deeply his happiness was involved in them. Imagining myself certain of a large accession in future, and ample maintenance in the meanwhile, it never occurred to me that it might be necessary, in order to secure these blessings, to submit to labour and restrictions repugnant to my taste and temper. I only saw in my father's proposal for my engaging in business, a dream that I should add to those heaps of wealth which he had himself acquired; and imagining myself the best judge of the path to my own happiness, I did not conceive that I should increase that happiness by augmenting a fortune which I believed was already sufficient, and more than sufficient, for every use, comfort, and elegant enjoyment.

Accordingly, I am compelled to repeat, that my time at Bordeaux had not been spent as my father had proposed to himself. What he considered as the chief end of my residence in that city, I had postponed for every other, and would (had I dared) have neglected altogether. Delessy, a favoured and benefited correspondent of our mercantile house, was too much of a shrewd politician to make such reports to the head of the firm concerning his only child, as would excite the displeasure of both; and he might also, as you will presently hear, have views of selfish advantage in suffering me to neglect the purposes for which I was placed under his charge. My conduct was regulated by the bounds of decency and good order, and thus far he had no evil report to make, supposing him so disposed; but, perhaps, the crafty Frenchman would have been equally complacent, had I been in the habit of indulging worse feelings than those of indolence and aversion to mercantile business. As it was, while I gave a decent portion of my time to the commercial studies he recommended, he was by no means

serious of the hours which I dedicated to other and more classical attainments, nor did he ever find fault with me for dwelling upon Groszels and Bolson, in preference to Poulthorwyte (supposing he felt to have them existed, and Monsieur Duvoury able to have pronounced his name), or Savary, or any other writer on commercial economy. He had picked up somewhere a convenient expression, with which he rounded off every letter to his correspondent,—“I was all,” he said, “that a father could wish.”

My father never quarrelled with a phrase, however frequently repeated, provided it seemed to him distinct and expressive; and Adolphe himself could not have found expressions so satisfactory to him as, “Yours reserved, and duly honoured the bill enclosed, as per margin.”

Knowing, therefore, very well what he desired me to be, Mr. Caballatrou made no doubt, from the frequent repetition of Dubourg's favourite phrases, that I was the very thing he wished to see me; when, in an evil hour, he received my letter, containing my dispassionate and detailed apology for dedicating a place to the firm, and a desk and stool in the corner of the dark counting-house in Queen Alley, surmounting in height those of Owen, and the other clerks, and only inferior to the tripod of my father himself. All was wrong from that moment. Dubourg's reports became as suspicious as if his bills had been acted for dishonestly. I was unassured home in all haste, and received in the manner I have already mentioned to you.

## CHAPTER SECOND.

I begin slavishly to suspect the young man of a terrible taint—Poetry; with which life discards if he be infected, there's no hope of him in a stormy career. *Adieu ad of him for a consummate life's time, if he go to't in thy own name.* *But Jemmy's heartburner runs.*

Mr father had, generally speaking, his temper under complete self-command, and his anger rarely indicated itself by words, except in a sort of dry testy manner, to those who had displeased him. He never used threats, or expressions of loud resentment. All was arranged with him on system, and it was his practice to do “the useful” on every occasion, without wasting words about

it. It was, therefore, with a bitter smile that he listened to my imperfect answers concerning the state of commerce in France, and unmercifully permitted me to involve myself deeper and deeper in the mysteries of agio, tariffs, tare and tret; nor can I charge my memory with his laughing looked positively angry, until he found me unable to explain the exact effect which the depreciation of the *livre d'or* had produced on the negotiation of bills of exchange. "The most remarkable national occurrence in my time," said my father (who nevertheless had seen the Revolution)—"and he knows no more of it than a post on the quay!"

"Mr. Frensch," suggested Owen, in his thick and consolatory manner, "cannot have forgotten, that by an arrest of the King of France, dated 1st May 1793, it was provided that the *preteur*, within ten days after due, must make demand"—

"Mr. Frensch," said my father, interrupting him, "will, I dare say, recollect for the moment anything you are so kind as hint to him. But, holdy o' me! how Dubourg could permit him! Hark ye, Owen, what sort of a youth is Clement Dubourg, his nephew there, in the office, the black-haired lad?"

"One of the cleverest clerks, sir, in the house; a prodigious young man for his time," answered Owen; for the purity and dexterity of the young Frenchman had won his heart.

"Ay, ay, I suppose he knows something of the nature of exchange. Dubourg was determined I should have one youngster at least about my hand who understood business. But I see his drift, and he shall find that I do so when he looks at the balance-sheet. Owen, let Clement's salary be paid up to next quarter-day, and let him ship himself back to Bordeaux in his father's ship, which is clearing out yonder."

"Diables Clement Dubourg, sir!" said Owen, with a following value.

"Yes, sir, punish him instantly; it is enough to have a stupid Englishman in the counting-house to make blunders, without keeping a sharp Frenchman there to profit by them."

I had lived long enough in the territories of the *Grand Monarque* to contract a hearty aversion to arbitrary exercise of authority, even if it had not been instilled into me with my earliest breeding; and I could not refrain from interposing, to prevent an innocent and meditative young man from paying the penalty of having acquired that proficiency which my father had desired for me.

"I beg pardon, sir," when Mr. Osbaldistone had done speaking; "but I think it but just, that if I have been negligent of my studies, I should pay the forfeit myself. I have no reason to charge Monsieur Dubourg with having neglected to give me opportunities of improvement, however little I may have profited by them; and with respect to Monsieur Clement Dubourg"—

"With respect to him, and to you, I shall take the measures which I see useful," replied my father; "but it is far in you, Frank, to take your own blame on your own shoulders—very fair, that cannot be denied.—I cannot accept old Dubourg," he said, looking to Owen, "for having merely afforded Frank the means of useful knowledge, without either seeing that he took advantage of them or reporting to me if he did not. You see, Owen, he has natural notions of equity becoming a British merchant."

"Mr. Francis," said the head clerk, with his usual formal inclination of the head, and a slight elevation of his right hand, which he had acquired by a habit of sticking his pen behind his ear before he spoke—"Mr. Francis seems to understand the fundamental principle of all moral accounting, the great ethical rule of three. Let A do to B, as he would have B do to him; the product will give the rule of conduct required."

My father smiled at this reduction of the golden rule to arithmetical form, but instantly proceeded.

"All this signifies nothing, Frank; you have been throwing away your time like a boy, and in future you must learn to live like a man. I shall put you under Owen's care for a few months, to nerve the lost ground."

I was about to reply, but Owen looked at me with such a reproachful and warning gesture, that I was involuntarily silent.

"We will then," continued my father, "resume the subject of mine of the last evening, to which you sent me an answer which was unsatisfactory and unsatisfactory. So now, fill your glass, and push the bottle to Owen."

Want of courage—of audacity if you will—was never my failing. I answered firmly, "I was sorry that my letter was unsatisfactory, unsatisfactory it was not; for I had given the proposal his goodness had made me, my instant and anxious attention, and it was with no small pain that I found myself obliged to decline it."

My father bent his keen eye for a moment on me, and in

shamefully withdrew it. As he made no answer, I thought myself obliged to proceed, though with some hesitation, and he only interrupted me by monosyllables.—“It is impossible, sir, for me to have higher respect for any character than I have for the commercial, even were it not yours.”

“Indeed?”

“It connects nation with nation, relieves the wants, and contributes to the wealth of all; and is to the general common-wealth of the civilized world what the daily intercourse of ordinary life is to private society, or rather, what air and food are to our bodies.”

“Well, sir?”

“And yet, sir, I find myself compelled to persist in declining to adopt a character which I am so ill qualified to support.”

“I will take care that you acquire the qualifications necessary. You are no longer the guest and pupil of Debourg.”

“But, my dear sir, it is no defect of teaching which I plead, but my own inability to profit by instruction.”

“Nonsense.—Have you kept your journal in the terms I desired?”

“Yes, sir.”

“Be pleased to bring it here.”

The volume thus required was a sort of commonplace book, kept by my father's recommendation, in which I had been directed to enter notes of the miscellaneous information which I had acquired in the course of my studies. Foreseeing that he would demand inspection of this record, I had been attentive to transcribe such particulars of information as he would most likely be pleased with, but too often the pen had discharged the task without much correspondence with the hand. And it had also happened, that, the book being the receptacle nearest to my hand, I had occasionally jotted down memoranda which had little regard to truth. I now put it into my father's hand, devoutly hoping he might light on nothing that would increase his displeasure against me. Owen's face, which had looked something blank when the question was put, cleared up at my ready answer, and wore a smile of hope, when I brought from my apartment, and placed before my father, a commercial-looking volume, rather broader than it was long, having brown clasp and a binding of rough calf. This looked business-like, and was encouraging to my benevolent well-wisher. But he actually smiled

with pleasure as he heard my father run over some part of the contents, muttering his official remarks as he went on.

"*Shanghai*—*Harbin* and *Serikowka*, also *Tomsk*.—*At Krasn* 25—*Peking* is the barique at *Chefoo* and *Bechik* 27—*At Boudoum* 28—Very right, Frank—*Duties on foreign and custom-house*, see *Smith's Tables*.—That's not well; you should have transcribed the passage; it fixes the thing in the memory—*Dispute outward and inward*—*Over debtors*—*Over an Obit*—*Income*—*Josephus*—*Geology*—*Rock-fish*—*Fishing*—*Croquet*—*Lot-fish*. You should have noted that they are all, nevertheless to be entered as trifles.—How many inches long is a *Willing*?"

Owen, seeing me at fault, heaved a whisper, of which I fortunately caught the import.

"*Twenty-four*, sir."

"And a *Willing* is twenty-four—very right. It is important to remember this, on account of the Portuguese trade—But what have we here!—*Boudoum* founded on the year—*Costs of the Freigate*—*Palace of Gallinas*.—Well, well, that's very right too.—This is a kind of waste-book, Owen, in which all the transactions of the day,—expenses, orders, payments, receipts, acceptances, thoughts, conclusions, and advice,—are entered *unmethodically*."

"That they may be regularly transferred to the day-book and ledger," answered Owen: "I am glad Mr. Francis is so methodical."

I perceived myself getting so hot into fervor, that I began to fear the consequence would be my father's more obstinate perseverance in his resolution that I must become a merchant; and as I was deterred on the contrary, I began to wish I had not, to use my friend Mr. Owen's phrase, been so methodical. But I had no reason for apprehension on that score; for a blotted piece of paper dropped out of the book, and, being taken up by my father, he intercepted a hint from Owen, on the propriety of securing loose memoranda with a little paste, by exclaiming, "To the memory of Edward the Black Friar—What's all this!—*venia*!—By Heaven, Frank, you are a greater blockhead than I supposed you!"

My father, you must recollect, as a man of business, looked upon the labour of poets with contempt; and as a religious man, and of the dissenting persuasion, he considered all such pursuits



as equally trivial and profane. Before you condemn him, you must recall to remembrance how too many of the poets in the end of the seventeenth century had lost their lives and squandered their talents. The seat also to which my father belonged, felt, as perhaps affected, a particular aversion to the lighter portions of literature. So that many causes conspired to augment the unpleasant surprise occasioned by the ultimate discovery of this unfortunate cage of wrens. As for poor Owen, could the lock-sing which he then was here intended itself, and stood on end with horror, I am convinced the morning's labour of the young would have been useless, merely by the excess of his embarrassment at this juncture. An honest, or the strong-but, even conscious the lodger, or a sub-conscience in a fitted account, could hardly have surprised him more disagreeably. My father read the lines unobtrusively with an affectation of not being able to understand the sense—sometimes in a smothering tone of mock horror—always with an emphasis of the most literal irony, most irritating to the senses of an author.

"O for the notes of that wild lark,  
On Fountainside where home,  
The dying lark's call  
That told Imperial Charlemagne,  
How Pagans were of evening slain  
And wrought his champion's fall

"Fountainside where?" continued my father, interrupting himself; "the Fountainside Tale would have been more to the purpose—Pagans!—What's Pagans!—Could you not say Pagans as well, and write English at least, if you must needs write nonsense!"

"But ever with our wren warbling  
And England's distant cliffs retounding  
Hark how the notes should say  
How Britain's hope, and France's foe,  
Victor of Chevy and Poitiers,  
In darkness dying lay!"

"Poitiers, by the way, is always spelt with an s, and I know no reason why orthography should give place to dequæ.—

"'Raise my blind head, my spouse,' he said,  
'And let the peasant be display'd,  
That I may see once more  
The splendour of the setting sun  
Gleam on thy silverd wave, Germany,  
And hope's untroubled shore,

"Owen and me is a bad rhyme. Why, Frank, you do not even understand the beggarly trade you have chosen.

"*"Like me, he rides to glory's shop,  
He felt the doom of evening sleep,  
As if he never died,  
He will shall tell the trickling tale,  
When England's name and nation hear  
Of their Black Edward dead."*

"*"And though my son, of glory shy,  
His France, his England, shall forget  
The name of my son,  
And all shall Britain's heroes die,  
How glorious to their country's story  
Through clouds of blood and flame."*

"A deal of there is something new—Gladstones, my masters all, and a merry Christmas to you!—Why, the hollow notes better than." He then tossed the paper from him with an air of superlative contempt, and concluded—"Upon my word, Frank, you are a greater blockhead than I took you for."

What could I say, my dear Treadwell? Thus I stood, writhing with indignant mortification, while my father regarded me with a calm but stern look of scorn and pity, and poor Owen, with upturned hands and eyes, looked as striking a picture of horror as if he had just read his patron's name in the Gazette. At length I took courage to speak, endeavoring that my tone of voice should betray my feelings as little as possible.

"I am quite aware, sir, how ill qualified I am to play the conspicuous part to which you have destined for me; and, luckily, I am not ambitious of the wealth I might acquire. Mr. Owen would be a much more effective assistant." I said this in some malice, for I considered Owen as having deserted my cause a little too soon.

"Owen?" said my father—"The boy is mad—actually mad. And, pray, sir, if I may presume to inquire, having coolly turned me over to Mr. Owen (although I may expect more attention from my son than from my son), what may your own sage projects be?"

"I should wish, sir," I replied, summoning up my courage, "to travel for two or three years, should that curtail with your pleasure; otherwise, although late, I would willingly spend the same time at Oxford or Cambridge."

"In the name of common sense! was this like ever heard of—to put yourself to school among pedants and Jacobins, when you might be pushing your fortune in the world? Why not go to Westminster or Eton at once, man, and take to Lily's Grammar and Aristotle, and to the lark, too, if you like it?"

"Then, sir, if you think my plan of improvement too late, I would willingly return to the Continent."

"You have already spent too much time there to that purpose, Mr. Francis."

"Then I would choose the army, sir, in preference to any other active line of life."

"Choose the army?" answered my father, hastily, and then shaking himself—"I profess you strike me as great a fool as you are yourself. Is he not enough to drive one mad, Owen?"—Poor Owen shook his head, and looked down. "Mark ye, Frank," continued my father, "I will cut all this matter very short. I was at your age when my father turned me out of doors, and settled my legal inheritance on my younger brother. I left Ochlockone Hall on the back of a broken-down hunter, with two pistols in my pocket. I have never crossed the threshold again, and I never will. I know not, and I care not, if my fool-headed brother is alive, or has broken his neck; but he has children, Frank, and one of them shall be my son if you move me further in this matter."

"You will do your pleasure," I answered—rather, I fear, with more sullen indifference than respect, "with what is your own."

"Yes, Frank, what I have in my own, if labour is giving, and care is engaging, can make a right of property; and no dream shall feed on my honeycomb. Think on it well: what I have and is not without reflection, and what I resolve upon I will execute."

"Humbled sir!—dare sir!" exclaimed Owen, torn rushing into his eyes, "you are not wont to be in such a hurry in transacting business of importance. Let Mr. French run up the balance before you shut the account; he loves you, I am sure; and when he puts down his final challenge to the per contra, I am sure his objections will disappear."

"Do you think I will ask him twice," said my father, slowly, "to be my friend, my assistant, and my confidant?—to be a partner of my care and of my fortune?—Owen, I thought you had known me better."

He looked at me as if he meant to add something more, but

turned instantly away, and left the room abruptly. I was, I own, affected by this view of the case, which had not occurred to me; and my father would probably have had little reason to complain of me, had he commenced the discussion with this argument.

But it was too late. I had made of his own obliquity of resolution, and Heaven had decreed that my sin should be my punishment, though not to the extent which my transgression merited. Over, when we were left alone, continued to look at me with eyes which bore from time to time assistance, as if to discover, before attempting the task of intercourse, upon what point my charity was most available. At length he began, with looks and disconcerted accents,—“O L—d, Mr. Francis!—Good Heaven, are I—My stars, Mr. Gebelstons!—that I should ever have seen this day—and you so young a gentleman, sir!—For the love of Heaven! look at both sides of the account—think what you are going to lose—a noble fortune, sir—one of the finest houses in the City, even under the old firm of Treahan and Treah, and now Gebelstons and Treahan—You might roll in gold, Mr. Francis—And, my dear young Mr. Frank, if there was any particular thing in the business of the house which you desired, I would” (lowering his voice to a whisper) “put it in order for you hourly, or weekly, or daily, if you will—No, my dear Mr. Francis, think of the honour due to your father, that your days may be long in the land.”

“I am much obliged to you, Mr. Over,” said I—“very much obliged indeed; but my father is best judge how to bestow his money. He talks of me of my estate: let him dispose of his wealth as he pleases—I will never sell my liberty for gold.”

“Gold, sir!—I wish you saw the balance-sheet of profits at last term—it was in five figures—five figures to each partner’s own total, Mr. Frank—And all this is to go to a Papiet, and a north-country body, and a dissipated person besides—it will break my heart, Mr. Francis, that have been toiling more like a dog than a man, and all for love of the firm. Think how it will sound, Gebelstons, Treahan, and Gebelstons—or perhaps, who knows” (again lowering his voice) “Gebelstons, Gebelstons, and Treahan, for our Mr. Gebelstons can buy them all out.”

“But, Mr. Over, my cousin’s name being also Gebelstons, the name of the company will sound every bit as well in your ear.”

"O be upon you, Mr. Francis, when you know how well I love you—Your cousin, indeed!—a Papist, no doubt, like his father, and a disaffected power to the Protestant succession—That's another view, decidedly."

"There are many very good men Catholics, Mr. Owen," rejoined I.

As Owen was about to answer with natural animosity, my father reentered the apartment.

"You were right," he said, "Owen, and I was wrong; we will take more time to think over this matter.—Young men, you will prepare to give me an answer on this important subject this day month."

I bowed in silence, sufficiently glad of a reprieve, and trusting it might procure some relaxation in my father's determination.

The time of probation passed slowly, unmarked by any accident whatever. I went and came, and disposed of my time as I pleased, without question or collision on the part of my father. Indeed, I rarely saw him, save at meal-times, when he statelyly avoided a discussion which you may well suppose I was in no hurry to pursue. Our conversation was of the news of the day, or on such general topics as strangers discuss upon to each other; we could, say one have guessed, from the tone, that those retained unalloyed interest in a dispute of such importance. It worried me, however, more than once, like the nightmare. Was it possible he would keep his word, and disinherit his only son in favour of a nephew whose very existence he was not perhaps quite certain of? My grandfather's conduct, in similar circumstances, looked me no good, had I considered the matter rightly. But I had formed an erroneous idea of my father's character, from the importance which I recollected I maintained with him and his whole family before I went to France. I was not aware that there are men who indulge their children at an early age, become so do so interests and amuse them, and who can yet be sufficiently severe when the same children, even their expectations at a more advanced period. On the contrary, I persuaded myself, that all I had to apprehend was some temporary abatement of affection—perhaps a revulsion of a few weeks, which I thought would rather please me than otherwise, since it would give me an opportunity of settling about my unfashioned version of Orlando

Faintly, a poem which I longed to render into English verse. I suffered this habit of getting such absolute possession of my mind, that I had rummaged my blotted papers, and was busy in meditation on the oft-recurring rhythm of the Spenserian stanza, when I heard a low and cautious tap at the door of my apartment. "Come in," I said, and Mr. Oves entered. He repeated some of the notions and habits of this worthy man, that in all probability this was the first time he had ever been in the moral story of his father's house, however concerned with the first, and I am still at a loss to know in what manner he discovered my apartment.

"Mr. Francis," he said, interrupting my expression of surprise and pleasure at seeing him, "I do not know if I am doing well in what I am about to say—it is not right to speak of what passes in the counting-house out of doors—one should not tell, as they say, to the post in the warehouse, how many leaves there are in the ledger. But young Twissell has been absent from the house for a fortnight and more, until two days since."

"Very well, my dear sir, and how does that concern us?"

"Oh, Mr. Francis;—your father gave him a private commission, and I am sure he did not go down to Falmouth about the pithead affair; and the Foster business with Blackwell and Company has been settled; and the mining people in Cornwall, Trevenen and Trevelion, have paid off they are likely to pay; and any other matter of business must have been put through my hands:—in short, it's my joyful belief that Twissell has been down in the north."

"Do you really suppose so?" said I, somewhat startled.

"He has spoken about nothing, sir, since he returned, but his new boots, and his shirt upon arms, and a red-tail at Tait's—it's as true as the multiphonetic-table. Do, Heaven bless you, my dear child, make up your mind to please your father, and to be a man and a merchant at once."

I felt at that instant a strong inclination to submit, and to make Oves happy by requesting him to tell my father that I resigned myself to his disposal. But pride—pride, the source of so much that is good and so much that is evil in our course of life, prevented me. My acquaintance stuck in my throat, and while I was coughing to get it up, my father's voice summoned Oves. He hastily left the room, and the opportunity was lost.

My father was methodical in every thing. At the very same time of the day, in the same apartment, and with the same tone and manner which he had employed on exact month before, he recapitulated the proposal he had made for taking me into partnership, and assigning me a department in the counting-house, and requested to have my final decision. I thought at the time there was something unusual in this; and I still think that my father's conduct was singular. A more oscillatory treatment would, in all probability, have gained his purpose. As it was, I stood fast, and, as respectfully as I could, declined the proposal he made to me. Perhaps—for who can judge of their own heart?—I felt it unusual to yield on the first summons, and expected further solicitation, or at least a pretext for changing my mind. If so, I was disappointed; for my father turned really to Grace, and only said, "You see it is as I told you,—Well, Frank" (addressing me), "you are nearly of age, and as well qualified to judge of what will constitute your own happiness as you ever are like to be, therefore, I say no more. But as I am not bound to give in to your plans, any more than you are compelled to submit to mine, say I ask to know if you have formed any which depend on my assistance?"

I answered, not a little shocked, "That being bred to no profession, and having no funds of my own, it was obviously impossible for me to submit without some allowance from my father; that my wishes were very moderate; and that I hoped my aversion for the profession to which he had designed me, would not excite his altogether withdrawing his paternal support and protection."

"That is to say, you wish to lean on my arm, and yet to walk your own way! That can hardly be, Frank;—however, I suppose you mean to obey my directions, so far as they do not cross your own honour?"

I was about to speak—"Silence, if you please," he continued. "Supposing this to be the case, you will instantly set out for the north of England, to pay your uncle a visit, and see the state of his family. I have chosen them among his sons (he has six, I believe) one who, I understand, is most worthy to fill the place I intended for you in the counting-house. But some further arrangements may be necessary, and for these your presence may be requisite. You shall have further instructions

at Cabell's Hall, where you will please to remain until you hear from me. Everything will be ready for your departure to-morrow morning."

With those words my father left the apartment.

"What does all this mean, Mr. Owen?" said I to my sympathetic friend, whose conversation was a cord of the deepest sympathy.

"You have ruined yourself, Mr. Frank, that's all. When your father talks in that quiet detached manner, there will be no more change in him than in a fitted amount."

And so it proved; for the next morning, at five o'clock, I found myself on the road to York, mounted on a reasonably good horse, and with fifty guineas in my pocket; travelling, as it would seem, for the purpose of assisting in the adoption of a successor to myself in my father's house and favour, and, for aught I knew, eventually in his fortune also.

### CHAPTER THIRD.

The dark will drift from side to side,  
The boat, unknown'd, admits the tide,  
Down down, drift, at motion lost,  
The sea breaks short, the rudder's lost,  
God's Father.

I have tagged with rhymes and blank verse the subdivisions of this important narrative, in order to attract your continued attention by powers of composition of stronger attraction than my own. The preceding lines refer to an unfortunate navigator, who daringly withstood from its message a boat, which he was unable to manage, and thrust it off into the full tide of a navigable river. No schoolboy, who, between frolic and defiance, has executed a similar rash attempt, could feel himself, when whiff in a strong current, in a situation more awkward than mine, when I found myself driving, without a compass, on the ocean of human life. There had been such unexpected ease in the manner in which my father slept a last, usually extended, the strongest which binds society together, and suffered me to depart as a sort of witness from his family, that it strangely lessened the confidence in my own personal accomplishments,



which had hitherto sustained me. Twice Prettymann, now a prince, and now a duke's son, had not a more arduous sense of his degradation. We are so apt, in our reigning opinion, to consider all those necessities which are drawn around us by prosperity, as pertaining and belonging to our own persons, that the discovery of our independence, when left to our own proper resources, becomes insupportably mortifying. As the knot of London died away on my ear, the distant peal of her strokes more than once sounded to my ears the salutatory "Turn again," erst heard by her future Lord Mayor; and when I looked back from Highgate on her daily negligence, I felt as if I were leaving behind me comfort, opulence, the charms of society, and all the pleasures of cultivated life.

But the die was cast. It was, indeed, by no means probable that a life and magnanimous compliance with my father's wishes would have sustained me in the situation which I had lost. On the contrary, firm and strong of purpose as he himself was, he might rather have been disgusted than consoled by my tardy and compulsory acquiescence in his desire that I should renounce my country. My constitutional obstinacy came also to my aid, and pride whispered how poor a figure I should make, when an obit of four miles from London had blown away resolutions formed during a month's serious deliberation. No, no, that never shoudd the young and hardy, but her haste to my future prospects. My father could not be serious in the sentence of self-dissatisfaction, which he had so unhesitatingly pronounced. It must be but a trial of my disposition, which, endured with patience and steadiness on my part, would raise me in his estimation, and lead to an amicable accommodation of the point in dispute between us. I even settled in my own mind how far I would concede to him, and on what articles of our supposed treaty I would make a firm stand; and the result was, according to my computation, that I was to be reinstated in my full rights of filiation, paying the easy penalty of some ostensible compliance to atone for my past rebellion.

In the meanwhile, I was lord of my person, and experienced that feeling of independence which the youthful heart receives with a thrilling mixture of pleasure and apprehension. My purse, though by no means amply replenished, was in a situation to supply all the wants and wishes of a traveler. I had been accustomed, while at Broucker, to act as my own valet; my

home was fresh, young, and active, and the frequency of my sports soon antedated the melancholy reflections with which my journey commenced.

I should have been glad to have journeyed upon a line of road better calculated to afford reasonable objects of curiosity, or a more interesting country, to the traveller. But the north road was then, and perhaps still is, singularly deficient in these respects; nor do I believe you can travel so far through Britain in any other direction without meeting more of what is worthy to engage the attention. My mental sensations, notwithstanding my assumed confidence, were not always of an untroubled nature. The Misses too,—the very acquiesce who had led me into this wilderness,—like others of her sex, deserted me in my utmost need, and I should have been reduced to rather an uncomfortable state of distress, had it not been for the occasional preservation of strangers who deigned to pass the same way. But the characters whom I met with were of a uniform and uninteresting description. Country parsons, joggling homewards after a visitation; farmers, or gentlemen, returning from a distant market; choirs of traders, travelling to collect what was due to their masters, in provincial towns; with now and then an officer going down into the country upon the recruiting service, were, at this period, the persons by whom the torchlight and tapers were kept in motion. Our speech, therefore, was of titles and creeds, of horses and grain, of commodities wet and dry, and the advocacy of the actual doctors, occasionally varied by the description of a ship, or battle, in Flanders, which, perhaps, the warlike only gave me at second hand. Robbers, a friar and clanking chains, filled up every vacancy; and the names of the Golden Farmer, the Flying Highwayman, Jack Sheehy, and other Beggars' Opera heroes, were familiar to our mouths as household words. At such times, the children, closing their circle round the fire when the ghost story drove to its climax, the riders drew near to each other, looked before and behind them, examined the pointing of their pistols, and vowed to stand by each other in case of danger; an engagement which, the other allusive and defective allusions, sometimes glided out of remembrance when there was an appearance of actual peril.

Of all the fellows whom I ever saw haunted by terrors of this nature, one poor man, with whom I travelled a day and a half, afforded me most amusement. He had upon his pillow a very

small, but apparently a very weighty parchment, about the safety of which he seemed particularly solicitous; never venturing it out of his own immediate care, and uniformly rejecting the offerings and of the waiters and ostlers, who offered their services to carry it into the house. With the same precaution he listened to counsel, not only the purpose of his journey, and his ultimate place of destination, but even the direction of each day's route. Nothing embarrassed him more than to be asked by any one, whether he was travelling Spanish or Portuguese, or at what stage he intended to halt. His place of rest for the night he scrutinized with the most anxious care, alike avoiding solitude, and what he considered as bad neighbourhood; and at Guastama, I believe, he sat up all night to avoid sleeping in the next room to a thickset sleeping fellow, in a black wig, and a tarnished gold-laced waistcoat. With all these cares on his mind, my fellow traveller, to judge by his dress and manner, was a man who might have met danger at distance with as much impunity as most men. He was strong and well built; and, judging from his gold-laced hat and cockade, seemed to have served in the army, or, at least, to belong to the military profession in one capacity or other. His conversation also, though always sufficiently vulgar, was that of a man of sense, when the terrible bugbears which haunted his imagination for a moment ceased to occupy his attention. But every accidental association recalled them. An open hearth, a close plantation, were alike subjects of apprehension; and the whistle of a shepherd lad was instantly converted into the signal of a depredator. Even the sight of a gibbet, if it occurred here, that one robber was safely disposed of by justice, never failed to remind him how many remained still unchanged.

I should have wondered of this fellow's company, had I not been still more tired of my own thoughts. Some of the marvellous stories, however, which he related, had in themselves a sort of interest, and another whimsical point of his position afforded me the convenient opportunity of amusing myself at his expense. Among his tales, several of the unfortunate travellers who fell among thieves, learned that expediency from associating themselves on the road with a well-dressed and enterprising stranger, in whose company they trusted to find protection as well as amusement; who shared their journey with tale and song, protected them against the calls of over-charges and false

rockings, until at length, under pretext of showing a near path over a desolate moor, he advised his numerous victims from the public road into some dismal glen, where, suddenly blowing his whistle, he assembled his comrades from their lurking-place, and displayed himself in his true colours—the captain, namely, of the band of robbers to whom his many fellow-travellers had devoted their person, and perhaps their lives. Towards the conclusion of such a tale, and when my companion had wrought himself into a fever of apprehension by the progress of his own narrative, I observed that he suddenly eyed me with a glance of doubt and suspicion, as if the possibility occurred to him, that he might, at that very moment, be in company with a character as dangerous as that which his tale described. And over and over, when such suggestions passed themselves on the mind of this legions self-tormentor, he drew off from me to the opposite side of the high-road, looked before, behind, and around him, examined his arms, and seemed to prepare himself for flight or defence, as circumstances might require.

The suspicion implied on such occasions seemed to me only momentary, and too indignant to be offensive. There was, in fact, no particular reflection on my dress or address, although I was thus mistaken for a robber. A man in those days might have all the external appearance of a gentleman, and yet turn out to be a highwayman. For the division of labour in every department not having then taken place so fully as since that period, the profession of the polite and accomplished adventurer, who picked you out of your money at White's, or bewled you out of it at Marylebone, was often united with that of the professed robber, who on Roper's Heath, or Finchley Common, commanded his brother band to stand and deliver. There was also a touch of coarseness and hardness about the manners of the times, which has since, in a great degree, been softened and shaded away. It seems to me, on recollection, as if desperate men had less substance then than now to embrace the most desperate means of relieving their distress. The times were indeed past, when Anthony-a-Wood assumed over the attention of two men, greatly in person, and of undoubted strength and honour, who were hanged without mercy at Oxford, merely because their distress had driven them to nine contrivances on the highway. We were still further removed from the days of

"the mad Prince and Poona." And yet, from the number of untracked and extensive haunts in the vicinity of the metropolis, and from the less populous state of remote districts, both were frequented by that species of mounted highwaymen, that may possibly become one day unknown, who carried on their trade with something like courtesy; and, like Gibbet in the Texas Steadfast, played themselves on as long the best behaved men on the road, and on conducting themselves with all appropriate civility in the exercise of their vocation. A young man, therefore, in my circumstances was not entitled to be highly indignant at the practice which confounded him with the voracious class of depredators.

Neither was I offended. On the contrary, I found amusement in alternately exciting, and being to sleep, the equanimity of my taciturn companion, and in purposely so acting as still further to puzzle a brain which nature and apprehension had combined to render sense of the clearest. When my free conversation had lulled him into complete security, it required only a passing inquiry concerning the direction of his journey, or the nature of the business which occasioned it, to put his equanimity once more in error. For example, a conversation on the comparative strength and activity of our horses, took such a turn as follows:—

"O sir," said my companion, "for the gallop I grant you, but allow me to say, your horse (although he is a very handsome gelding—that must be owned) has too little bone to be a good roadster. The trot, sir" (striking his *Barrymore* with his spur),—"the trot is the true pace for a hackney; and, were we near a town, I should like to try that display of yours upon a piece of level road (having water) for a quart of claret at the next inn."

"Content, sir," replied I, "and here is a stretch of ground very favorable."

"Here, then," surveyed my friend with hesitation; "I make it a rule of travelling never to blow my horse between stages; one never knows what occasion he may have to put him to his mettle: and besides, sir, when I said I would match you, I meant with even weight; you ride four stone lighter than I."

"Very well; but I am content to carry weight. Try, what may that partitioner of yours weigh?"

"My p—p—partisans?" replied he, hesitating—"O very little—a fraction—just a few skirts and stockings."

"I should think it heavier, from its appearance. I'll hold you the quart of claret it makes the odds between our weight."

"You're mistaken, sir, I assure you—quite mistaken," replied my friend, edging off to the side of the road, as was his wont on these charming occasions.

"Well, I am willing to venture the wine; so, I will let you two paces to five, that I carry your partisans on my scorns, and cut-trai you into the bargain."

This proposal raised my friend's claret to the uttermost. The nose changed from the natural copper hue which it had acquired from many a comfortable cup of claret at such into a pinkish frenzy that, and his teeth clattered with apprehension at the guarded sanity of my proposal, which seemed to place the hazy-eyed phantasm before him in full array. As he filtered for an answer, I relieved him in some degree by a question concerning a steuple, which now became visible, and an observation that we were now so near the village as to run no risk from interruption on the road. At this his countenance cleared up: but I easily perceived that it was long ere he forgot a proposal which seemed to him so fraught with suspicion as that which I had now heard of. I trouble you with this detail of the man's disposition, and the manner in which I practised upon it, because, however trivial in themselves, these particulars were attended by an important influence on future incidents which will occur in this narrative. At the time, this person's conduct only inspired me with contempt, and confirmed me in an opinion which I already entertained, that of all the propensities which track mankind to torment themselves, that of careless fear is the most irritating, busy, painful, and pitiable.

## CHAPTER FOURTH.

The Scots are poor, vain, and English polite;  
 There is the charge; see by themselves denied,  
 Are they not, then, in strictest reason clear,  
 Who mostly come to meet their fortunes here?  
 CHAUCER.

There was, in the days of which I write, an old-fashioned custom on the English road, which I suspect is now obsolete, or practised only by the vulgar. Journeys of length being made on horseback, and, of course, by brief stages, it was usual always to make a halt on the Sunday in some town where the traveller might attend divine service, and his horse have the benefit of the day of rest, the institution of which is as humane to our brute labourers as profitable to ourselves. A counterpart to this decent practice, and a remnant of old English hospitality, was, that the landlord of a principal inn laid aside his character of a publican on the seventh day, and invited the guests who chanced to be within his walls to take a part of his lady's loaf and pudding. This invitation was usually complied with by all whose distinguished rank did not induce them to think complaisance a derogation; and the proposal of a bottle of wine after dinner, to drink the landlord's health, was the only recompense ever offered or accepted.

I was born a citizen of the world, and my inclination led me into all scenes where my knowledge of mankind could be enlarged; I had, besides, no pretensions to sequester myself on the score of superior dignity, and therefore seldom failed to accept of the landlord's hospitality of miss meat, whether at the Garter, Lion, or Bear. The honest publican, diluted into additional amusements by a sense of his own importance, while passing among the guests on whom it was his ordinary duty to attend, was in himself an entertaining spectacle; and around his grail orb, other planets of inferior consequence performed their revolutions. The wit and humorists, the distinguished workmen of the town or village, the apothecary, the attorney, even the curate himself did not disdain to partake of this benevolent bounty. The guests, assembled from different quarters, and differing different professions, dressed, in language,

manners, and sentiments, a curious contrast to each other, not indifferent to those who desired to possess a knowledge of mankind in its variation.

It was on such a day, and such an occasion, that my numerous acquaintances and I were about to grace the board of the muddy-faced host of the Black Bear, in the town of Darlington, and bishops of Durham, whom our landlord informed us, with a sort of apologetic tone, that there was a Scotch gentleman to dine with us.

"A gentleman!—what sort of a gentleman?" said my companion conversant lately—his mind, I suppose, running on gentlemen of the pool, as they were then termed.

"Why, a Scotch sort of a gentleman, as I said before," returned mine host; "they are all gentle, ye may know, though they ha' never shair to back, but there is a decentish halloo—a werry North Briton as s'ir would Derwick Bridge—I now ha's a dealer in cattle."

"Let us have his company, by all means," answered my companion; and then, turning to me, he gave vent to the tenor of his own reflections. "I respect the Scotch, sir, I love and honour the nation for their sense of morality. Men talk of their dirt and their poverty: but command me to sterling honesty, though clad in rags, as the poor sith. I have been mockingly asked, sir, by men on whom I can depend, that there was never known such a thing in Scotland as a highway robbery."

"That's because they have nothing to lose," said mine host, with the chuckle of a self-applauding wit.

"No, no, landlord," answered a strong deep voice behind him, "it's s'm because your English gingers and supervisors,\* that you have sent down beneath the Tread, have torn up the heads of Cheever over the heads of the native professors."

"Well said, Mr. Champoll," answered the landlord; "I did not think there'd be one near us, now. But there here I'm an outspoken Yorkshire tyke. And how go markets in the north?"

"There is the selling," replied Mr. Champoll; "wise filins buy and sell, and fools are bought and sold."

\* The introduction of gingers, supervisors, and examiners, was one of the great complaints of the British nation, though a natural consequence of the Union.



"But wine men and fools both eat their dinner," answered our jolly entertainer; "and here's a corner—as prime a looking of food as our hungry men stuck sick to."

So saying, he eagerly whirled his knife, assumed his seat of empire at the head of the board, and looked the plates of his empty guests with his good cheer.

This was the first time I had heard the Scotch word, *ye*, indeed, that I had familiarly met with an individual of the sacred nation by whom it was spoken. Yet, from an early period, they had occupied and interested my imagination. My father, as is well known to you, was of an ancient family in Northumberland, from whom not I was, while eating the above-mentioned dinner, not very many miles distant. The quarrel between him and his relatives was such, that he scarcely ever mentioned the race from which he sprung, and held as the most contemptible species of vanity, the weakness which is commonly termed family pride. His ambition was only to be distinguished as William Colclinton, the first, or at least one of the first, merchants in Glasgow, and to have proved him the loyal representative of William the Conqueror would have far surpassed his vanity than the love and trouble which his approach was wont to produce among the bells, brass, and brockers of Stock-alley. He wished, no doubt, that I should remain in such ignorance of my relations and descent as might insure a correspondence between my feelings and his own on this subject. But his designs, as will happen occasionally in the worst, were, in some degree at least, counteracted by a being whom his pride would never have supposed of importance adequate to influence them in any way. His name, an old Northumbrian woman, attached to him from his infancy, was the only person connected with his native province for whom he retained any regard; and when fortune directed upon him, one of the first turns which he made of her favours, was to give Mabel Thelots a place of residence within his household. After the death of my mother, the care of nursing me during my childish illnesses, and of watching all those tender attentions which infancy exacts from female affection, devolved on old Mabel. Introduced by her master from speaking to him on the subject of the lands, glades, and dales of her beloved Northumberland, she poured herself forth to my infant ear in descriptions of the scenes of her youth, and long narratives of the events which

tradition declared to have passed amongst them. To these I looked up our rank more severely than to graves, but less estimated instructions. Then yet, methinks I see old Mabel, her head slightly agitated by the pulse of age, and shaded by a close cap, as white as the lilacs now,—her face wrinkled, but still retaining the healthy tinge which it had acquired in rural labour—I think I see her look around on the brick walls and narrow street which presented themselves before our windows, as she concluded with a sigh the favourite old story, which I then preferred, and—why should I not tell the truth!—which I still prefer to all the opera she ever visited by the capricious train of an Italian *Mus. D.*—

Oh, the salt, the salt, and the heavy lay too,  
They flourish best at home in the Scotch Country!

Now, in the legends of Mabel, the Scottish nation was ever freshly remembered, with all the embellished declaration of which the narrative was capable. The inhabitants of the opposite frontier served in her narrative to fill up the parts which ages and ghosts with verisimilitude best occupy in the ordinary nursery tales. And how could it be otherwise! Was it not the Black Douglas who drew with his own hand the hair of the Galloway family the day after he took possession of his estate, surprising him and his vassals while scheming a desertion to the common? Was it not Wat the Devil, who drove all the year-old logs off the house of Lathcoteville, in the very recent days of my grandfather's father? And had we not many a trophy, but, according to old Mabel's version of history, far more honorably gained, to mark our revenge of those wrongs! Did not Sir Henry Galloway, fifth baron of the name, carry off the fair maid of Polymington, an Achilles did his Chryseis and Branks of old, and detain her in his fortress against all the power of her friends, supported by the most mighty Scottish chiefs of warlike name! And had not our sword those liars at most of those fields in which England was victorious over her rival? All our family renown was acquired—all our family misfortunes were occasioned—by the northern war.

Warned by such tales, I looked upon the Scottish people during my childhood, as a race hostile by nature to the more southern inhabitants of this realm; and the view of the war

he was not much corrected by the language which my father sometimes held with respect to them. He had engaged in some large speculations concerning oak-woods, the property of Highland proprietors, and alleged, that he found them much more ready to make bargains, and enter contract of the purchase-money, than punctual in carrying on their side with the terms of the engagements. The Scottish mercantile men, whom he was under the necessity of employing as a sort of middle-men on these occasions, were also suspected by my father of having secured, by one means or other, more than their own share of the profit which ought to have accrued. In short, if Michel complained of the Scottish sense in ancient times, Mr. Oskellstone inveighed no less against the arts of these modern Scots; and between them, though without any direct purpose of doing us, they impressed my youthful mind with a sternness according to the southern inhabitants of Britain, as a people bloodthirsty in time of war, treacherous during peace, interested, selfish, envious, and tricky in the business of peaceful life, and having few good qualities, unless there should be accounted such, a ferocity which rivetted courage in martial affairs, and a sort of ugly craft which supplied the place of wisdom in the ordinary commerce of mankind. In justification, or apology, for those who entertained such prejudices, I must remark, that the Scotch of that period were guilty of similar injustice to the English, whom they branded universally as a race of pure-blood arrogant egotists. Such seeds of national dislike remained between the two countries, the natural consequences of their existence as separate and rival states. We have seen recently the breath of a champagne blow these sparks into a temporary flame, which I sincerely hope is ever extinguished in its own ashes.\*

It was, then, with an impression of dislike, that I contemplated the first Scotchman I chanced to meet in society. There was much about him that coincided with my previous conceptions. He had the hard features and athletic form said to be peculiar to his country, together with the national intonation and slow pedantic mode of expression, arising from a desire to avoid prolixity of phrase or dialect. I could also observe the caution and shyness of his country in many of the observa-

\* This seems to have been written about the time of *Wilkes and Liberty*.

them which he made, and the answers which he returned. But I was not prepared for the air of easy self-possession and sagacity with which he seemed to predominate over the company into which he was thrown, as it were by accident. His dress was as coarse as it could be, being still decent; and, at a time when great expense was lavished upon the wardrobe, even of the lowest who pretended to the character of gentlemen, this indicated mediocrity of circumstances, if not poverty. His conversation intimated that he was engaged in the cattle trade, no very dignified professional pursuit. And yet, under these disadvantages, he seemed, as a matter of course, to treat the rest of the company with the cool and condescending politeness which implies a real, or imagined, superiority over those to whom it is used. When he gave his opinion on any point, it was with that easy tone of confidence used by those superior to their society in rank or information, as if what he said could not be doubted, and was not to be questioned. Miss host and her Sunday guests, after an effort or two to support their consequence by noise and bold assertion, sunk gradually under the authority of Mr. Campbell, who then truly possessed himself of the lead in the conversation. I was tempted, from curiosity, to dispute the ground with him myself, relying on my knowledge of the world, extended as it was by my residence abroad, and in the storm with which a tolerable education had possessed my mind. In the latter respect he offered no competition, and it was easy to see that his natural powers had never been cultivated by education. But I found him much better acquainted than I was myself with the present state of France, the character of the Duke of Orleans, who had just succeeded to the regency of that kingdom, and that of the ministers by whom he was surrounded, and his shrewd, acute, and somewhat satirical remarks, were those of a man who had been a close observer of the affairs of that country.

On the subject of politics, Campbell observed a silence and moderation which might arise from custom. The divisions of Whig and Tory then shook England to her very centre, and a powerful party, engaged in the Jacobite interest, menaced the dynasty of Hanover, which had been just established on the throne. Every debate resounded with the names of contending politicians, and as mine host's politics were of that

liberal description which gratified with no good customer, his unbecomingly virtuous were often divided in their opinion as unreasonably as if he had denoted the Common Council. The curate and the apothecary, with a little more, who made no heart of his words, but who, from the flourish and snap of his fingers, I believe to have been the barber, strongly expressed the cause of high church and the Street line. The ex-courier, as in duty bound, and the attorney, who looked to some petty office under the Crown, together with my fellow traveller, who seemed to enter heartily into the contest, staunchly supported the cause of King George and the Protestant succession. This was the arrangement—deep the conflict! Each party appealed to Mr. Campbell, and, as it seemed, to elicit his approbation.

"You are a Scotchman, sir, a gentleman of your country must stand up for hereditary right," cried one party.

"You are a Presbyterian," answered the other class of disputants, "you cannot be a friend to arbitrary power."

"Gentlemen," said our Scotch oracle, after having gained, with some difficulty, a moment's pause, "I have much satisfaction that King George well deserves the protection of his friends; and if he can loose the grip he has gotten, why, doubtless, he may make the people, here, a considerable number of the yeomen, and confer on our friend, Mr. Quilken, the preferment of colonel-general; and he may also grant some good deed or reward to this honest gentleman who is sitting upon his portmanteau, which he proposes to a chair. And, gentlemen, King James is also a grateful person, and when he gets his hand in play, he may, if he be so minded, make this renowned gentleman underpriest of Canterbury, and Dr. Muck chief physician to his household, and commit his royal bowd to the cure of my friend Lathrum. But as I doubt much whether any of the competing sovereigns would give Rob Campbell a touch of aquiline, if he asked it, I give my vote and interest to Jonathan Brown, our landlord, to be the King and Prince of Stinkers, conditionally that he fetches us another bottle as good as the last."

This rally was received with general applause, in which the landlord cordially joined; and when he had given orders for fulfilling the condition on which his preferment was to depend, he failed not to remark these, "God, for as possible a gentleman as Mr. Campbell was, he was, moreover, as bold as a lion

—seven highwaymen had he defeated with his single arm, that bested him as he came from *Whisper-Tryna*."

"There art doctored, friend Jonathan," said Campbell, interrupting him; "they were but lonely firs, and two cowardly lasses as men could wish to meet withal."

"And did you, sir, really," said my fellow-traveller, elying his chair (I should have said his postmaster's) secure to Mr. Campbell, "really and actually beat two highwaymen yourself alone?"

"In truth did I, sir," replied Campbell; "and I think it one great thing to make a brag about."

"Upon my word, sir," replied my acquaintance, "I should be happy to have the pleasure of your company on my journey—I go northward, sir."

This piece of gratuitous information concerning the route he proposed to himself, the first I had heard my companion bestow upon any one, failed to excite the corresponding confidence of the Dutchman.

"We can scarce travel together," he replied, dryly. "You, sir, doctored, are well attended, and I for the present travel on foot, or on a Highland shaly, that does not help me much faster forward."

So saying, he called for a retainer for the wine, and throwing down the price of the additional bottle which he had himself introduced, rose as if to take leave of us. My companion made up to him, and taking him by the button, drew him aside into one of the windows. I could not help overhearing him proving something—I supposed his company upon the journey, which Mr. Campbell seemed to decline.

"I will pay your charges, sir," said the traveller, in a tone as if he thought the argument should bear down all opposition.

"It is quite impossible," said Campbell, somewhat contemptuously; "I have business at Rothbury."

"But I am in no great hurry; I can ride out of the way, and never miss a day or so for good company."

"Upon my faith, sir," said Campbell, "I cannot render you the service you seem to desire. I am," he added, drawing himself up haughtily, "travelling on my own private affairs, and if ye will not by my advertisement, sir, ye will neither unite yourself with an absolute stranger on the road, nor communicate your line of journey to those who are asking ye no questions

about it." He then extricated his bottom, not very gracefully, from the hold which detained him, and coming up to me as the company were departing, observed, "Your friend, sir, is too communicative, considering the nature of his trust."

"That gentleman," I replied, looking towards the traveller, "is no friend of mine, but an acquaintance whom I picked up on the road. I know neither his name nor business, and you seem to be deeper in his confidence than I am."

"I only meant," he replied, hastily, "that he seems a thought rash in confiding the honour of his company on those who desire it not."

"The gentleman," replied I, "knows his own affairs best, and I should be wary to constitute myself a judge of them in any respect."

Mr. Campbell made no farther observation, but merely wished me a good journey, and the party departed for the evening.

Next day I posted company with my tired companions, as I left the great northern road to turn more westerly in the direction of Cobolitione Minor, my work's end. I cannot tell whether he felt relieved or embarrassed by my departure, considering the childish light in which he seemed to regard me. For my own part, his treasons seemed to nauseate me, and, to say the truth, I was heartily glad to get rid of him.

## CHAPTER FIFTH.

How gentle my hunting heart as I behold,  
 How lovely nymphs, our island's beaut and pride,  
 Push on the greenness stand, that sweep the thing  
 O'er rough, o'er smooth, our knee the deepy hill,  
 For flocks in the extended vale below!

THE CHASE.

I APPROACHED my native north, for such I esteemed it, with that enthusiasm which romantic and wild scenery inspires in the lovers of nature. No longer interrupted by the bubble of my companions, I could now remark the difference which the country exhibited from that through which I had hitherto

travelled. The streams now more properly deserved the name, for, instead of slumbering stagnant among reeds and willows, they howled along beneath the shade of natural caverns; were now hurried down declivities, and now perched upon knolls, but still in active motion, through little lonely valleys, which, opening on the road from time to time, seemed to invite the traveller to explore their recesses. The Cheviot rose before me in towering majesty; not, indeed, with the sublime variety of rock and cliff which characterizes mountains of the primary class, but huge, round-headed, and clothed with a dark robe of russet, gaining, by their extent and desolate appearance, an influence upon the imagination, as a desert distant possessing a diameter of its own.

The shade of my father, which I was now approaching, was situated in a glen, or narrow valley, which ran up among these hills. Extensive estates, which once belonged to the family of Cuthbertson, had been long dissipated by the necessities or misconduct of my ancestors; but enough was still attached to the old manor, to give my uncle the title of a man of large property. This he employed (as I was given to understand by some inquiries which I made on the road) in maintaining the prodigal extravagance of a northern squire of the period, which he deemed essential to his family dignity.

From the summit of an eminence I had already had a distant view of Cuthbertson Hall, a large and antiquated edifice, peeping out from a wooded grove of huge oaks; and I was directing my course towards it, as straightly and as speedily as the windings of a very indifferent road would permit, when my horse, tired as he was, pricked up his ears at the rattling noise of a pack of hounds in full cry, cheered by the continual bursts of a French horn, which in those days was a constant accompaniment to the chase. I made no doubt that the pack was my uncle's, and drew up my horse with the purpose of entering the hunters in pass without notice, aware that a hunting-field was not the proper scene to introduce myself to a hunt apartment, and determined when they had passed on, to proceed to the manor-house at my own pace, and there to await the return of the proprietor from his sport. I passed, therefore, on a rising ground, and, not warned by the signs of interest which that species of sportsman sport is so much calculated to inspire (although my mind was not at the moment very accessible



to impudence of this nature), I expected with some eagerness the appearance of the lieutenant.

The fox, hard run, and neatly sport, first made his appearance from the copse which clothed the right hand side of the valley. His drooping back, his curled appearance, and jaded trot, proclaimed his late impudence; and the currier cross, which lowered over him, already considered poor Raymond as soon to be his prey. He crossed the stream which divides the little valley, and was dragging himself up a rut in the other side of its wild banks, where the lieutenant hovered, followed by the rest of the pack in full cry, bent from the copse, followed by the huntsman and three or four riders. The dogs pursued the trace of Raymond with staring instinct; and the hunters followed with reckless haste, regardless of the broken and difficult nature of the ground. They were tall, stout young men, well mounted, and dressed in green and red, the uniform of a sporting association, formed under the auspices of old Sir Fitzhugh Cadablanco.—“My master” thought I, as they swept past me. The next reflection was, what is my reception likely to be among these worthy sportsmen of Stags? and how improbable is it that I, knowing little or nothing of rural sports, shall find myself at once, or happy, or my master’s family. A vision that passed me interrupted these reflections.

It was a young lady, the loveliness of whose very striking features was enhanced by the animation of the chase and the glow of the exercise, mounted on a beautiful horse, jet black, under whose he was flecked by spots of the snow-white foam which enlivened his bridle. She wore, what was then somewhat unusual, a red, red, and red, resembling those of a rose, which foreign has since called a riding habit. The mode had been introduced while I was in France, and was perfectly new to me. Her long black hair streamed on the breeze, having in the hurry of the chase escaped from the ribbon which bound it. Some very broken ground, through which she guided her horse with the most admirable address and presence of mind, retarded her course, and brought her closer to me than any of the other riders had passed. I had, therefore, a full view of her uncommonly fine face and person, in which an imperiousness of countenance was added by the wild gaiety of the scene, and the release of her singular dress and unexpected appearance. As she passed me, her horse made, in his impetuosity, an irregular

movement, just while, rising once more upon open ground, she was again putting him to his speed. It served as an apology for us to ride close up to her, as if to her resistance. There was, however, no cause for alarm; it was not a snaffle, nor a false step; and, if it had, the fair Amazon had too much self-possession to have been damaged by it. She thanked my good intentions, however, by a smile, and I felt encouraged to put my horse to the same pace, and to keep in her immediate neighbourhood. The clamour of "Whoop! dead! dead!"—and the corresponding flourish of the French horns, soon announced to us that there was no more chance for haste, since the chase was at a close. One of the young men whom we had seen approached us, waving the bridle of his fat in triumph, as if to uphold my fair companion.

"I see," she replied,—"I see; but make no noise about it; if Phoebe," she said, patting the neck of the beautiful animal on which she rode, "had not got among the cliffs, you would have had little cause for boasting."

They met as she spoke, and I observed them both look at me, and express a moment in an under-brow, the young lady apparently proving the sportsman to do something which he deserved shyly, and with a sort of sheepish reluctance. She instantly turned her horse's head towards me, saying,—*"Well, well, Thomas, if you won't, I must, that's all—do,"* she continued, addressing me, *"I have been endeavouring to persuade this celebrated young gentleman to make inquiry of you whether, in the course of your travels to these parts, you have heard anything of a friend of mine, one Mr. Francis Oshelstone, who has been for some days expected at Oshelstone Hall."*

I was too happy to acknowledge myself to be the party inquired after, and to express my thanks for the obliging inquiries of the young lady.

"In that case, sir," she rejoined, "as my husband's politeness seems to be still doubting, you will permit me (though I suppose it is highly improper) to stand mistress of ceremony, and to present to you young Squire Thorsdill Oshelstone, your cousin, and Miss Vernon, who has also the honour to be your accomplished cousin's poor housewren."

There was a mixture of boldness, astuteness, and simplicity in the manner in which Miss Vernon presented these words. My knowledge of life was sufficient to enable me to take up a

corresponding tone as I expressed my gratitude to her for her consideration, and my extreme pleasure at having met with them. To say the truth, the compliment was so expressed, that the lady might easily appropriate the greater share of it, for Thornhill seemed an honest country housewife, softward, shy, and somewhat silly withal. He shook hands with me, however, and then intimated his intention of leaving me that he might help the houseman and his brethren to couple up the boards,—a purpose which he rather commented by way of information to Miss Vernon than as apology to me.

"There he goes," said the young lady, following him with eyes in which disdain was admirably painted—"the prince of grooms and cock-fighters, and blackguard horse-courers. But there is not one of them to rival another,—Have you read *Markham*?" said Miss Vernon.

"Read whom, madam?—I do not even remember the author's name."

"O lord! on what a strand are you wrecked!" replied the young lady. "A poor sailors and ignorant stranger, unacquainted with the very *Alphons* of the savage tribe whom you are come to reside among.—Never to have heard of *Markham*, the most celebrated author on fustery! then I fear you are equally a stranger to the more modern names of *Gibson* and *Burleigh*!"

"I am, indeed, Miss Vernon."

"And do you not blush to own it?" said Miss Vernon.

"Why, we must favour your alliance. Then, I suppose, you can neither give a ball, nor a mask, nor a lawn?"

"I confess I trust all these matters to an actor, or to my groom."

"Incredible carelessness!—and you cannot show a horse, or cut his mane and tail; or wear a dog, or crop his ears, or cut his fore-shoes; or restrain a hawk, or give him his casting-swoon, or direct his shot when he is needed; or"—

"To own up my insignificance in one word," replied I, "I am profoundly ignorant in all these rural accomplishments."

"Then, in the name of Heaven, Mr. Francis Calabazone, what can you do?"

"Very little to the purpose, Miss Vernon; something, however, I can pretend to.—When my groom has dressed my horse I can ride him, and when my hawk is in the field, I can fly him."

"Can you do this?" said the young lady, putting her knee to a stake.

There was a sort of stile overgrown fence across the path before us, with a gate composed of pieces of wood rough from the forest; I was about to move forward to open it, when Miss Vernon cleared the obstruction at a flying leap. I was bound in point of honour to follow, and was in a moment upon its other side. "There are hopes of you yet," she said. "I was afraid you had been a very degenerate Obedistone. But what on earth brings you to Oak-Quail?—for as the neighbours have deserted this hunting-hall of ours. You might have stayed away, I suppose, if you would?"

I felt I was by this time on a very intimate footing with my beautiful apparition, and therefore replied, in a confidential undertone—"Indeed, my dear Miss Vernon, I might have considered it as a sacrifice to be a temporary resident in Obedistone Hall, the master being such as you describe them; but I am convinced there is one exception that will make amends for all deficiencies."

"O, you mean Raskleigh?" said Miss Vernon.

"Indeed I do not; I was thinking—forget me—of some person much nearer me."

"I suppose it would be proper not to understand your civility!—But that is not my way—I don't make a mystery for it because I am sitting on horseback. But seriously, I deserve your exception, for I am the only conversable being about the Hall, except the old priest and Raskleigh."

"And who is Raskleigh, for Heaven's sake?"

"Raskleigh is one who would take here every one like him for his own sake. He is Sir Edmunda's youngest son—about your own age, but not so—not well looking, in short. But nature has given him a mouthful of common sense, and the priest has added a bushel of learning; he is what we call a very clever man in this country, where clever men are scarce. Good to the church, but in no hurry to take orders."

"To the Catholic Church?"

"The Catholic Church! what Church else?" said the young lady. "But I forget—they told me you are a heretic. Is that true, Mr. Obedistone?"

"I must not deny the charge."

"And yet you have been abroad, and in Catholic countries?"

"For nearly four years."

"You have some converts?"

"Often; but I have not seen much in them which recommended the Catholic religion."

"Are not the Catholics happy?"

"Some are unquestionably so, whom either a profound sense of devotion, or an experience of the persecutions and misfortunes of the world, or a natural quality of temper, has led into retirement. Those who have adopted a life of exclusion from worldly and unworldly pleasures, or in hearty resentment of some disappointment or modification, are very miserable. The quickness of sensitive men returns, and like the wilder animals in a menagerie, they are restless under confinement, while others grow so fatigued in cells of no larger dimensions than theirs."

"And what," continued Miss Vernon, "becomes of those victims who are condemned to a convent by the will of others? what do they resemble? especially, what do they resemble, if they are born to enjoy life, and find its blessings?"

"They are like imprisoned singing-birds," replied I, "condemned to wait out their lives in confinement, which they try to beguile by the exercise of accomplishments which would have adorned society had they been left at large."

"I shall be," returned Miss Vernon—"that is," said she, correcting herself—"I should be rather like the wild hawk, who, having the free exercise of his wing through heaven, will dash himself to pieces against the bars of his cage. But to return to Eschleigh," said she, in a more lively tone, "you will think him the pleasantest man you ever saw in your life, Mr. Calabritose,—that is, for a week at least. If he could find out a blind mistress, never man would be so secure of conquest; but the eye beats the spell that enchants the ear.—But here we are in the court of the old hall, which looks so wild and old-fashioned as any of its inmates. There is no great beauty kept at Calabritose Hall, you must know; but I must take off those things, they are so unpleasantly worn,—and the hat hurts my forehead, too," continued the lively girl, taking it off, and shaking down a profusion of white tangles, which, half laughing, half blushing, she separated with her white slender fingers, in order to clear them away from her beautiful face and glowing hazel eyes. If there was any coquetry in the action, it was well disguised by the careless indifference of her manner. I could not

help saying, "that, judging of the family from what I saw, I should suppose the toilette a very unnecessary one."

"That's very politely said—though, perhaps, I ought not to understand in what sense it was meant," replied Miss Vernon; "but you will see a better spring for a little negligence when you meet the Countess you are to live amongst, whose fumes no toilette could improve. But, as I said before, the old dinner bell will ring, or rather chime, in a few minutes—it cracked on the day of the landing of King Wike, and my uncle, respecting its prophetic talent, would never permit it to be mended. So do you hold my policy, like a dutiful knight, and I send some more humble agents to relieve you of the charge."

She threw me the rein as if we had been acquainted from our childhood, jumped from her saddle, topped across the courtyard, and entered at a side door, leaving me in calculation of her beauty, and astonished with the over-fickleness of her manners, which seemed the more extraordinary at a time when the dictates of politeness, flowing from the court of the Grand Monarque Louis XIV., prescribed to the fair sex an unusual severity of decorum. I was left awkwardly enough stationed in the centre of the court of the old hall, mounted on one horse, and holding another in my hand.

The building afforded little to interest a stranger, had I been disposed to consider it attentively; the sides of the quadrangle were of various architecture, and with their stone-shedded battled windows, projecting turrets, and massive architraves, resembled the inside of a convent, or of one of the older and less splendid villages of Oxford. I called for a domestic, but was for some time totally unattended to; which was the more peevish, as I could perceive I was the object of curiosity to several servants, both male and female, from different parts of the building, who popped out their heads and withdrew them. The mistake is a narrow, before I could make a direct appeal to the attention of any individual. The return of the landlady and housemaid relieved me from my embarrassment, and with some difficulty I got one down to relieve me of the charge of the horse, and another stepped back to guide me to the presence of Sir Hildebrand. This service he performed with much such grace and good-will, as a peasant who is compelled to act as guide to a hostile party, and in the same manner I was obliged to guard against his deserting me in the labyrinth of low vaulted passages which con-

ducted to "Sigs Hall," as he called it, where I was to be introduced to the gracious presence of my uncle.

We did, however, at length reach a long vaulted room, floored with stone, where a range of oaken tables, of a weight and size too massive ever to be moved aside, were already covered for dinner. This venerable apartment, which had witnessed the feasts of several generations of the Oskeldians family, bore also evidence of their success in field sports. Huge antlers of deer, which might have been trophies of the hunting of Cherry Chivy, were ranged around the walls, interspersed with the statted skins of badgers, otters, martins, and other animals of the chase. Amidst some remnants of old armour, which had, perhaps, served against the Scots, hung the more valued weapons of stone war, cross-bows, guns of various device and construction, nets, halting-rods, otter-spears, hunting-poles, with many other singular devices, and weapons for taking or killing game. A few old pictures, dimmed with smoke, and stained with black beer, hung on the walls, representing knights and ladies, hoarward, darkflow, and runwood in their day; these flowering warfully from huge bushes of wig and of beard; and these looking delightfully with all their might at the room which they bewitched in their youth.

I had just time to give a glance at these matters, when about twelve blue-coated servants burst into the hall with much tumult and talk, each rather employed in directing his comrades than in discharging his own duty. Some brought blocks and billets to the fire, which roared, blazed, and ascended, half in smoke, half in flame, up a huge funnel, with an opening wide enough to accommodate a stone boat within its ample vault, and which was floored, by way of chimney-piece, with a large piece of heavy architecture, where the monsters of heraldry, embodied by the art of some Northumbrian chisel, grained and ranged in red freestone, now appeared by the smoke of centuries. Others of these old-fashioned serving-men bore huge smoking dishes, loaded with salted meat and ale; others brought in cups, flagons, bottles, yea barrels of beer. All tramped, kicked, plunged, shouldered, and jostled, doing as little service with as much tumult as could well be imagined. At length, while the dinner was, after various efforts, in the act of being arranged upon the board, "the clamorous much of men and dogs," the cracking of whips, calculated for the intimidation of the latter, voices loud and high, steps which,

impressed by the heavy-backed boots of the period, clattered like those in the statue of the *Fortis de Pierre*,\* announced the arrival of those for whose benefit the preparations were made. The ladies among the servants rather murmured than distinguished as this crisis approached. Some called to make haste,—others to take time,—some solicited to stand out of the way, and make room for Sir Hildebrand and the young squire,—some to close round the table and be in the way,—some hurried to open, some to shut, a pair of sliding-doors which divided the hall from a sort of gallery, as I afterwards learned, or withdrawing-room, fitted up with black valance. Opened the doors were at length, and in rushed one and two,—eight dogs, the domestic chaplain, the village doctor, my six cousins, and my uncle.

\* Here called *Don Juan*.

## CHAPTER SIXTH.

The rule hall rules—they come, they come,—  
The din of voices shakes the floor :—  
To greet the various friends, and, lo! each  
Is varying names, varying tone,  
All march with laughing step—all proudly shake the crown.

BYRON.

If Sir Hildebrand Osbaldistone was in no hurry to greet his nephews, of whose arrival he must have been informed for some time, he had important occupations to attend to at once. "Had seen that sooner, lad," he exclaimed, after a rough shake of the hand, and a hearty welcome to Osbaldistone Hall, "but had to see the kinsfolk kinselled first. There art welcome to the Hall, lad—here is thy cousin Fernie, thy Cousin Thomas, and thy cousin John—your cousin Dick, your cousin Wilfred, and—stay, where's Raskinigh?—ay, here's Raskinigh—take thy long body aside Thomas, and let's see thy brother a bit—your cousin Raskinigh. So, thy father has thought on the old Hall, and old Sir Hildebrand at last—better late than never—There art welcome, lad, and there's enough. Where's my little Dick?—ay, here she comes—this is my niece Din, my wife's brother's daughter—the prettiest girl in our dale, be the other who she may—and as now let's to the kitchen."—



To gain some idea of the person who held this language, you must suppose, my dear Tristram, a man aged about sixty, in a hoarse and which had once been richly toned, but whose splendour had been tarnished by many a November and December storm. Sir Hildibrand, notwithstanding the abruptness of his present manner, had, at one period of his life, known courts and camps; had held a commission in the army which terminated on Hunsdon Heath previous to the Revolution—and, recommended perhaps by his religion, had been laughed at by the same period by the unfortunate and ill-advised James II. But the Knight's dream of further preferment, if he ever entertained any, had died away at the crisis which drove his patron from the throne, and since that period he had spent a sequestered life upon his native domain. Notwithstanding his rusticity, however, Sir Hildibrand retained much of the exterior of a gentleman, and appeared among his men as the remains of a Corinthian pillar, defaced and overgrown with moss and lichen, might have looked, if contrasted with the rough unshorn masses of upright stones in Stonehenge, or any other Druidical temple. The men were, indeed, heavy unadorned blocks as the eye would desire to look upon. Tall, stout, and comely, all and each of the five eldest seemed to want alike the Prometheus fire of intellect, and the exterior grace and manner, which, in the polished world, sometimes supply mental deficiency. Their most valuable moral quality seemed to be the good-humour and content which was expressed in their heavy features, and their only pretence to accomplishment was their dexterity in field sports, for which alone they lived. The strong Gyss, and the strong Clowfins, are not less distinguished by the post, than the strong Pevrel, the strong Thorsell, the strong John, Richard, and Wilfred Oshelthorpe, were by outward appearance.

But, as if to indemnify herself for a uniformity so uncommon in her productions, Dame Nature had rendered Rushleigh Oshelthorpe a striking contrast in person and manner, and, as I afterwards learned, in temper and talents, not only to his brothers, but to most men whom I had hitherto met with. When Ferde, Thorne, and Co. had respectively loaded, armed, and presented their shoulder rather than their hand, as their father named them to their new mansion, Rushleigh stepped forward, and welcomed me to Oshelthorpe Hall, with the air and manner of a man of the world. His appearance was not in itself pro-

possessing. He was of low stature, whereas all his brethren seemed to be descendants of Anak; and while they were handsomely formed, Raskleigh, though strong in person, was bull-necked and cross-made, and from some early injury to his youth had an imperfection in his gait, so much resembling an absolute halt, that many alleged that it formed the obstacle to his taking orders; the Church of Rome, as is well known, admitting none to the clerical profession who labour under any personal deformity. Others, however, ascribed this naughty defect to a mere awkward habit, and contended that it did not amount to a personal disqualification from holy orders.

The features of Raskleigh were such, as, having looked upon, we in vain wish to banish from our memory, to which they rose as objects of painful curiosity, although we dwell upon them with a feeling of dislike, and even of disgust. It was not the actual plainness of his face, taken separately from the meaning, which made this strong impression. His features were, indeed, irregular, but they were by no means vulgar; and his keen dark eyes, and shaggy eyebrows, redeemed his face from the charge of commonplace ugliness. But there was in those eyes an expression of art and design, and, on provocation, a ferocity tempered by caution, which nature had made obvious to the most ordinary physiognomist, perhaps with the same intention that she has given the rattle to the poisonous snake. As if to compensate him for these disadvantages of exterior, Raskleigh's conversation was possessed of a voice the most soft, mellow, and rich in its tones that I ever heard, and was at no loss for language of every sort suited to so fine an organ. His first sentence of welcome was hardly ended, ere I internally agreed with Miss Vernon, that my new kinsman would make an instant conquest of a mistress whose ears alone were to judge his cause. He was about to place himself beside me at dinner, but Miss Vernon, who, as the only female in the family, arranged all such matters according to her own pleasure, contrived that I should sit between Thornduff and herself; and it can scarce be doubted that I secured this most advantageous arrangement.

"I want to speak with you," she said, "and I have placed honest Thomas between Raskleigh and you on purpose. He will be like—

*Further-but 'twere waste well  
And heavy break of peasant bell,*

while I, your earliest acquaintance in this intellectual family, ask of you how you like us all?"

"A very conspicuous question, Miss Vernon, considering how short while I have been at Obedience Hall."

"Oh, the philosophy of our family lies on the surface—there are marks and shades distinguishing the individuals, which require the eye of an intelligent observer; but the species, as naturalists I believe call it, may be distinguished and characterized at once."

"My five elder cousins, then, are I presume of pretty nearly the same character?"

"Yes, they form a happy compound of wit, gamekeeper, bully, horse-jockey, and fool; but as they say there cannot be found two leaves on the same tree exactly alike, so these happy ingredients, being mingled in somewhat various proportions in each individual, make an agreeable variety for those who like to study character."

"Give me a sketch, if you please, Miss Vernon?"

"You shall have them all in a family-piece, at full length—the farmer is too easily gratified to be released. Forsooth, the son and heir, has more of the wit than of the gamekeeper, bully, horse-jockey, or fool—My grandee Thomas is more of the latter than the wit, gamekeeper, jockey, or fool—John, who sleeps whole weeks amongst the hills, has most of the gamekeeper—The jockey is provided with Dickon, who rides two hundred miles by day and night to be bought and sold at a horse-race—And the fool predominates so much over Wilfred's other qualities, that he may be termed a fool positive."

"A goodly collection, Miss Vernon, and the individual varieties belong to a most interesting species. But is there no room on the canvas for Sir Hildbrand?"

"I love my uncle," was her reply: "I was born some kindness (such it was meant for at least), and I will leave you to draw his picture yourself, when you know him better."

"Come," thought I to myself, "I am glad there is some forbearance. After all, who would have looked for such bitter satire from a creature so young, and so exquisitely beautiful?"

"You are thinking of me," she said, bending her dark eyes on me, as if she meant to pierce through my very soul.

"I certainly was," I replied, with some embarrassment at the determined subtlety of the question, and then, endeavoring

ing to give a complimentary turn to my fresh arrival.—"How is it possible I should think of anything else, seated as I have the happiness to be?"

She smiled with such an expression of concentrated brightness as she alone could have thrown into her countenance. "I must inform you at once, Mr. Ochiltree, that compliments are entirely lost upon me; do not, therefore, throw away your pretty sayings—they serve fine gentlemen who travel in the country, instead of the tops, bands, and bracelets, which navigators carry to propagate the savage inhabitants of newly-discovered lands. Do not exhaust your stock in trade;—you will find sailors in Northumberland to whom your fine things will recommend you;—on me they would be utterly thrown away, for I happen to know their real value."

I was amazed and confounded.

"You startled me at this moment," said the young lady, resuming her lively and indifferent manner, "of the fiery tale, where the man finds all the money which he had earned to market suddenly changed into pieces of slate. I have cried down and retired your whole stock of complimentary discourse by one untidy observation. But come, never mind it!—You are misled, Mr. Ochiltree, unless you have much better conversation than those fellows, which every gentleman with a tongue thinks himself obliged to vent to an unfortunate girl, merely because she is dressed in silk and gauze, while he wears expensive cloth with embroidery. Your natural pique, as any of my fire comrades might say, are far preferable to your complimentary smile. Endeavour to forget my untidy sex; call me Tom Vernon, if you have a mind, but speak to me as you would to a friend and companion; you have no idea how much I shall like you."

"That would be a lie indeed," returned I.

"Again?" replied Miss Vernon, holding up her finger; "I told you I would not bear the shadow of a compliment. And now, when you have pledged my uncle, who threatens you with what he calls a bribe, I will tell you what you think of me."

The bumper being pledged by me, as a dutiful nephew, and some other general intercourse of the table having taken place, she continued and business-like drag of knives and forks, and the devotion of *coeur à l'anglais* on my right hand, and *coeur à*

Dixon, who sits on Miss Vernon's left, to the large quantities of meat with which they heaped their plates, made them serve as two occasional partitions, separating us from the rest of the company, and leaving us in our little-*cave*. "And now," said I, "give me leave to ask you frankly, Miss Vernon, what you suppose I am thinking of you?—I could tell you what I really do think, but you have interested pains."

"I do not trust your assistance. I am conjurer enough to tell your thoughts without it. You need not open the manuscript of your poem; I see through it. You think me a strange bold girl, half coquette, half rump; desirous of attracting attention by the freedom of her manner and looseness of her conversation, because she is ignorant of what the Spectator will do with the softer graces of the sex; and perhaps you think I have some particular plan of stimulating you into admiration. I should be sorry to shock your self-opinion, but you were never more mistaken. All the confidence I have reposed in you, I would have given as readily to your father, if I thought he could have understood me. I am in the happy family as much excluded from intelligent interest as Scarcie in the Sierra Maestra, and when opportunity offers, I must speak or die. I assure you I would not have told you a word of all this curious intelligence, had I cited a pin who knew it or knew it not."

"It is very cruel in you, Miss Vernon, to take away all particular marks of honor from your communications, but I must receive them on your own terms.—You have not included Mr. Rushleigh Ombaldstone in your domestic sketches."

She shrunk, I thought, at this remark, and hastily answered, in a much lower tone, "Not a word of Rushleigh! His ears are so acute when his selfishness is interested, that the remark would reach him even through the mass of Thackeray's person, stuffed as it is with beef, veal, and poultry."

"Yes," I replied; "but peeping past the living screen which divides us, before I put the question, I perceived that Mr. Rushleigh's chair was empty—he has left the table."

"I would not have you be too sure of that," Miss Vernon replied. "Take my advice, and when you speak of Rushleigh, get up to the top of Ottercote-hill, where you can see for twenty miles round you in every direction—stand on the very peak, and speak in whispers; and, after all, don't be too sure

that the bird of the air will not carry the matter. Rushleigh has been my tutor for four years; we are mutually tired of each other, and we shall heartily rejoice at our approaching separation."

"Mr. Rushleigh leaves Oakblithstone Hall, does he?"

"Yes, in a few days;—did you not know that long-ear father must keep his resolutions much more secret than Sir Hildebrand. Why, when my uncle was informed that you were to be his guest for some time, and that your father desired to have one of his hopeful sons to fill up the lucrative situation in his counting-house which was vacant by your departure, Mr. Francis, the good knight held a *cour piteuse* of all his family, including the brother, housekeeper, and gamekeeper. This reverend assembly of the pious and household officers of Oakblithstone Hall was not convinced, as you may suppose, to elect your substitute, because, as Rushleigh alone possessed more mathematics than was necessary to calculate the odds on a fighting cock, none but he could be supposed qualified for the situation. But some solemn sanction was necessary for transforming Rushleigh's destination from starving as a Catholic priest to thriving as a wealthy banker, and it was not without some reluctance that the acquiescence of the assembly was obtained to such an act of degradation."

"I can conceive the scruples—but how were they got over?"

"By the general wish, I believe, to get Rushleigh out of the house," replied Miss Vernon. "Although youngest of the family, he has somehow or other got the entire management of all the others, and every one is unwilling of the subject, though they cannot shake it off. If any one opposes him, he is sure to me having done so before the year goes about, and if you do him a very important service, you may rue it still more."

"At that rate," answered I, smiling, "I should look about me; for I have been the cause, however unintentionally, of his change of situation."

"Yes; and whether he regards it as an advantage or disadvantage, he will owe you a grudge for it.—But here comes cheese, tulkies, and a bumper to church and king, the hint for chaplains and ladies to disappear; and I, the sole representative of womanhood at Oakblithstone Hall, retreat, as is duty bound."

She smiled as she spoke, leaving me in astonishment at the relaxed character of shrewdness, intellect, and frankness, which her conversation displayed. I despair conveying to you the least idea of her manner, although I have, as nearly as I can remember, imitated her language. In fact, there was a mixture of native simplicity, as well as native shrewdness and haughty boldness, in her manner, and all were modified and recommended by the play of the most beautiful features I had ever beheld. It is not to be thought that, however strange and uncommon I might think her liberal and unreserved communications, a young man of two-and-twenty was likely to be severely criticised on a beautiful girl of eighteen, for not observing a proper distance towards him. On the contrary, I was equally diverted and flattered by Miss Vernon's confidence, and that notwithstanding her declaration of its being conferred on me solely because I was the first *and* her who contrived, of intelligence enough to comprehend it. With the presumption of my age, certainly not diminished by my residence in France, I imagined that well-formed features, and a handsome person, both which I conceived myself to possess, were not unsuitable qualifications for the confidence of a young beauty. My vanity thus cultured in Miss Vernon's behalf, I was far from judging her with severity, merely for a frankness which I supposed was in some degree justified by my own personal merit; and the feelings of partiality, which her beauty, and the singularity of her situation, were of themselves calculated to excite, were enhanced by my opinion of her penetration and judgment in her choice of a friend.

After Miss Vernon quitted the apartment, the hostile circulated, or rather flew, around the table in unceasing revolution. My foreign education had given me a distaste to intemperance, thus and put too common a vice among my countrymen. The conversation which surrounded each engine was as little to my taste, and if anything could render it more disgusting, it was the selfishness of the company. I therefore seized a lucky opportunity, and made my escape through a side door, leading I know not whither, rather than endure any longer the sight of father and sons practising the same degrading intemperance, and holding the same coarse and disgusting conversation. I was pursued, of course, as I had expected, to be reclaimed by force, as a deserter from the shrine of Bacchus. When I heard the wherry and

hells, and the tramp of the heavy boots of my pursuers on the winding stair which I was descending, I plainly foresaw I should be overtaken unless I could get into the open air. I therefore threw open a window in the staircase, which looked into an old-fashioned garden, and as the light did not exceed six feet, I jumped out without hesitation, and soon heard far behind the "hey whoop! stole away! stole away!" of my belated pursuers. I ran down one alley, walked that up another; and then, conserving myself out of all danger of pursuit, I slackened my pace into a quiet stroll, enjoying the cool air which the heat of the wine I had been obliged to swallow, as well as that of my rapid retreat, rendered doubly grateful.

As I strolled on, I found the gardener hard at his evening employment, and saluted him, as I passed to look at his work. "Good even, my friend."

"Gude e'en—gude e'en t'ye," answered the man, without looking up, and in a tone which at once indicated his northern extraction.

"Fine weather for your work, my friend."

"It's as that muckle to be complaised o'," answered the man, with that limited degree of praise which gardeners and farmers usually bestow on the very best weather. Then raising his head, as if to see who spoke to him, he touched his Scotch bonnet with an air of respect, as he observed, "Eh, gude e'en to ye—it's a night for sair een, to see a gild-head jefessor in the Ha' garden sae late at e'en."

"A gild-head what, my good friend?"

"Oo, a jefessor"—that's a jacket like your ain, there. They has other things to do w' them up yonder—unbuttoning them to make room for the beef and the bag-puddings, and the chert-wine, and docht—that's the ordinary for evening lectures on this side the border."

"There's no such plenty of good cheer in your country, my good friend," I replied, "as to tempt you to sit so late at it."

"Eh, ah, ye has little about Scotland; it's as far want of gude viands—the best of fish, flesh, and fowl has we, by cythes, agues, turneps, and other garden fruit. But we has mair and discretion, and are moderate of our mairles;—but here, frae the kitchen to the ha', it's fill and doch mair, frae the we end of the four-and-twenty till the tocher. Even their fast days—

\* Perhaps from the French *Andromorpe*.



they are in feeling when they hear the best o' sea fish-fire Hart-pood and Sanderson by land carriages, fishy treats, gillies, anders, and o' the like o't, and so they make their very besting a kind of luxury and abstinence; and then the wifid masses and masses of the pair doveland make—but I shoudna speak about them, for your honour will be a Roman, I'm warrant, like the last."

"Not I, my friend; I was bred an English presbyterian, or dissentin'."

"The right hand of fellowship to your honour, then," quoth the gardener, with as much charity as his hard features were capable of expressing, and, as if to show that his good-will did not rest on words, he plucked forth a large leek small-fox, or small, as he called it, and proffered a pinch with a most fraternal grin.

Having accepted his courtesy, I asked him if he had been long a domestic at Oakblissmore Hall.

"I have been fighting with wild beasts at Epsom," said he, looking towards the building, "for the best part of three four-and-twenty years, as sure as my name's Andrew Parservice."

"But, my excellent friend, Andrew Parservice, if your religion and your temperance are so much offended by Roman rituals and southern hospitality, it seems to me that you must have been putting yourself to an unnecessary penance all this while, and that you might have found a service where they eat less, and are more orthodox in their worship. I dare say it must be want of skill which prevented your being placed more to your satisfaction."

"It does become me to speak in the point of my qualifications," said Andrew, looking round him with great complacency; "but no doubt I should understand my trade of horticulture, seeing I was bred in the parish of Evesham, where they raise long-kale under glass, and force the early nettle for three spring kals. And, to speak truth, I has been sitting every turn these four-and-twenty years; but when the time comes, there's eye something to say that I would like to see more,—or something to move that I would like to see ripen,—or something to ripe that I would like to see ripen,—and so I shan't dicker on w't the family does year's end to year's end. And I wad say for certain, that I am given to quit at Christmas, only I was just as positive on it twenty years ago, and I find myself still turning up the

make here, for it that. Perhaps that, to tell your honour the overgrown truth, there's no better place ever offered to Andrew. But if your honour wud wash me to any place where I wud have pure doctrine, and have a fine cow's grass, and a cat, and a yard, and near thin ten pounds of annual fee, and where there's no laddy about the town to want the apples, I've hold myself amble indelible tye."

"Dears, Andrew! I perceive you'll have no pretence for want of taking patronage."

"I cannot see what for I should," replied Andrew; "it's no a generation to wait till one's worth's discovered, I trow."

"But you are no friend, I observe, to the ladies."

"Na, by my troth, I keep up the best garden's quarrel to them. They're hushless beggars—aye crying for sprigods, pears, plums, and apples, summer and winter, without distinction o' seasons; but we have one ally o' the same ilk here, be praised for't! except auld Martha, and she's wad enough pleased wi' the freedom o' the berry-bushes to her sister's want, when they come to drink tea in a holiday in the housekeeper's room, and wif a wiseen codlings now and then for her own private supper."

"You forget your young mistress."

"What mistress do I forget!—what's that?"

"Your young mistress, Miss Vernon."

"What! the laird's Yewist!—She's nae mistress o' mine, man. I wish she was her ain mistress; and I wish she wad be some other body's mistress or it's lang—She's a wild slip that."

"Indeed!" said I, more interested than I cared to own to myself, or to show to the fellow—"why, Andrew, you know all the secrets of this family."

"If I ken them, I can keep them," said Andrew; "they wince wot in my wame like barn in a barrel, I've warned ya. Miss Ene is—but it's neither here nor here o' mine."

And he began to dig with a great ambience of oddity.

"What is Miss Vernon, Andrew? I am a friend of the family, and should like to know."

"Other than a gude one, I'm fearing," said Andrew, closing one eye hard, and shaking his head with a grave and mysterious look—"something gles'd—your honour understands me?"

"I cannot say I do," said I, "Andrew; but I should like to

hear you explain yourself," and therewith I slipped a crown-piece into Andrew's horn-bored hand. The touch of the silver made him grin a ghastly grin, as he nodded slowly, and thrust it into his breeches pocket; and then, like a man who well understood that there was value to be obtained, stood up, and rested his arms on his spade, with his features composed into the most important gravity, as for some serious communication.

"Ye mean, then, young professor, since it imports you to know, that Miss Vernon is?"—

Here breaking off, he worked in both his cheeks, till his lantern jaws and long chin assumed the appearance of a pair of nut-crackers; washed hard once more, frowned, shook his head, and seemed to think his poly-syllable had completed the information which his tongue had not fully told.

"Good God!" said I—"so young, so beautiful, so early lost!"

"Truth ye may say so—she's as a marble lost, body and soul; fairly being a Papist, I've upbraided her for"—and his northern accent powdered, and he was again silent.

"For what, sir?" said I sternly. "I insist on knowing the plain meaning of all this."

"Oo, just for the betterest Jacobs in the land alive."

"Papist! a Jacobite!—is that all?"

Andrew looked at me with some astonishment, at hearing his information treated so lightly; and then answering, "Aweel, it's the worst thing I hear about the lands, however," he resumed his spade, like the king of the Vaudais, in Marmontel's late novel.

## CHAPTER SEVENTH.

*Scotchman.*—The sheriff, with a mistress which is at the door.

SCENE IV. First Part.

I retired out with some difficulty the apartment which was destined for my accommodation; and having secured myself the necessary good-will and attention from my land's domestics, by using the means they were most capable of comprehending, I secluded myself there for the remainder of the evening, meditating, from the fair way in which I had left my new relatives,

as well as from the distant noise which continued to come from the stone-hall (as their 'banqueting-room' was called), that they were not likely to be fitting company for a scholar man.

"What could my father mean by sending me to be an inmate in this strange family?" was my first and most natural reflection. My uncle, it was plain, reserved me as one who was to make some stay with him, and his rude hospitality rendered him as indifferent as King Ethel to the number of those who fed at his cost. But it was plain my presence or absence would be of no little importance in his eyes as that of one of his blue-coated serving-men. My evenings were more calm, in whose company I might, if I liked it, witness whatever decent manners, or elegant accomplishments, I had acquired, but where I could obtain no information beyond what regarded warming dogs, revealing homes, and following fairs. I could only imagine one reason, which was probably the true one. My father considered the life which was led at Obedilstone Hall as the natural and inevitable pursuit of all country gentlemen, and he was desirous, by giving me an opportunity of seeing that with which he knew I should be disgusted, to reconcile me, if possible, to take an active share in his own business. In the meantime, he would take Basilleigh Obedilstone into the counting-house. But he had an hundred modes of providing for him, and that advantageously, whenever he chose to get rid of him. So that, although I did feel a certain qualm of conscience at having been the means of introducing Basilleigh, being such as he was described by Miss Vernon, into my father's business—perhaps into his confidence—I subdued it by the reflection that my father was complete master of his own affairs—a man not to be imposed upon, or influenced by any one—and that all I knew to the young gentleman's prejudice was through the medium of a singular and giddy girl, whose communications were made with an unpolished frankness, which might warrant me in supposing her conclusions had been hastily or inaccurately formed. Then my mind naturally turned to Miss Vernon herself; her extreme beauty, her very peculiar situation, relying solely upon her relations, and her own spirit, for guidance and protection; and her whole character offering that variety and spirit which piqued our curiosity, and engages our attention in spite of ourselves. I had sense enough to consider the neighbourhood of this singular young lady, and the chance of our being thrown into very close and frequent intercourse, as

adding to the dangers, while it relieved the darkness, of Oshaldstone Hall; but I could not, with the faintest coercion of my prejudices, prevail upon myself to neglect so exceedingly this new and particular hazard to which I was to be exposed. This scruple I also settled as young men settle most difficulties of the kind—I would be very cautious, always on my guard, consider Miss Vernon rather as a companion than an intimate; and all would go well enough. With these reflections I fell asleep, Miss Vernon, of course, forming the last subject of my contemplation.

Whether I dreamed of her or not, I cannot satisfy you, for I was tired and slept soundly. But she was the first person I thought of in the morning, when waked at dawn by the cheerful notes of the hunting horn. To start up, and drink my horse to be saddled, was my first movement; and in a few minutes I was in the courtyard, where men, dogs, and horses, were in full preparation. My uncle, who, perhaps, was not entitled to expect a very alert sportsman in his nephew, hnd as he had been in foreign parts, seemed rather surprised to see me, and I thought his morning salutation wanted something of the hearty and hospitable tone which distinguished his first welcomes. "Art there, lad!—ay, you'll's eye rike—let look to thyself—mind the old song, lad—

As that galls his knee on Blackness edge  
May chance to catch a fall."

I believe there are few young men, and those very sturdy mortals, who would not rather be taxed with some moral profligacy than with want of knowledge in horsemanship. As I was by no means deficient either in skill or courage, I accepted my uncle's instruction accordingly, and assured him he would find me up with the brace.

"I declare, lad," was his reply; "thoe'rt a neck rider, I'm warrant thee—but take heed. My father sent thee here to me to be fitted, and I doubt I must ride thee on the curb, or we'll have some one to ride thee on the halter, if I takeen the better hand."

As this speech was totally unintelligible to me—no, besides, it did not seem to be delivered for my use, or benefit, but was spoken as it were aside, and as if expressing about something which was passing through the mind of my much-honoured uncle, I concluded it must either refer to my desertion of the bottle on the preceding evening, or that my uncle's morning hours being

a little discomposed by the revuls of the night before, his temper had suffered in proportion. I only made the passing reflection, that if he played the vagrant's husband, I would obtain the shorter whip his guest, and then hastened to salute Miss Vernon, who advanced cordially to meet me. Some show of greeting also passed between my cousin and me; but as I saw them maliciously bent upon criticising my dress and accessories, from the cap to the stirrup-leaves, and sneering at whatever had a new or foreign appearance, I exempted myself from the task of paying them much attention; and answering, in repudiation of their glances and whispers, an air of the utmost indifference and contempt, I attached myself to Miss Vernon, as the only person in the party whom I could regard as a suitable companion. By her side, therefore, we walked forth to the destined cover, which was a dingle or copse on the side of an extensive common. As we rode thither, I observed to Eliza, "that I did not see my cousin Huckleigh in the field," to which she replied,—"*O* no—he's a mighty hunter, but it's after the fashion of Nimrod, and his game is man."

The dogs now brushed into the cover, with the appropriate encouragement from the hunters—all was business, bralla, and activity. My cousin was soon too much interested in the business of the morning to take any further notice of me, unless that I overheard Dickon the house-jockey whisper to Wilfred the fox—"Look thee, an our French cousin be not off's' short hunt."

To which Wilfred answered, "Like snow, for he has a queer cottoned's' blading on's' coat."

Thorndill, however, who in his ride very seldom met absolutely hostile to the beauty of his kinwomen, appeared determined to keep us company more closely than his brethren,—perhaps to watch what passed between Miss Vernon and me,—perhaps to enjoy my expected mischance in the chase. In the last particular he was disappointed. After booting us vain for the greater part of the morning, a fox was at length found, who led us a chase of two hours, in the course of which, notwithstanding the diamond French blading upon my hat, I sustained my character as a horseman to the admiration of my uncle and Miss Vernon, and the secret disappointment of those who expected me to disgrace it. Reynard, however, proved too wily for his pursuers, and the bounds were at fault. I could at that time observe in Miss Vernon's manner an impatience of

the close attendance which we received from Thorne's Obstetricians; and, as that active-spirited young lady never hesitated at taking the readiest means to gratify any wish of the moment, she said to him, in a tone of reproach—"I wonder, Thorne, what keeps you dawdling at my horse's trough all this morning, when you know the carts above Wootton will not stop."

"I know no such an thing then, Miss Din, for the miller swore himself as black as night, that he stops them at twelve o'clock midnight that was."

"O as upon you, Thorne! would you trust to a miller's word?—and these carts, too, where we lost the last three times the season! and you on your grey mare, that can gallop them and back in ten minutes!"

"Well, Miss Din, I've got to Wootton then, and if the carts are not stop, I'll ruble Dick the miller's house for him."

"Do, my dear Thorne; I am sick of the road to purpose—ride—fly away, and about it,"—Thorne's went off at the gallop—"or get horse-shipt yourself, which will serve my purpose just as well—I must teach them all discipline and obedience in the word of command. I am raising a regiment, you must know. Thorne's shall be my sergeant-major, Dickon my riding-master, and Wilfred, with his deep dab-a-dab tones, that speak but three syllables at a time, my kettle-drummer."

"And Redleigh?"

"Redleigh shall be my scout-master."

"And will you find an employment for me, most lovely colonel?"

"You shall have the choice of being pay-master, or plunder-master, to the corps. But see how the dogs jump about there. Come, Mr. Frank, the agent's sold; they won't reserve it there this while; follow me, I have a view to show you."

And in fact, she entered up to the top of a gentle hill, commanding an extensive prospect. Chasing her eyes around, to see that no one was near us, she drew up her horse beneath a few black-tries, which screened us from the rest of the hunting-field—"Do you see you peaked, brown, hasty hill, having something like a whitish speck upon the side?"

"Terminating that long ridge of broken moorish uplands?—I see it distinctly."

"That whitish speck is a rock called Harkness-crag, and Harkness-crag is in Scotland."

"Indeed! I did not think we had been so near Scotland."

"It is so, I assure you, and your horse will carry you there in two hours."

"I shall hardly give him the trouble; why, the distance must be eighteen miles as the crow flies."

"You may have my mare, if you think her less slow—I say, that in two hours you may be in Scotland."

"And I say, that I have as little desire to be there, that if my horse's head were over the Border, I would not give her tail the trouble of following. What should I do in Scotland?"

"Provide for your safety, if I must speak plainly. Do you understand me now, Mr. Frank?"

"Not a whit; you are more and more enigmatic."

"Then, on my word, you either mistrust me most unjustly, and are a better describer than Blackbriar Caballero himself, or you know nothing of what is reported to you; and then no wonder you stare at me as that grave manner, which I can assume as without laughing."

"Upon my word of honour, Miss Vernon," said I, with an impatient feeling of her childish disposition to mischief, "I have not the most distant conception of what you mean. I am happy to afford you any subject of amusement, but I am quite ignorant in what it consists."

"Nay, there's no sound just after all," said the young lady, composing herself; "only one looks so very ridiculous when he is fairly perplexed. But the matter is serious enough. Do you know one Money, or Morris, or some such name?"

"Not that I can at present recollect."

"Think a moment. Did you not lately travel with somebody of such a name?"

"The only man with whom I travelled for any length of time was a fellow whose soul seemed to lie in his personation."

"Then it was like the soul of the Newcastle Pedro Garcia, which lay among the clouds in his leather girth. That man has been noticed, and he has lodged an information against you, as connected with the violence done to him."

"You jest, Miss Vernon!"

"I do not, I assure you—the thing is an absolute fact."

"And do you," said I, with strong indignation, which I did not attempt to suppress, "do you suppose me capable of meddling with a charge?"



"You would sell me out for it, I suppose, had I the advantage of being a man—You may do so as it is, if you like it—I can shoot flying, as well as keep a fire-barrel gate."

"And are robbed of a regiment of house holdiers," replied I, reflecting how silly it was to be angry with her—"But do explain the present just to me."

"There's no just whatever," said Diana; "you are accused of robbing this man, and my uncle believes it as well as I do."

"Upon my honour, I am greatly obliged to my friends for their good opinion."

"Now do not, if you can help it, snort, and stare, and snuff the wind, and look so exceedingly like a startled horse—There's no such offence as you suppose—you are not charged with any petty larceny or vulgar felony—by no means. This fellow was carrying money from Government, both specie and bills, to pay the troops in the north; and it is said he has been also robbed of some despatches of great consequence."

"And so it is high treason, then, and not simple robbery, of which I am accused?"

"Certainly—which, you know, has been in all ages accounted the crime of a gentleman. You will find plenty in this country, and one not far from your elbow, who think it a worth to distress the Hanoverian government by every means possible."

"Neither my politics nor my morals, Miss Vernon, are of a description so accommodating."

"I really begin to believe that you are a Presbyterian and Hanoverian in good earnest. But what do you propose to do?"

"Instantly to refute this atrocious calumny—Before whom," I asked, "was this extraordinary accusation laid?"

"Before old Sirine Ingleswood, who had well-kept unwillingness to receive it. He sent tidings to my uncle, I suppose, that he might smuggle you away into Scotland, out of reach of the warrant. But my uncle is sensible that his religious and old predilections render him obnoxious to Government, and that, were he caught playing booty, he would be dismissed, and probably drummed (which would be the worse evil of the two), as a Jacobite, papist, and suspected person."

\* On occasions of public alarm, in the beginning of the eighteenth century, the houses of the Catholics were often armed upon, as they were always supposed to be on the eve of rising in rebellion.

"I can conceive that, sooner than lose his business, he would give up his nephew."

"His nephew, niece, son—daughter, if he had them, and whole generation," said Diana;—"therefore trust not to him, even for a single moment, but make the best of your way before they can serve the worst."

"That I shall certainly do; but it shall be to the house of this Spence Ingleswood—Which way does it lie?"

"About five miles off, in the low ground, behind your plantation—you may see the tower of the clockhouse."

"I will be there in a few minutes," said I, putting my horse in motion.

"And I will go with you, and show you the way," said Diana, putting her palfrey also to the test.

"Do not think of it, Miss Vernon," I replied. "It is not—perish the freedom of a friend—it is not proper, scarcely even definite, in you to go with me on such an errand as I am now upon."

"I understand your meaning," said Miss Vernon, a slight blush coloring her laughing brow;—"it is plainly spoken," and after a moment's pause she added, "and I believe kindly meant."

"It is indeed, Miss Vernon. Can you think me insensible of the interest you show me, or ungrateful for it?" said I, with even more minuteness than I could have wished to express. "There is merit for true kindness, shown best at the hour of need. But I must not, for your own sake—for the chance of remembrance—suffer you to pursue the dictates of your generosity, this is so public an exposure—it is almost like venturing into an open court of justice."

"And if it were not almost, but altogether entering into an open court of justice, do you think I would not go there if I thought it right, and wished to protect a friend? You have no one to stand by you—you are a stranger; and here, in the suburbs of the kingdom, country justices do odd things. My uncle has no desire to entangle himself in your affair; Rackhight is absent, and were he here, there is no knowing what side he might take, the rest are all more stupid and brutal one than another. I will go with you, and I do not fear being able to serve you. I am no fine lady, to be terrified to death with low-words, hard words, or big wigs."

"But my dear Miss Vernon"—

"But my dear Mr. Francis, be patient and quiet, and let me take my own way ; for when I take the bit between my teeth, there is no bridle will stop me."

Flustered with the interest so lovely a creature seemed to take in my life, yet vexed at the ridiculous appearance I should make, by carrying a girl of eighteen along with me as an advocate, and anxiously concerned for the manifestation to which her motives might be exposed, I endeavored to combat her resolution to accompany me to Spire. Ingleswode's. The self-willed girl told me roundly, that my dissuaves were absolutely in vain ; that she was a true Vernon, whom no consideration, not even that of being able to do but little to assist him, should induce to abandon a friend in distress, and that all I could say on the subject might be very well for pretty, well educated, well-behaved misses from a town boarding-school, but did not apply to her, who was accustomed to mind nobody's opinion but her own.

While she spoke thus, we were advancing bravely towards Ingleswode Place, while, as if to divert me from the task of further remonstrance, she drew a ludicrous picture of the magistrate and his clerk.—Ingleswode was—according to her description—a white-washed Jacobite ; that is, one who, having been long a non-juror, like most of the other gentlemen of the country, had lately qualified himself to act as a justice, by taking the oath to Government. "He had done so," she said, "in compliance with the urgent request of most of his brother squires, who are, with regret, that the palladium of silver sport, the game-laws, were likely to fall into disuse for want of a magistrate who would enforce them ; the nearest acting justice being the Mayor of Newcastle, and he, as being rather inclined to the conception of the game when properly dressed, than to its preservation when alive, was more partial, of course, to the cause of the poacher than of the sportsman. Dissuading, therefore, that it was expedient some one of their number should sacrifice the scruples of Jacobinical loyalty to the good of the community, the Northampton country gentlemen imposed the duty on Ingleswode, who, being very lax in most of his feelings and sentiments, might, they thought, comply with any political creed without much repugnance. Having thus procured the body of justice, they proceeded," continued Miss Vernon, "to

attach to it a clerk, by way of seal, to direct and animate its movements. Accordingly they get a sharp Newmarket attorney, called Johnson, who, to vary my metaphor, finds it a good thing enough to retail justice at the sign of Square Inglewood, and, as his own emolument depends on the quantity of business which he transacts, he looks to his principal for a great deal more employment in the justice line than the honest squire had ever bargained for; so that an apple-wife within the circuit of ten miles can settle her account with a costermonger without an audience of the reluctant Justice and his alert clerk, Mr. Joseph Johnson. But the most ridiculous scenes occur when affairs come before him, like our business of to-day, having any coloring of politics. Mr. Joseph Johnson (for which, no doubt, he has his own very sufficient reasons) is a prodigious model for the Protestant religion, and a great friend to the present establishment in church and state. Now, his principal, retaining a sort of instinctive attachment to the opinions which he professed openly until he retired his political creed with the periodic view of enforcing the law against unauthorized destroyers of black-puns, grouse, partridges, and hares, is peculiarly embarrassed when the use of his assistant involves him in judicial proceedings connected with his earlier faith; and, instead of wounding his soul, he settles down to oppose to it a double dose of reluctance and lack of exertion. And this inactivity does not by any means arise from actual stupidity. On the contrary, for one whose principal delight is in eating and drinking, he is an alert, jocular, and lively old soul, which makes his assumed dulness the more startling. So you may see Johnson on such occasions, like a bit of a broken-down blood-hill unlearned to drag an overloaded cart, puffing, strutting, and spluttering, to get the Justice put in motion, while, though the wheels groan, crack, and revolve slowly, the great and preponderating weight of the vehicle fully frustrates the efforts of the willing quadruped, and prevents its being brought into a state of actual progression. Nay more, the unfortunate pony, I understand, has been heard to complain that this same car of justice, which he finds it so hard to put in motion on some occasions, can on others run fast enough down hill of its own accord, dragging his reluctant self backwards along with it, when anything can be done of service to Squire Inglewood's quondam friends. And then Mr. Johnson talks big about reporting his principal

to the Secretary of State for the Home Department, if it were not for his particular regard and friendship for Mr. Inglewood and his family."

As Miss Vernon concluded this whimsical description, we found ourselves in front of Inglewood Place, a handsome, though old-fashioned building, which showed the consequence of the family.

## CHAPTER EIGHTH.

"He," saith the Lawyer, "will be better yet.  
You have no good and fair a history  
As heart could wish, and need not shame  
The present time alive to retain."

ROBERT.

Our horses were taken by a servant to Mr. Halden's livery, where we found in the court-yard, and we entered the house. In the entrance-hall I was somewhat surprised, and my first companion still more so, when we met Basilleigh Cokelstone, who could not help showing equal wonder at our presence.

"Basilleigh," said Miss Vernon, without giving him time to ask any question, "you have heard of Mr. Francis Cokelstone's affair, and you have been talking to the Justice about it?"

"Certainly," said Basilleigh, composedly—"it has been my business here.—I have been endeavouring," he said, "with a bow to me, "to render my cousin what service I can. But I am sorry to meet him here."

"As a friend and relation, Mr. Cokelstone, you ought to have been sorry to have met me anywhere else, at a time when the charge of my reputation required me to be on this spot as soon as possible."

"True; but judging from what my father said, I should have supposed a short sojourn into Scotland—just till matters should be smoothed over in a quiet way"—

I answered with warmth, "That I had no practical measures to choose, and desired to have nothing smoothed over;—on the contrary, I was come to inquire into a really calamity, which I was determined to probe to the bottom."

"Mr. Francis Cokelstone is an innocent man, Basilleigh,"

said Miss Vernon, "and he demands an investigation of the charge against him, and I intend to support him in it."

"You do, my pretty cousin?—I should think, now, Mr. Francis Osbaldestone was likely to be as effectually, and rather more delicately, supported by my presence than by yours."

"Oh, certainly; but two hands are better than one, you know."

"Especially such a hand as yours, my pretty Din," addressing and taking her hand with a familiar fondness, which made me think him fifty times uglier than nature had made him. She led him, however, a few steps aside; they entered in an under room, and she appeared to insist upon some request which he was unwilling or unable to comply with. I never saw so strong a contrast between the expression of two faces. Miss Vernon's, from being earnest, became saggry; her eyes and cheeks became more animated, her colour mounted, she clenched her little hand, and stamping on the ground with her tiny foot, seemed to hatch with a mixture of contempt and indignation to the apoplexy, which, from his lack of civil defence, his composed and respectful smile, his body rather drawing back than advanced, and other signs of lack and poison, I concluded him to be pouring out at her feet. At length she flung away from him, with "I will have it so."

"It is not in my power—there is no possibility of it.—Would you think it, Mr. Osbaldestone?" said he, addressing me——

"You are not mad?" said she, interrupting him.

"Would you think it?" said he, without attending to her hint—"Miss Vernon insists, not only that I know your innocence (of which, indeed, it is impossible for any one to be more convinced), but that I must also be acquainted with the real perpetrators of the outrage on this fellow—if indeed such an outrage has been committed. Is this reasonable, Mr. Osbaldestone?"

"I will not allow any appeal to Mr. Osbaldestone, Radleigh," said the young lady; "he does not know, as I do, the unrelaxing extent and accuracy of your information on all points."

"As I am a gentleman, you do me more honour than I deserve."

"Justice, Radleigh—only justice:—and it is only justice which I expect at your hands."

"You are a tyrant, Diana," he answered, with a sort of sigh

—"a capricious tyrant, and rule your friends with a rod of iron. Still, however, it shall be as you desire. But you ought not to be here—you know you ought not,—you must return with me."

Then turning from Diana, who seemed to stand undecided, he came up to me in the most friendly manner, and said, "Do not doubt my interest in what regards you, Mr. Cuthbertson. If I leave you just at this moment, it is only to act for your advantage. But you must use your influence with your cousin to return; her presence cannot serve you, and must prejudice herself."

"I assure you, sir," I replied, "you cannot be more assured of this than I; I have urged Miss Vernon's return as anxiously as she would permit me to do."

"I have thought on it," said Miss Vernon after a pause, "and I will not go till I see you safe out of the hands of the Philistines. Certain Fackleigh, I dare say, means well; but he and I know each other well. Fackleigh, I will not go;—I know," she added, in a more soothing tone, "my being here will give you more motive for speed and exertion."

"Stay then, dear, obstinate girl," said Fackleigh; "you know but too well to whom you trust;" and hurrying out of the hall, we heard his heavy feet a minute afterwards in rapid motion.

"Thank Heaven he is gone!" said Diana. "And now let us seek out the Justice."

"Had we not better call a servant?"

"Oh, by no means; I know the way to his den,—we must hunt on him suddenly—follow me."

I did follow her accordingly, as she topped up a few gloomy steps, traversed a twilight passage, and entered a sort of ante-room, hung round with old maps, architectural elevations, and genealogical trees. A pair of sliding-doors opened from this into Mr. Inglesworth's sitting apartment, from which was heard the top-end of an old ditty, chaunted by a voice which had been in the day fit for a jolly bottle-song.

"O, in Hilpin-in-Charn.

Is never a harm;

But every a day good weather;

And he that would say

A pretty good say,

I wish for his servant a better."

"*Hayday!*" said Miss Vernon, "the great Justice must have dined already—I did not think it had been so late."

It was even so. Mr. Ingleswood's appetite having been sharpened by his official investigations, he had antedated his meridian repast, having dined at twelve instead of one o'clock, thus the general dining hour in England. The various occurrences of the morning occasioned an anarchy some time after this hour, to the Justice the most important of the four-and-twenty, and he had not neglected the interval.

"*Stay you here,*" said Diana. "I know the house, and I will call a servant; your sudden appearance might startle the old footman even to shaking;" and she peeped from me, leaving me uncertain whether I ought to advance or retreat. It was impossible for me not to hear some part of what passed within the dinner apartments, and particularly several apologies for declining to sing, expressed in a dejected wailing voice, the tones of which, I conceived, were not entirely new to me.

"*Not sing, sir!* by our Lady! but you must—What! you have cracked my stove-mounted corn-cust of sack, and tell me that you cannot sing!—Sir, sack will make a man sing, and speak too; as up with a merry store, or trouble yourself out of my doors!—Do you think you are to take up all my valuable time with your d—d declinations, and then tell me you cannot sing?"

"Your worship is perfectly in rule," said another voice, which, from its pert uncouth accent, might be that of the clerk, "and the party must be conformable; he hath said written on his face in court hand."

"Up with it then," said the Justice, "or by St. Christopher, you shall quack the cockenut full of salt-and-water, according to the statute for such effect made and provided."

Thus exhorted and threatened, my quondam fellow-traveller, for I could no longer doubt that he was the recusant in question, quitted, with a voice similar to that of a criminal dragging his last pail on the scaffold, a most doleful store to the following effect:—

"Good people all, I pray give ear,  
A woful story you shall hear,  
Tis of a soldier so stout an true  
Made a true man stout and deliver  
With his double blow to battle too.



"This house, most worthy of a deed,  
 Being used both just and with great,  
 'Twas long ago and I thought then  
 That today, they are better men,  
 And his death day, etc."

"These honest men did at I thought then,  
 Being such men were his just of men,  
 When this old folk, with many more,  
 Did say, 'You are, your just of men,  
 With his death day, etc.'"

I question if the honest men, whose subscription is commemorated in this pathetic ditty, were more startled at the appearance of the bold thief than the sculptor was at mine; but, tired of waiting for some one to announce me, and finding my situation as a listener rather awkward, I presented myself to the company just as my friend Mr. Minnie, for such it seems, was his name, was updating the fifth stanza of his dithyramb. The high tone with which the tune started died away in a quiver of uncertainty on finding himself as near one whose character he supposed to be little less suspicious than that of the hero of his song, and he remained silent, with a mouth gaping as if I had brought the Goggin's head in my hand.

The Justice, whose eyes had closed under the influence of the comfortable bulkiness of the song, started up in his chair as it suddenly ceased, and stared with wonder at the unexpected addition which the company had received while his organs of sight were in slumber. The clerk, as I conjectured him to be from his appearance, was also concerned, for, sitting opposite to Mr. Minnie, that honest gentleman's terror communicated itself to him, though he wanted not why.

I broke the silence of surprise occasioned by my abrupt entrance.—"My name, Mr. Ingham, is Francis Colquhoun; I understand that some scandal has brought a complaint before you, charging me with being concerned in a loss which he says he has sustained."

"Sir," said the Justice, somewhat peevishly, "these are matters I never enter upon after dinner;—there is a time for everything, and a justice of peace must act as well as other folk."

The goodly person of Mr. Ingham, by the way, seemed by no means to have suffered by any fault, whether in the service of the law or of religion.

"I beg pardon for an ill-timed visit, sir; but as my reputation is concerned, and as the dinner appears to be completed"—

"It is not completed, sir," replied the magistrate; "man requires digestion as well as food, and I protest I cannot have benefit from my virtues unless I am allowed two hours of quiet leisure, interspersed with business worth, and a moderate revulsion of the bottle."

"If your honour will forgive me," said Mr. Johnson, who had produced and arranged his writing-instruments in the brief space that our conversation afforded; "as this is a case of felony, and the gentleman seems something impatient, the change is never proven *domus regis*!"—

"D—a *damned* rule!" said the impatient Justice—"I hope it's too trivial to say so; but it's enough to make one mad to be worried in this way. Here I a moment of my life quiet for warrants, orders, directions, acts, bills, bonds, and remembrances!—I propose to you, Mr. Johnson, that I shall send you and the justice to the devil one of these days."

"Your honour will consider the dignity of the office—one of the greatest and most curious ridiculous, an office of which Sir Edward Coke wisely said, The whole Christian world hath not the like of it, so is he duly answered."

"Well," said the Justice, partly reconciled by this eulogium on the dignity of his situation, and gulping down the rest of his dissimulation in a huge bumper of claret, "let us to this gear then, and get rid of it as fast as we can.—There you, sir—*you*, Morris—*you*, knight of the sorrowful countenance—in that Mr. Francis Galsworthy the gentleman whom you charge with being set and part of felony?"

"I, sir!" replied Morris, whose smothered wit had hardly yet reassembled themselves; "I charge nothing—I say nothing against the gentleman."

"Then we dismiss your complaint, sir, that's all, and a good distance—Push about the bottle—Mr. Galsworthy, help yourself!"

Johnson, however, was determined that Morris should not back out of the scrape so easily. "What do you mean, Mr. Morris!—Here is your own declaration—the ink scarce dried—and you would retract it in this scandalous manner!"

"How do I know," whispered the other in a tremulous tone, "how many rogues are in the house to back him? I have read

of such things in Johnson's Lives of the Highwaymen. I protest the door opens!"——

And it did open, and Miss Vernon entered—"You keep this order here, Justice—not a servant to be seen or heard of."

"Ah!" said the Justice, starting up with an air which showed that he was not so impressed by his devotion to Thorne or Comus, as to forget what was due to beauty—"Ah, in! Miss Vernon, the heartiest of Charles, and the bloom of the Barker, come to see how the old knicker keeps house! Art welcome, girl, as thou art in May."

"A ha, open, hospitable house you do keep, Justice, that must be allowed—not a soul to answer a visitor."

"Ah, the knaves! they reckoned themselves secure of me for a couple of hours—but why did you not come earlier!—Your cousin Roderick dined here, and was away like a politician after the first bottle was out—but you have not dined—we'll have something nice and delicious—sweet and pretty like yourself, brewed up as a treat."

"I may not a crust in the extensive kitchen I set out," answered Miss Vernon—"I have had a long ride this morning; but I can't stay long, Justice—I came with my cousin, Frank Colchistons, there, and I must show him the way back again to the Hall, or he'll lose himself in the woods."

"Where! ah the wood in that quarter?" inquired the Justice——

"She showed him the way, she showed him the way,  
She showed him the way to war."

What! no luck for old fellows, then, my sweet bed of the wilderness!"

"None whatever, Squire improved; but if you will be a good kind Justice, and despatch young Frank's business, and let us enter home again, I'll bring my uncle to dine with you next week, and we'll expect merry doings."

"And you shall find them, my pearl of the Tyne—Zooks, ha, I never carry those young fellows their rides and romps, unless when you come across me. But I must not keep you just now, I suppose!—I am quite satisfied with Mr. Francis Colchistons's explanation—here has been some mistake, which can be cleared at greater leisure."

"Pardon me, sir," said I; "but I have not heard the nature of the accusation yet."

"Yes, sir," said the clerk, who, at the appearance of Miss Vernon, had given up the matter in despair, but who picked up courage to press further investigation on finding himself supported from a quarter whence success he expected no longer—"Yes, sir, and Dalton said, That he who is apprehended as a felon shall not be discharged upon any man's discretion, but shall be held either to bail or commitment, paying to the clerk of the peace the usual fee for recognisance or commitment."

The Justice, thus guided on, gave me at length a few words of explanation.

It seems the trials which I had played to this man Morris had made a strong impression on his imagination; for I found they had been carried against me in his evidence, with all the exaggerations which a timorous and heated imagination could suggest. It appeared also, that on the day he parted from me, he had been stopped on a solitary spot and seized of his beloved travelling-companion, the portmanteau, by two men, well mounted and armed, having their faces covered with visages.

One of whom, he conceived, had much of my shape and air, and in a whispering conversation which took place betwixt the footboots, he heard the other apply to him the name of Galahadine. The declaration further set forth, that upon inquiring into the principles of the family so named, he, the said declarant, was informed that they were of the worst description, the family, in all its members, having been Peppins and Jacobites, so he was given to understand by the dissembling degenarate at whose house he stopped after his rescuer, since the days of William the Conqueror.

Upon all and each of these weighty reasons, he charged me with being accessory to the felony committed upon his person; he, the said declarant, then travelling in the special employment of Government, and having charge of certain important papers, and also a large sum in specie, to be paid over, according to his instructions, to certain persons of official trust and importance in Scotland.

Having heard this extraordinary accusation, I replied to it, that the circumstances on which it was founded were such as could warrant no justice, or magistrate, in any attempt on my personal liberty. I admitted that I had practised a little upon the terrors of Mr. Morris, while we travelled together, but in

such trifling particulars as could have excited apprehension in no one who was one whit less suspicious and jealous than himself. But I added, that I had never seen him since we parted, and if that which he feared had really come upon him, I was so tender necessary to no action as unworthy of my character and station in life. That one of the robbers was called Gallowstone, or that such a name was mentioned in the course of the conversation between them, was a trifling circumstance, to which no weight was due. And concerning the desertion alleged against me, I was willing to prove, to the satisfaction of the Justice, the clerk, and even the witness himself, that I was of the same persuasion as his friend the dissenting clergyman; had been educated as a good subject in the principles of the Revolution, and as such had repudiated the personal protection of the laws which had been accorded by that great event.

The Justice listened, took snuff, and seemed considerably embarrassed, while Mr. Attorney Johnson, with all the volubility of his profession, ran over the statute of the 34 Edward III., by which justices of the peace are allowed to arrest all those whom they find by indictment or suspicion, and to put them into prison. The judge even turned my own declaration against me, saying, "that once I had confessedly, upon my own showing, assumed the bearing or deportment of a soldier or cavalier, I had voluntarily subjected myself to the suspension of which I complained, and brought myself within the compass of the act, having wilfully clothed my conduct with all the colour and livery of guilt."

I rebutted both his arguments and his judge with much indignation and scorn, and observed, "That I should, if necessary, produce the bill of my relations, which I conceived could not be refused, without subjecting the magistrate to a misnomer."

"Pardon me, my good sir—pardon me," said the illustrious clerk; "that is a case in which neither bill nor manuscript can be received, the felon who is held to be committed on heavy grounds of suspicion, not being responsible under the statute of the 34 of King Edward, those being in that act an express exception of such as be charged of conspiracy, or force, and aid of felony done," and he hinted that his worship would do well to remember that such were no way responsible by common writ, nor without writ.

At this period of the conversation a servant entered, and

delivered a letter to Mr. Johnson. He had no sooner run it hastily over, than he exclaimed, with the air of one who wished to appear much vexed at the interruption, and felt the consequences attached to a want of multifarious avocations—"Good God!—why, at this rate, I shall have neither time to attend to the public concerns nor my own—no rest—no quiet—I wish to Heaven another gentleman in our line would settle here!"

"God forbid!" said the Justice in a tone of extreme depression; "some of us have enough of one of the tribe."

"This is a matter of life and death, if your worship please."

"In God's name! no more justice business, I hope," said the alarmed magistrate.

"No—no," replied Mr. Johnson, very consequentially; "old Gaffer Baskidge of Grimsby-hill is subpoena'd for the next world, he has sent an express for Dr. Kilt-down to get in bail—another for me to arrange his worldly affairs."

"Away with you, then," said Mr. Inglewood, hastily; "he may not be a reprehensible case under the statute, you know, or Mr. Justice Death may not like the doctor for a weak power, or hellman."

"And yet," said Johnson, lingering as he moved towards the door, "if my presence here be necessary—I could make out the warrant for committed in a moment, and the constable is below—And you have heard," he said, lowering his voice, "Mr. Baskidge's opinion"—the rest was lost in a whisper.

The Justice replied aloud, "I tell thee no, man, no—we'll do nothing till they return, man; 'tis but a five-mile ride—Come, push the bottle, Mr. Martin—Don't be cast down, Mr. Ochel-donous—And you, my sons of the wilderness—one cup of claret to refresh the bloom of your cheeks."

Edith started, as if from a reverie, in which she appeared to have been plunged while we held this discourse. "No, Justice—I should be afraid of transferring the bloom to a part of my face where it would show to little advantage; but I will pledge you in a cooler beverage," and filling a glass with water, she drank it hastily, while her hurried manner belied her assumed gaiety.

I had not much leisure to make remarks upon her demeanour, however, being full of vexation at the interference of such obstacles to an instant examination of the deplorable and

unimportant charge which was brought against me. But there was no moving the Justice to take the matter up as abuse of his clerk, an incident which gave him apparently as much pleasure as a holiday to a schoolboy. His position in his relations to magical Jolly, into a company, the individuals of which, whether considered with reference to each other, or to their respective situations, were by no means inclined to mirth. "Come, Master Morris, you've not the first man that's been robbed, I true—giving us'er brought back him, now. And you, Mr. Frank Calabashstone, are not the first belly-boy that has and stand to a true man. There was Jack Winterfield, in my young days, kept the best company in the land—at horse-races and cock-fights who had he—hand and glove was I with Jack. Push the bottle, Mr. Morris, his dry talking—Many quart bumpers have I cracked, and danced away a merry waltz with poor Jack—good family—ready wit—quick eye—as honest a fellow, barring the devil he died for—we'll drink to his memory, gentlemen—Poor Jack Winterfield—And since we talk of him, and of those sort of things, and since that d—d clerk of mine has taken his gibberish elsewhere, and since we're snug among ourselves, Mr. Calabashstone, if you will have my best advice, I would take up this matter—the law's hard—very severe—hanged poor Jack Winterfield at York, despite family connections and great interest, all for making a bit west-country gruel of the price of a few buns—Now, here is honest Mr. Morris, has been frightened, and so forth—D—n it, man, let the poor fellow have back his pertumancers, and end the dole at once."

Morris's eyes brightened up at this suggestion, and he began to hesitate forth an assurance that he directed for no man's blood, when I cut the proposed accommodation short, by repeating the Justice's suggestion as no insult, that went directly to suppose me guilty of the very crime which I had come to his house with the express intention of disavowing. We were in this awkward predicament when a servant, opening the door, announced, "A strange gentleman to wait upon his honour," and the party whom he thus described entered the room without further ceremony.

CHAPTER NINTH.

One of the thistles came back again!—He stood close.  
He does not wrong my name, as near the house,  
And will be wile 'his, till I see him offer it.

THE WARRIOR.

"A *gentleman!*" echoed the Justice—"not upon business, I trust, for I'll be"—

His protestation was cut short by the arrival of the man himself. "My business is of a nature somewhat curious and particular," said my acquaintance, Mr. Campbell—for it was he, the very Scotchman whom I had seen at Northumberland—"and I must solicit your honour to give instant and beneficial consideration to it.—I believe, Mr. Morris," he added, fixing his eye on that person with a look of peculiar firmness and almost severity—"I believe ye ken freely what I am.—I believe ye cannot have forgotten what passed at our last meeting on the road!" Morris's jaw dropped—his countenance became the colour of yellow—his teeth chattered, and he gave visible signs of the utmost consternation. "Take heart of grace, man," said Campbell, "and danna a' clattering your jaws there like a pair of castnets! I think there can be nae difficulty in your telling Mr. Justice, that ye have seen me at yore, and ken me to be a cavalier of fortune, and a man of honour. Ye ken ah' weel ye will be some time resident in my vicinity, when I may have the power, as I will possess the inclination, to do you as good a turn."

"Sir—sir—I believe you to be a man of honour, and, as you say, a man of fortune. Yea, Mr. Ingleswood," he added, clanking his rifle, "I really believe this gentleman to be so."

"And what are this gentleman's commands with me?" said the Justice, somewhat peevishly. "One man introduces another, like the rhyme in the 'house that Jack built,' and I get company without either poem or conversation!"

"Both shall be yours, sir," answered Campbell, "in a brief period of time. I come to release your mind from a piece of troublesome duty, not to make increment to it."

"Body o' me! then you are welcome as ever that was to England, and that's not saying much. But get on, man—let's hear what you have got to say at ease."



"I presume, this gentleman," continued the North Briton, "told you there was a person of the name of Campbell with him, when he had the misfortune to lose his valise?"

"He has not mentioned such a name, from beginning to end of the matter," said the Justice.

"Ah! I conceive—I conceive," replied Mr. Campbell;—"Mr. Morris was kindly offered of committing a stranger into custody of the judicial forms of the country; but as I understand my evidence is necessary to the comparison of our honest gentleman here, Mr. Francis O'Sullivan, who has been most regally expected, I will dispense with the precaution. Ye will therefore" (he added, addressing Morris with the same determined look and accent) "please tell Mr. Justice Ingham, whether we did not travel several miles together on the road, in consequence of your own anxious request and suggestion, reiterated once and again, both on the evening that we were at Northfleeton, and there declined by me, but afterwards accepted, when I overtook ye on the road near Chelvey Alters, and was persuaded on by you to resign my old intentions of proceeding to Rothbury; and, for my misfortune, to accompany you on your proposed route."

"It's a wondrously truth," answered Morris, holding down his head, as he gave this general assent to the long and leading question which Campbell put to him, and seemed to acquiesce in the statement it contained with meek docility.

"And I presume you can also ascertain to his worship, that no man is better qualified than I am to bear testimony in this case, seeing that I was by you, and near you, constantly during the whole occurrence."

"No man better qualified, certainly," said Morris, with a deep and embarrassed sigh.

"And why the devil did you not assist him, then," said the Justice, "since, by Mr. Morris's account, there were but two witnesses; so you were two to two, and you are both stout likely men?"

"Sir, if it please your worship," said Campbell, "I have been all my life a man of peace and quietness, always given to books or history. Mr. Morris, who belongs, as I understand, or hath belonged, to his Majesty's army, might have used his pleasure in resistance, he travelling, as I also understand, with a great charge of treasure; but, he no, who had but my own small

peculiar to defend, and who are, moreover, a man of a pacific complexion, I was unwilling to commit myself to hazard in the matter."

I looked at Campbell as he muttered these words, and never recollect to have seen a more singular contrast than that between the strong daring sternness expressed in his harsh features, and the air of composed sweetness and simplicity which his language assumed. There was even a slight smilish smile lurking about the corners of his mouth, which seemed, involuntarily as it were, to intimate his disdains of the quiet and peaceful character which he thought proper to assume, and which led me to entertain strange suspicions that his concern in the violence done to Morris had been something very different from that of a filio-fiducia, or even of a mere spectator.

Perhaps some suspicion crossed the Justice's mind at the moment, for he exclaimed, as if by way of question, "Body o' me! but this is a strange story."

The North Briton seemed to guess at what was passing in his mind, for he went on, with a change of manner and tone, disdaining from his countenance some part of the hypocritical affectation of humility which had made him obnoxious to suspicion, and saying, with a more frank and uncontrived air, "To say the truth, I am just one o' those easy Bibles who care not to fight but when they has gotten something to fight for, which did not chance to be my predicament when I fell in wi' these bones. But that your worship may know that I am a person of good fame and character, please to cast your eye over that billet."

Mrs Ingleswood took the paper from his hand, and read, half aloud, "These are to certify, that the bearer, Robert Campbell of—of some place which I cannot pronounce," interjected the Justice—"is a person of good lineage, and peaceable demeanour, travelling towards England on his own proper affairs, &c. &c. &c. Given under our hand, at our Castle of Laver—laver—run—Averian."

"A slight testimonial, sir, which I thought fit to impartment from this worthy gentleman" (here he raised his hand to his head, as if to touch his hat), "MacCollins Here."

"MacCollins who, sir?" said the Justice.

"Whom the Scotland call the Duke of Anglye."

"I know the Duke of Anglye very well to be a gentleman of

great worth and distinction, and a true lover of his country. I was one of those that stood by him in 1714, when he supported the Duke of Marlborough out of his command. I wish we had more soldiers like him. He was an honest Tory in those days, and hand and glove with Orsoud. And he has served to the present Government, as I have done myself, for the peace and quiet of his country; for I cannot presume that great men in have been actuated, as violent folks pretend, with the fear of losing his places and emoluments. His testimony, as you call it, Mr. Campbell, is perfectly satisfactory; and now, what have you got to say to this matter of the robbery?"

"Briefly this, if it please your worship,—that Mr. Morris might as well charge it against the lake pot as he here, or against myself even, as against this young gentleman, Mr. Oculidistone; for I can not only free to depose that the person whom he took for him was a shorter man, and a thicker nose, but also, for I chanced to obtain a glimpse of his visage, as his false face slipped aside, that he was a man of other features and complexion than those of this young gentleman, Mr. Oculidistone. And I believe," he added, turning round with a paternal, yet somewhat stern air, to Mr. Morris, "that the gentleman will allow I had better opportunity to take cognizance who were present on that occasion than he, being, I believe, much the cooler of the two."

"I agree to it, sir—I agree to it perfectly," said Morris, shrinking back as Campbell moved his chair towards him to fortify his appeal—"And I incline, sir," he added, addressing Mr. Inglewood, "to retract my information as to Mr. Oculidistone; and I request, sir, you will permit him, sir, to go about his business, and me to go about mine also; your worship may have business to settle with Mr. Campbell, and I am rather in haste to be gone."

"Then, there go the declarations," said the Justice, throwing them into the fire—"And now you are at perfect liberty, Mr. Oculidistone. And you, Mr. Morris, are set quite at your ease."

"Ay," said Campbell, springing Morris as he started with a real grin to the Justice's observations, "such like the nose of a rod under a pile of hay—But fear nothing, Mr. Morris; you and I must leave the house together. I will see you safe—I hope you will not doubt my honour, when I say so—to the next highway, and then we part company, and

"If we do not meet as friends in Scotland, it will be your own fault."

With such a inspiring look of terror as the condemned criminal throws, when he is informed that the noose awaits him, Morrie arose; but when on his legs, appeared to hesitate. "I tell thee, man, fear nothing," reiterated Campbell, "I will keep my word with you—Why, then, slings's heart, how do ye ken but we may can pick up some speerings of your value, if ye will be amenable to gude counsel?—Our horses are ready. Bid the Justice farewell, man, and show your Southern breeding."

Morrie, thus exhorted and encouraged, took his leave, under the escort of Mr. Campbell; but, apparently, new scruples and terrors had struck him before they left the house, for I heard Campbell returning assurances of safety and protection as they left the stable-door—"By the wall of my body, man, thro't as safe as in thy father's hall-yard—Zounds! that a child w'd see a black beard should hae mae trust heart than a hen-partidge!—Come on w' ye, like a frank fellow, aye and for aye."

The voices died away, and the subsequent tramping of their horses announced to us that they had left the mansion of Justice inglorious.

The joy which that worthy magistrate received at this easy conclusion of a matter which threatened him with some trouble in his judicial capacity, was somewhat damped by reflection on what his client's views of the transaction might be at his return. "Now, I shall have John on my shoulders about these 4—4 papers—I doubt I should not have destroyed them, after all—But hang it! it is only paying his son, and that will make all smooth—And now, Miss Din Vernon, though I have disturbed all the others, I intend to sign a writ for committing you to the custody of Master Blake, my old housekeeper, for the evening, and we will send for my neighbors Mrs. Haggart, and the Miss Duncans, and your cousins, and have old Gabe the fiddler, and be as merry as the mairie; and Frank Galsidstone and I will have a process that will make us fit company for you in half an hour."

"Thanks, most worshipping," returned Miss Vernon; "but, as matters stand, we must return instantly to Galsidstone Hall, where they do not know what has become of us, and relieve my uncle of his anxiety on my cousin's account, which is just the same as if one of his own sons were concerned."

"I believe it truly," said the Justice; "for when his eldest son, Archie, came to a bad end, as that wretched officer of the John Fawcett's, old Hildibrod used to hold out his arms as readily as any of the remaining six, and then complain that he could not recollect which of his sons had been hanged. No, gray bearded house, and reflect his paternal conduct, since you must. But hark thee hither, brother-in-law," he said, pointing her towards him by the hand, and in a good-humoured tone of admonition, "another time let the law take its course, without putting your pretty finger into her old nasty pie, all full of fragments of law gibberish—French and dog-Latin—And, Din, my beauty, let young fellows show each other the way through the arena, in case you should lose your own road, while you are pointing out thine, my pretty Will o' the Wisp."

With this admonition, he related and dismissed Miss Vernon, and took an equally kind farewell of me.

"There seems to be a good tight lad, Mr. Frank, and I remember thy father too—he was my playfellow at school. Hark thee, lad,—ride early at night, and don't swagger with chance passengers on the king's highway. What, man! all the king's large subjects are not bound to understand joking, and it's ill cracking jokes on matters of felony. And hark poor Din Vernon too—in a manner alone and deserted on the face of this wide earth, and left to risk, and run, and scamper, at her own silly pleasure. There must be careful of Din, or, again, I will turn a swag fellow again on purpose, and fight thee myself, although I must own it would be a great deal of trouble. And now, get ye both gone, and leave me to my pipe of tobacco, and my meditation; for what says the song—

The Indian had doth lately been;  
He doth man's strength to weakness turn—  
The fire of youth extinguished quite,  
Came apt, like tobacco, dry, and stink.  
Think of this as you take tobacco."

\* [The lines here quoted, being in or very altered from a set of verses of one then very popular in England, beginning, Tobacco doth to wretched quite. In fact, however, the celebrated Ralph Walcott, author of the *Unhappy Hamlet*, published what he called "Smoking Spiritualized, in two parts. The first part being an Old Shakespeare upon Smoking Tobacco." It begins—

This Indian went over withered quite,  
The' grown at noon, and down at night,  
Shook the dry down;  
As fresh as hay  
There stood, and stunk tobacco.]

I was much pleased with the glance of sense and feeling which escaped from the Justice through the vapours of drink and self-indignance, assured him of my respect to his admissions, and took a friendly farewell of the honest sceptic and his hospitable mansion.

We found a report prepared for us in the anteroom, which we perused with slighty, and rejoined the same servant of Sir Hildbrand who had taken our horses at our entrance, and who had been directed, as he informed Miss Vernon, by Mr. Radbrough, to wait and attend upon us home. We rode a little way in silence, for, in my truth, my mind was too much bewildered with the events of the morning, to permit me to be the first to break it. At length Miss Vernon exclaimed, as if giving vent to her own reflections, "Well, Radbrough is a man to be feared and wondered at, and all but loved; he does whatever he pleases, and makes all others his puppets—has a player ready to perform every part which he imagines, and an invention and readiness which supply apologies for every emergency."

"You think, then," said I, narrowing rather to her meaning, close to the express words she made use of, "that this Mr. Campbell, whose appearance was so opportune, and who tramped up and snarled off my account as a fellow-temon a partridge, was an agent of Mr. Radbrough's?"

"I do guess as much," replied Diana; "and shrewdly suspect, moreover, that he would hardly have appeared so very much in the nick of time, if I had not happened to meet Radbrough in the hall at the Justice's."

"In that case, my thanks are chiefly due to you, my fair preserver!"

"To be sure they are," returned Diana; "and pray, suppose them paid, and accepted with a gracious smile, for I do not care to be troubled with hearing them in good earnest, and am much more likely to yawn than to behave becoming. In short, Mr. Frank, I wished to serve you, and I have fortunately been able to do so, and have only one favour to ask in return, and that is, that you will say no more about it.—But who comes here to meet us, 'blondy with querring, daryend with harts?' It is the self-same man of law, I think—no less than Mr. Joseph Johnson."

And Mr. Joseph Johnson it proved to be, in great haste, and, as it speedily appeared, in most extreme bad humour. He

came up to us, and stopped his horse, as we were about to pass with a slight salutation.

"So, no—no, Miss Vernon—no, I see well enough how it is—but put in during my absence, I suppose—I should like to know who does the recognitions, that's all. If his worship sees this form of procedure often, I advise him to get another clerk, that's all, for I shall certainly do so."

"Or suppose he get that present clerk attached to his shoes, Mr. Johnson," said Dunn; "would not that do as well? And pray, how does Farmer Ruffledge, Mr. Johnson? I hope you found him able to sign, seal, and deliver?"

This question seemed greatly to increase the wrath of the man of law. He looked at Miss Vernon with such an air of spite and resentment, as had me under a strong temptation to knock him off his horse with the butt-end of my whip, which I only suppressed in consideration of his insignificance.

"Farmer Ruffledge, no'man!" said the clerk, as soon as his indignation permitted him to articulate, "Farmer Ruffledge is in as handsome equipment of his heels as you are—at's all a law, no'man—all a handsome and a tidy, that affair of his illness; and if you did not know as much before, you know it now, no'man."

"Is you there now?" replied Miss Vernon, with an affectation of extreme and simple wonder, "sure you don't say so, Mr. Johnson?"

"But I do say so, no'man," rejoined the lawless scribe; "and moreover I say, that the old miserly clock-broker called me pettifogger—pettifogger, no'man—and said I came to hunt for a job, no'man—which I have as more right to have said to me than any other gentleman of my profession, no'man—especially as I am clerk to the peace, having and holding said office under *Frédéric Sébastien Maurice Odet* and *Prince Galsinski*, the first of King William, no'man, of glorious and immortal memory—our immortal deliverer from puppets and pretensions, and wooden shoes and warming pans, Miss Vernon."

"But things, those wooden shoes and warming pans," retorted the young lady, who seemed to take pleasure in exaggerating her wrath;—"and it is a comfort you don't seem to want a warming pan at present, Mr. Johnson. I am afraid Gaffer Ruffledge has not retained his hostility to language—Are you sure he did not give you a beating?"

"Swearing, ma'am!—no!"—(very shortly)—"no man alive shall hurt me, I promise you, ma'am."

"That is something as you happen to merit, sir," said I: "for your mode of speaking to this young lady is so unbecoming, that, if you do not change your tone, I shall think it worth while to chastise you myself."

"Obaathen, sir! and—ma, sir!—Do you know whom you speak to, sir!"

"Yes, sir," I replied: "you say yourself you are clerk of peace to the county; and Gaffer Rutledge says you are a pettifogger; and in neither capacity are you entitled to be impertinent to a young lady of fashion."

Miss Vernon laid her hand on my arm, and exclaimed, "Come, Mr. Goshillstons, I will have no insults and battery on Mr. Johnson, I am not so sufficient shortly with him to permit a single touch of your whip—why, he would live on it for a term at least. Besides, you have already hurt his feelings sufficiently—you have called him impertinent."

"I don't value his language, Miss," said the clerk, somewhat crest-fallen: "besides, impertinent is not an actionable word; but pettifogger is slander in the highest degree, and that I will make Gaffer Rutledge know to his cost, and all who maliciously repeat the same, to the breach of the public peace, and the taking away of my private good name."

"Never mind that, Mr. Johnson," said Miss Vernon; "you know, where there is nothing, your own law allows that the king himself must lose his rights; and for the taking away of your good name, I pity the poor fellow who gets it, and wish you joy of losing it with all my heart."

"Very well, ma'am—good evening, ma'am—I have no more to say—only these are laws against papers, which it would be well for the land were they better executed. There's third and fourth Edward VI., of antiphonous, mumps, galls, processuals, manuels, legends, pies, permissives, and those that have such trinkets in their possession, Miss Vernon—and there's utterance of papers to take the oaths—and there are popish recusant statutes under the first of his present Majesty—ay, and there are penalties for bearing arms—the twenty-third of Queen Elizabeth, and third James First, chapter twenty-fifth. And there are statutes to be registered, and deeds and wills to be



sanctified, and double time to be made, according to the acts in that case made and provided "——

"See the new edition of the Statutes at Large, published under the careful revision of Joseph Johnson, Clerk of the Peace," said Miss Vernon.

"Also, and above all," continued Johnson,—"for I speak to your warning—you, Miss Vernon, spinster, not being a *bonne femme*, and being a convict papish recusant, are bound to repair to your own dwelling, and that by the nearest way, under penalty of being held felon to the King—and diligently to seek for passage at common ferries, and to ferry there but one old and flood; and unless you can leave it in such places, to walk every day into the water up to the knees, saying to you *ave*."

"A sort of Protestant penance for my Catholic errors, I suppose," said Miss Vernon, laughing—"Well, I thank you for the information, Mr. Johnson, and will hire no horse as fast as I can, and be a better house-keeper in three weeks. Good-night, my dear Mr. Johnson, thou mirror of clerical courtesy."

"Good-night, madam, and remember the law is not to be trifled with."

And we rode on our separate ways.

"There he goes for a trouble-some mischief-making tool," said Miss Vernon, as she gave a glance after him; it is hard that persons of birth and rank and estate should be subjected to the official importunities of such a petty pick-thank as that, merely for believing as the whole world believed not much above a hundred years ago—for certainly our Catholic Faith has the advantage of antiquity at least."

"I was much tempted to have broken the man's head," I replied.

"You would have acted very like a lusty young man," said Miss Vernon; "and yet, had my own head been an ounce heavier than it is, I think I should have had its weight upon him. Well, it does not signify complaining, but there are three things for which I am much to be pained, if any one thought it worth while to waste any incense upon me."

"And what are these three things, Miss Vernon, may I ask?"

"Will you promise me your dearest sympathy, if I tell you?"

"Certainly *je*—can you doubt it?" I replied, closing my horse

never to have as I spoke, with an expression of interest which I did not attempt to disguise.

"Well, it is very satisfying to be pitted, after all; so here are my three players. In the first place, I am a girl, and not a young fellow, and would be shut up in a mad-house, if I did half the things that I have a mind to;—and that, if I had your happy prerogative of acting as you like, would make all the world and with insulting and applauding me."

"I can't quite afford you the sympathy you expect upon this score," I replied; "the misfortune is so general, that it belongs to one half of the species; and the other half"—

"Are so much better cared for, that they are jealous of their prerogatives," interrupted Miss Vernon.—"I thought you were a party interested. Nay," she said, as I was going to speak, "that soft smile is intended to be the preface of a very pretty compliment respecting the peculiar advantages which Miss Vernon's friends and kinsmen enjoy, by her being born one of their House, but spare me the titillation, my good friend, and let us try whether we shall agree better on the second count of my indictment against fortune, as that quill-driving peppy would call it. I belong to an oppressed sect and antiquated religion, and, instead of getting credit for my devotion, as is due to all good girls hands, my kind friend, Justice Inglewood, may send me to the house of correction, merely for worshipping God in the way of my ancestors, and my, as old Fenwick did to the Abbess of Wilton,\* when he usurped her convent and establishment, 'Go up, you jade,—do up!'"

"This is not a serious evil," said I gravely. "Consult some of our learned divines, or consult your own excellent understanding, Miss Vernon; and surely the particulars in which our religious creed differs from that in which you have been educated."

"Hush!" said Diana, placing her fore-finger on her mouth,—"Hush! no more of that. Forgive the birth of my glibest fiction! I would as soon, were I a man, breathe their banner when the tide of battle pressed hardest against it, and turn, like a blushing recruit, to join the victorious enemy."

"I honour your spirit, Miss Vernon; and as to the intolerance to which it exposes you, I can only say, that wounds

\* Note F. The Abbess of Wilton.

sustained for the sake of conscience carry their own burden with the blow."

"Ay, but they are fearful and irritating, for all that. But I see, heart of heart as you are, my chance of beating leopards, or drawing out flux into narrows where choked, affects you as little as my condemnation to cold and pleasure, instead of better and colder, so I will spare myself the fruitless pains of telling my third cause of venison."

"Yes, my dear Miss Vernon, do not withdraw your confidence, and I will promise you, that the thousand sympathy due to your very unusual cause of distress shall be all duly and truly paid to account of the third, providing you assure me, that it is one which you neither share with all mankind, nor even with every Catholic in England, who, God bless you, are still a great many more numerous than our Protestants, in our zeal for church and state, would desire them to be."

"It is indeed," said Diana, with a manner greatly altered, and more serious than I had yet seen her assume, "a risk-taking that will merit compassion. I am by nature, as you may easily observe, of a frank and unreserved disposition—a plain hearted girl, who would willingly not speak and honestly by the whole world, and yet fate has involved me in such a series of nets and toils, and entanglements, that I dare hardly speak a word for fear of consequences—not to myself, but to others."

"That is indeed a misfortune, Miss Vernon, which I do most sincerely sympathize, but which I should hardly have anticipated."

"O, Mr. Cadwallader, if you but knew—if any one knew, what difficulty I sometimes find in hiding an aching heart with a smooth brow, you would indeed pity me. I do wrong, perhaps, in speaking to you even thus far on my own situation; but you are a young man of sense and penetration—you cannot but long to ask me a hundred questions on the events of this day—on the share which Rockleigh has in your deliverance from this petty scrape—upon many other points which cannot but excite your attention; and I cannot bring myself to survey with the necessary falsehood and disguise—I should do it awkwardly, and lose your good opinion, if I have any share of it, as well as my own. It is best to say no more, ask me no questions,—I have it not in my power to reply to them."

Miss Vernon spoke these words with a tone of feeling which would not but make a corresponding impression upon me. I assured her she had neither to fear my tiring her with impertinent questions, nor my misconstruing her declining to answer those which might in themselves be reasonable, or at least natural.

"I was too much obliged," I said, "by the interest she had taken in my affairs, to excuse the opportunity her goodness had afforded me of prying into hers—I only trusted and entreated, that if my services could at any time be useful, she would command them without doubt or hesitation."

"Thank you—thank you," she replied; "your voice does not ring the vulgar chime of compliment, but speaks like that of one who knows to what he pledges himself. It—but it is impossible—but yet, if an opportunity should occur, I will ask you if you remember this promise; and I assure you, I shall not be angry if I find you have forgotten it, for it is enough that you are sincere in your intentions just now—much may occur to alter them ere I call upon you, should that moment ever come, to assist Mr. Vernon, as if you were Mr. Vernon's brother."

"And if I were Mr. Vernon's brother," said I, "there could not be less chance that I should refuse my assistance—And now I am afraid I must not ask whether Fackleigh was willingly accessory to my deliverance!"

"Not of me; but you may ask it of himself, and depend upon it, he will say yes; for rather than any good action should walk through the world like an unappreciated objective in an ill-arranged sentence, he is always willing to stand soon subjective to it himself."

"And I must not ask whether this Campbell be himself the party who used Mr. Morris of his possessions,—or whether the letter, which our friend the attorney received, was not a success to withdraw him from the scene of action, lest he should have witnessed the happy event of my deliverance? And I must not ask"—

"You must ask nothing of me," said Miss Vernon; "so it is quite in vain to go on putting me. You are to think just as well of me as if I had answered all those queries, and twenty others besides, as gladly as Fackleigh could have done; and observe, whenever I touch my chin just so, it is a sign that I

cannot speak upon the topic which happens to occupy your attention. I must settle signals of correspondence with you, because you are to be my confidant and my counsellor, and you are to know nothing whatever of my affairs."

"Nothing can be more reasonable," I replied, laughing; "and the extent of your confidence will, you may rely upon it, only be equalled by the sagacity of my counsels."

This sort of conversation brought us, in the highest good-humour with each other, to Oskaldstone Hall, where we found the family far advanced in the revels of the evening.

"Get some dinner for Mr. Oskaldstone and me in the library," said Miss Fanny to a servant—"I must have some company upon you," she added, turning to me, "and provide against your starving in this mansion of brutal abundance; other wise I am not sure that I should show you my private library. This same library is my den—the only corner of the Hall-house where I am safe from the Goring-Goringe, my cousin. They never venture there, I suppose for fear the filices should fall down and crack their skulls; for they will never reflect their heads in any other way—So follow me."

And I followed through hall and tower, tracked passage and winding stair, until we reached the room where she had ordered our refreshments.

## CHAPTER TENTH.

In the wide pile, by others looked on,  
There was one sacred solitary spot,  
Where gloomy shades and leading shades contein  
For moral longer lived, and woe for moral pain.

ALANCASTON.

THE library at Oskaldstone Hall was a gloomy room, whose antique oaken shelves bent beneath the weight of the ponderous folios so dear to the seventeenth century, from which, under favour be it spoken, we have distilled matter for our quackes and sciences, and which, once more subjected to the dentils, nay, should our eyes be yet more discerning than ourselves, be still further reduced into darkness and purpleins. The collection was chiefly of the classic, as well foreign as ancient

history, and, above all, divinity. It was in wretched order. The priests, who in succession had acted as chaplains at the Hall, were, for many years, the only persons who entered its precincts, until Rushleigh's thirst for reading had led him to detach the venerable apocryph, who had gruffed the fronts of the pews with their tapestry. His destination for the church rendered his conduct less closed to his father's eyes, than if any of his other descendants had betrayed an strange propensity, and Sir Hildbrand acquiesced in the library receiving some repairs, so as to fit it for a sitting-room. Still an air of dilapidation, as obvious as it was uncomfortable, pervaded the large apartment, and announced the neglect from which the knowledge which its walls contained had not been able to exempt it. The tattered tapestry, the worn-out shelves, the huge and clumsy, yet tottering, tables, desks, and chairs, the rusty pile, seldom gladdened by either sun-ray or firelight, indicated the contempt of the lords of Oakthelstone Hall for learning, and for the volumes which stored its treasures.

"You think this place somewhat disagreeable, I suppose?" said Ursula, as I glanced my eye round the desolate apartment; "but to me it seems like a little paradise, for I call it my own, and fear no intrusion. Rushleigh was just propitius with me, while we were friends."

"And are you no longer so?" was my natural question.

Her fore-finger immediately touched her dimpled chin, with an arch look of prohibition.

"We are still allies," she continued, "bound, like other confederate powers, by circumstances of mutual interest; but I am afraid, as will happen in other cases, the treaty of alliance has survived the amiable dispositions in which it had its origin. At any rate, we live less together; and when he comes through that door there, I vanish through this door here; and so, having made the discovery that we two were one too many for this apartment, as large as it seems, Rushleigh, whose conscience frequently call him elsewhere, has generously made a cession of his rights in my favour; so that I now endeavour to prosecute alone the studies in which he used formerly to be my guide."

"And what are those studies, if I may presume to ask?"

"Indeed you may, without the least fear of seeing my face-flame stained to my chin. Science and history are my principal favourites; but I also study poetry and the classics."

"And the classics? Do you read them in the original?"

"Unquestionably. Rushleigh, who was contemptible scholar, taught me Greek and Latin, as well as most of the languages of modern Europe. I assure you there has been some pains taken in my education, although I can neither see a hawk, nor walk cross-stitch, nor make a pudding, nor—as the vicar's did wife, with as much truth as elegance, good-will, and politeness, was pleased to say in my behalf—do any other useful thing in the vulgar world."

"And was this selection of studies Rushleigh's choice, or your own, Miss Vernon?" I asked.

"Oh!" said she, as if hesitating to answer my question,—  
 "It's not worth while lifting my finger about, after all. Why, partly he and partly mine. As I learned out of books to ride a horse, and handle and saddle him in case of necessity, and to climb a fire-ladder gate, and fire a gun without winking, and all other of those marvellous accomplishments that my boys consider run and stir, I studied, like my rational cousin, to read Greek and Latin while doors, and make my complete approach to the tree of knowledge, which you non-scholars would suppose to grow for us, in strange, I suppose, for our common mother's share in the great original transgression."

"And Rushleigh indulged your propensity to learning?"

"Why, he wished to have me for his scholar, and he could but teach me that which he knew himself—he was not likely to instruct me in the mysteries of walking hat-ruffs, or horsemanship, or brotherhood, I suppose."

"I admit the temptation of getting such a scholar, and have no doubt that it made a weighty consideration in the tutor's part."

"Oh, if you begin to investigate Rushleigh's motives, my finger touches my chin once more. I can only be frank where my ears are inspired into. But to resume—he has resigned the library in my favour, and never enters without leave had and obtained; and so I have taken the library to make it the place of deposit for some of my own goods and chattels, as you may see by looking round you."

"I beg pardon, Miss Vernon, but I really see nothing around these walls which I can distinguish as likely to claim you as scholar."

"That is, I suppose, because you neither see a shepherd or

shepherds wrought in waxed, and handsomely framed in black ebony, or a stuffed parrot,—or a breeding-cage, full of many birds,—or a hamper-moss, bristled with tarnished silver,—or a toilet-table with a nest of gilded boxes, with so many angles as Christmas midnight-plas,—or a broken-backed specter,—or a kite with three strings,—or rack-work,—or shell-work,—or needle-work, or work of any kind,—or a lap-dog with a litter of blind puppies—None of these treasures do I possess," she continued, after a pause, in order to recover the breath she had lost in enumerating them.—"But there stands the sword of my ancestor Sir Richard Vernon, slain at Barnetbury, and easily shattered by a red fellow called Will Shallopson, whose Lancastrian partialities, and a certain knack at embodying them, has turned history upside down, or rather inside out;—and by that ridiculous weapon hangs the head of the still older Vernon, square to the Black Prince, whose life is the reverse of his descendant's, since he is more indebted to the hand who took the trouble to celebrate him, for good-will than for talents,—

And like the words you may discern ere  
Rings bright, with pipes as bright, yellow Vernon,  
Like a brave band riding the plain he shone,  
Dust to be sowing thence, while others glared.

Then there is a model of a new warbling-pike, which I invented myself—a great improvement on the Duke of Newcastle's; and there are the hood and bells of my niece Charlot, who spotted herself on a horse's tail, at Hornby-moss—poor Charlot, there is not a head on the patches below, but are hats and collars compared to him, and there is my own light dwelling-pipe, with an improved flue-hole; with twenty other treasures, each more valuable than another.—And there, that speaks for itself."

She pointed to the carved oak frame of a full-length portrait by Van Dyke, on which were inscribed, in Gothic letters, the words *Prince among men*. I looked at her for explanation. "Do you not know," said she, with some surprise, "our motto—the Vernon motto, where,

Like the prince, was integrity,  
We measure true manhood in our word?

And do you not know our cognizance, the pipes?" pointing to the armorial bearings sculptured on the silver sconce, around which the legend was displayed.



"Figs 1—They look more like pump-skins—But, pray, do not be angry with my ignorance," I continued, observing the colour mount to her cheeks, "I can make no allusion to your ancestral bearings, for I do not even know my own."

"You an Calculator, and confuse so much!" she exclaimed. "Why, Pease, Thorne, John, Dorian—Wilfred himself, might be your instructor. Even ignorance itself is a planet over you."

"With shame I confess it, my dear Miss Vernon, the mysteries marked under the grim hieroglyphics of heraldry are to me as unintelligible as those of the pyramids of Egypt."

"What! is it possible!—Why, even my uncle reads Geoffrey somewhere of a winter night—Not know the figures of heraldry!—of what could your father be thinking?"

"Of the figures of arithmetic," I answered; "the most insignificant sort of which he holds more highly than all the blazonry of chivalry. But, though I am ignorant to this unpardonable degree, I have knowledge and taste enough to admire that splendid picture, in which I think I can discover a family likeness to you. What ease and dignity in the attitude!—what richness of colouring—what breadth and depth of shade!"

"Is it really a fine painting?" she asked.

"I have seen many works of the renowned artist," I replied, "but never beheld one more to my liking."

"Well, I know as little of pictures as you do of heraldry," replied Miss Vernon; "yet I have the advantage of you, because I have always admired the painting without understanding its value."

"While I have neglected pipes and tobacco, and all the whimsical amusements of chivalry, still I am informed that they flourished in the fields of ancient fame. But you will allow their artistic appearance is not so peculiarly interesting to the unlearned spectator as that of a fine painting.—Was the person here represented?"

"My grandfather. He shared the misfortune of Charles I., and, I am sorry to add, the excesses of his son. Our paternal estate was greatly impaired by his prodigality, and was altogether lost by his successor, my unfortunate father. But peace be with them who have got it!—it was lost in the cause of loyalty."

"Your father, I presume, suffered in the political dissensions of the period?"

"He did indeed;—he lost his all. And hence in his child a dependent orphan—relying the bread of others—subjected to their caprices, and compelled to study their inclinations; yet prouder of having had such a father, than if, playing a more prudent but less upright part, he had left me possessor of all the rich and fair treasures which his family once possessed."

As she then spoke, the entrance of the servants with dinner cut off all conversation but that of a general nature.

When our hasty meal was concluded, and the wine placed on the table, the domestic informed us, "that Mr. Rushleigh had desired to be told when our dinner was removed."

"Tell him," said Miss Vernon, "we shall be happy to see him if he will stop this way—place another wine-glass and chair, and leave the room.—You must retire with him when he goes away," she continued, addressing herself to me; "even my liberality cannot spare a gentleman above eight hours out of the twenty-four; and I think we have been together for at least that length of time."

"The old mythoman has moved so rapidly," I answered, "that I could not count his strides."

"Hush!" said Miss Vernon, "here comes Rushleigh," and she drew off her chair, to which I had approached mine rather closely, so as to place a greater distance between us.

A modest tap at the door,—a gentle manner of opening when invited to enter,—a studied softness and humility of step and deportment, announced that the education of Rushleigh Outcast-stone at the College of St. Omer accorded well with the ideas I entertained of the manners of an accomplished French. I need not add, that, as a sound Protestant, these ideas were not the most favourable. "Why should you see the ceremony of knocking?" said Miss Vernon, "when you know that I was not alone?"

This was spoken with a burst of impetuosity, as if she had felt that Rushleigh's air of caution and reserve excited some misimpression of impudent suspicion. "You have taught me the form of knocking at this door so perfectly, my fair cousin," answered Rushleigh, without change of voice or manner, "that habit has become a second nature."

"I prize shrewdly more than courtesy, etc, and you know I do," was Miss Vernon's reply.

"Christianity is a gallant guy, a courter by name and by profession," replied Raskleigh, "and therefore must fit for a lady's favour."

"But Sirarchy is the true knight," retorted Miss Vernon, "and therefore much more welcome, comest. But to end a debate not ever arising to your stranger hearers, sit down, Raskleigh, and give Mr. Francis Cebalchewicz your countenance to his glass of wine. I have done the honours of the dinner, for the credit of Cebalchewicz Hall."

Raskleigh sat down, and filled his glass, glancing his eye from Diana to me, with an embarrassment which his utmost efforts could not entirely disguise. I thought he appeared to be uncertain concerning the extent of confidence she might have reposed in me, and hastened to lead the conversation into a channel which should sweep away his suspicion that Diana might have betrayed any secrets which rested between them. "Miss Vernon," I said, "Mr. Raskleigh, has recommended me to return my thanks to you for my speedy disengagement from the ridiculous accusation of Maria; and, justly feeling my gratitude might not be warm enough to remind me of this duty, she has put my curiosity on its edge, by referring me to you for an account, or rather explanation, of the events of the day."

"Indeed!" answered Raskleigh; "I should have thought" (looking keenly at Miss Vernon) "that the lady herself might have stood interpreter;" and his eye, averting from her face, sought mine, as if to search, from the expression of my features, whether Diana's communication had been as narrowly limited as my words had intimated. Miss Vernon retorted her interrogatorial glance with one of decided scorn; while I, uncertain whether to deprecate or resent his obvious suspicion, replied, "If it is your pleasure, Mr. Raskleigh, as it has been Miss Vernon's, to leave me in ignorance, I must necessarily submit; but, pray, do not withhold your information from me on the ground of imagining that I have already obtained any on the subject. For I tell you, as a man of honour, I am as ignorant as that picture of anything relating to the events I have witnessed to-day, supposing that I withdrew from Miss Vernon, that you have been kindly active in my favour."

"Miss Vernon has overruled my humble efforts," said Raskleigh, "though I claim full credit for my zeal. The truth is, that as I galloped back to get some one of our family to join me

in becoming your bail, which was the most obvious, or, indeed, I may say, the only way of serving you which occurred to my stupidity, I met the most General—Colonel—Campbell, or whatever they call him. I had understood from Morris that he was present when the robbery took place, and had the good fortune to prevail on him (with some difficulty, I confess) to tender his evidence in your anticipation—which I presume was the means of your being released from an unpleasant situation."

"Indeed!—I am much your debtor for procuring such a reasonable evidence as my behalf. But I cannot see why flattery bore, as he said, a fellow-sufferer with Morris) it should have required much trouble to persuade him to stop forth and bear evidence, whether to convict the actual robber, or free an innocent person."

"You do not know the genius of that man's country, sir," answered Rushleigh—"discretion, prudence, and foresight, are their leading qualities; these are only modified by a narrow-spirited, but yet ardent patriotism, which seems as it were the outcome of the concentric linkwork with which a Scotchman fortifies himself against all the attacks of a generous philanthropical principle. Surmount this mound, you find an inner and still deeper barrier—the love of his province, his village, or, most probably, his clan; surmount this second obstacle, you have a third—his attachment to his own family—his father, mother, sons, daughters, uncles, aunts, and cousins, to the sixth generation. It is within these limits that a Scotchman's social affection expands itself, never reaching those which are external, till all means of discharging itself in the interior circle have been exhausted. It is within these circles that his heart throbs, each pulsation being father and sister, till, beyond the widest boundary, it is almost still. And what is worst of all, could you surmount all these concentric networks, you have an inner circle, deeper, higher, and more efficient than them all—a Scotchman's love for himself."

"All this is extremely eloquent and metaphorical, Rushleigh," said Miss Vernon, who listened with unexpressed impatience; "there are only two objections to it:—first, it is not true; secondly, if true, it is nothing to the purpose."

"It is true, my friend Emma," returned Rushleigh; "and moreover, it is most instantly to the purpose. It is true, because you cannot deny that I know the country and people intimately,

and the character is drawn from deep and accurate consideration ;—and it is to the purpose, because it serves Mr. Francis Caballistano's purpose, and shows why the same wary Northlanders, considering our interest to be neither his countryman, nor a Campbell, nor his credit as any of the remarkable combinations by which they extend their pedigree ; and, above all, seeing no prospect of personal advantage, but, on the contrary, much hazard of loss of time and delay of business"—

"With other immovables, perhaps, of a nature yet more formidable," interrupted Miss Vernon.

"Of which, doubtless, there might be many," said Blackleigh, continuing in the same tone—"In short, my theory shows why this man, hoping for no advantage, and afraid of some inconvenience, might require a degree of persuasion as he could be prevailed on to give his testimony in favour of Mr. Caballistano."

"It seems surprising to me," I observed, "that during the glimpse I cast over the declaration, or whatever it is termed, of Mr. Morris, he should never have mentioned that Campbell was in his company when he met the murderers."

"I understood from Campbell, that he had taken his solemn promise not to mention such circumstances," replied Blackleigh :—"His reason for avoiding such an engagement you may guess from what I have hinted—he wished to get back to his own country, untroubled and unembarrassed by any of the judicial inquiries which he would have been under the necessity of attending, had the fact of his being present at the robbery taken air while he was on this side of the Border. But let him once be as distrustful as the Firth, Morris will, I warrant you, come forth with all he knows about him, and, it may be, a good deal more. Besides, Campbell is a very extensive dealer in cattle, and has often occasion to send great droves into Northumberland, and, when driving such a trade, he would be a great fool to enrol himself with our Northlanders there, than whom no man who has any more vindictive."

"I dare be sworn of that," said Miss Vernon, with a tone which implied something more than a simple acquiescence in the proposition.

"Still," said I, resuming the subject, "showing the force of the reasons which Campbell might have for desiring that Morris should be silent with regard to his promise when the robbery was committed, I cannot yet see how he could attain such an

influence over the man, as to make him suppress his evidence in that particular, at the manifest risk of subjecting his story to discredit."

Rasklough agreed with me, that it was very extraordinary, and seemed to regret that he had not questioned the *Scotchman* more closely on that subject, which he allowed looked extremely mysterious. "But," he asked, immediately after this acquiescence, "are you very sure the circumstance of Morris's being accompanied by Campbell is really not alluded to in his conclusion?"

"I read the paper over hastily," said I; "but it is my strong impression that no such circumstance is mentioned;—at least, it must have been touched on very slightly, since it failed to catch my attention."

"True, true," answered Rasklough, shaking his own inference while he adopted my words, "I incline to think with you, that the circumstance must in reality have been mentioned, but so slightly that it failed to attract your attention. And then, as to Campbell's interest with Morris, I incline to suppose that it must have been gained by playing upon his fears. This chicken-hearted fellow, Morris, in bound, I understand, for Scotland, declined for some little employment under Government; and, possessing the courage of the wretched dove, or most magnanimous mouse, he may have been afraid to encounter the ill-will of such a kill-ore as Campbell, whose very appearance would be enough to fright him out of his little skin. You observed that Mr Campbell has at times a keen and animated manner—something of a warlike cast in his tone and bearing."

"I own," I replied, "that his expression struck me as being occasionally fierce and sinister, and little adapted to his peaceable profession. Has he served in the army?"

"Yes—no—not, strictly speaking, *army*; but he has been, I believe, like most of his countrymen, trained to arms. Indeed, among the hills, they carry them from boyhood to the grave. So, if you know anything of your fellow-traveller, you will easily judge, that going to such a country, he will take care to avoid a quarrel, if he can help it, with any of the natives. But, come, I see you decline your wine—and I too am a degenerate Calabrese, so far as respects the direction of the bottle. If you will go to my room, I will hold you a hand at paper."

We rose to take leave of Miss Yarrow, who had from time

to time supposed, apparently with difficulty, a strong temptation to break in upon Radleigh's debate. As we were about to leave the room, the southerner let loose forth

"Mr. Calabazotas," she said, "your own observation will enable you to verify the justice, or injustice, of Radleigh's suggestions concerning such individuals as Mr. Campbell and Mr. Morris. But, in considering Scotland, he has borne false witness against a whole country; and I request you will allow no weight to his evidence."

"Perhaps," I answered, "I may find it somewhat difficult to stay your injudicious, Miss Vernon; for I must own I was bred up with no very favourable idea of our northern neighbours."

"Distinct that part of your education, sir," she replied, "and let the daughter of a Scotchwoman pray you to respect the land which gave her parent birth, until your own observation has proved them to be unworthy of your good opinion. Preserve your hatred and contempt for discrimination, leanness, and dishonesty, whenever they are to be met with. You will find enough of all without leaving England.—Adieu, gentlemen, I wish you good evening."

And she signed to the door, with the manner of a princess dismissing her train.

We retired to Radleigh's apartment, where a servant brought us coffee and wine. I had formed my resolution to press Radleigh no further as the events of the day. A tertiary, and, as I thought, not of a favourable complexion, appeared to long over his conduct; but to ascertain if my suspicions were just, it was necessary to throw him off his guard. We sat for the dock, and were even warmly engaged in our play. I thought I perceived in this trifling the arrangement (for the stake which Radleigh proposed was a mere trifle) something of a fierce and arduous temper. He seemed perfectly to understand the beautiful game at which he played, but possessed, as it were on principle, the risking bold and precarious strokes to the ordinary rules of play; and neglecting the minor and better-balanced chances of the game, he hazarded everything for the chance of playing, re-appearing, or repeating his adversary. So soon as the intervention of a game or two at play, like the mask between the acts of a drama, had completely interrupted our previous course of conversation, Radleigh appeared to tire

of the game, and the cards were suspended by discourse, in which he assumed the lead.

More learned than soundly wise—better acquainted with men's minds than with the moral principles that ought to regulate them, he had still powers of communication which I have rarely seen equalled, never excelled. Of this his manner implied some consciousness; at least, it appeared to me that he had studied hard to improve his natural advantages of a melodious voice, fluent and happy expression, apt language, and fervid imagination. He was never loud, never overbearing, never so much occupied with his own thoughts as to exclude either the patients or the comprehension of those he conversed with. His ideas succeeded each other with the gentle but unfaltering flow of a plentiful and bounteous spring; while I have heard those of others, who aimed at distinction in conversation, rush along like the turbulent gush from the sluice of a mill-pond, so hurried, and so early exhausted. It was late at night ere I could part from a companion so fascinating; and, when I gained my own apartment, it cost me no small effort to recall to my mind the character of Reddough, such as I had pictured him previous to this meeting.

So effectual, my dear Tristram, does the sense of being pleased and amused blunt our facilities of perception and discrimination of character, that I can only compare it to the taste of certain fruits, as once luscious and poignant, which renders our palate totally unfit for relishing or distinguishing the vinous which are subsequently subjected to its criticism.

## CHAPTER ELEVENTH.

What give ye grief, my sovereigns? I  
 What give ye lack and misery?  
 What give ye long your land no more  
 In the realm of Shalmar?

Our Sovereign Rulers.

The next morning chanced to be Sunday, a day peculiarly hard to be got rid of at Obolobistone Hall; for after the formal religious service of the morning had been performed, at which all the family regularly attended, it was hard to say upon which



individual, Rushleigh and Miss Vernon excepted, the kind of spirit descended with the most abundant outpouring of his spirit. To speak of my yesterday's embarrassment caused Sir Ralphstead for several minutes, and he congratulated me on my deliverance from Maypole or Hitham jail, as he would have done if I had fallen in attempting to clear a five-barred gate, and got up without hurting myself.

"Hast had a lucky turn, lad; but do not be ever venturesome again. What, man! the king's road is free to all men, be they Whigs, be they Tories."

"On my word, sir, I am loathsome of interrupting you, and it is the most provoking thing on earth, that any person will take it for granted that I am accessory to a crime which I despise and detest, and which would, moreover, deservedly forfeit my life to the laws of my country."

"Well, well, lad; even so be it; I ask no questions—no man bound to tell on himself—that's fair play, or the devil's in't."

Rushleigh here came to my assistance; but I could not help thinking that his arguments were calculated rather as hints to his father to put on a show of acquiescence in my declaration of innocence, than fully to establish it.

"In your own house, my dear sir—and your own nephew—you will not surely persist in having his feelings by seeming to discredit what he is so strongly interested in asserting. No doubt, you are fully deserving of all his confidence, and I am sure, were there anything you could do to assist him in this strange affair, he would have recourse to your goodness. But my cousin Frank has been deceived as an innocent man, and no one is entitled to suppose him otherwise. For my part, I have not the least doubt of his innocence; and our family honour, I conceive, requires that we should maintain it with tongue and sword against the whole country."

"Rushleigh," said his father, looking fixedly at him, "there sits a dry bone—there has ever been too cunning for me, and too cunning for most folk. There's one thou provokes too cunning for thyself—two show under one hood is no true loyalty. And since we talk of loyalty, I'll go and read Driftyn."

The resolution he intimated with a yawn, resolution as that of the Goshaw is the Dracad, which was respectfully asked by his great ones, as they dispersed in quest of the postman to

which their minds severely inclined them—Percie to discuss a put of March beer with the steward in the battery,—Thorndiff to cut a pile of wedgins, and fix them in their wicker belts,—John to dress May-dew,—Dudon to play at pitch and toss by himself, his right hand against his left,—and Wilfred to bide his time and turn himself into a slumber which should last till dinner-time, if possible. Miss Vernon had retired to the library.

Rushleigh and I were left alone in the old hall, from which the servants, with their usual haste and awkwardness, had at length contrived to hurry the remains of our substantial breakfast. I took the opportunity to upbraid him with the manner in which he had spoken of my allusion to his father, which I frankly stated was highly offensive to me, as it seemed rather to exhort Sir Hildbrand to suspect his suspicions, than to root them out.

"Why, what can I do, my dear friend?" replied Rushleigh: "my father's disposition is so tenacious of suspicion of all kinds, when once they take root (which, to do him justice, does not easily happen), that I have always found it the best way to silence him upon such subjects, instead of arguing with him. Thus I get the better of the words which I cannot evade, by setting them over as often as they appear, until at length they die away of themselves. There is neither wisdom nor profit in disputing with such a mind as Sir Hildbrand's, which has done itself against conviction, and believes in its own misapprehensions as firmly as we good Catholics do in those of the Holy Father of Rome."

"It is very hard, though, that I should live in the house of a man, and be a near relation too, who will persist in believing me guilty of a highway robbery."

"My father's foolish opinion, if one may give that epithet to any opinion of a father's, does not affect your real innocence, and as to the disproof of the fact, depend on it, that, considered in all its bearings, political as well as moral, Sir Hildbrand regards it as a meretricious action—a weakening of the enemy—a spoiling of the Amalechites; and you will stand the higher in his regard for your supposed success in it."

"I don't so much regret, Mr. Rushleigh, on such terms as must strike me in my eye; and I think these expensive suspicions will afford a very good reason for quitting Catholicism

Well, which I shall do whenever I can communicate on the subject with my father."

The dark countenance of Rushleigh, though little accustomed to betray its master's feelings, exhibited a suppressed smile, which he hastily checked by a sigh.

"You are a happy man, Frank—you go and come, as the wind blows; where it blows. With your address, taste, and talents, you will soon find circles where they will be more valued, than amid the dull inmates of this mansion; while I——" he paused.

"And what is there in your lot that can make you or any one very wiser,—an outcast, as I may almost call myself, from my father's house and favour?"

"Ah, but," answered Rushleigh, "consider the gratified sense of independence which you must have attained by a very temporary sacrifice,—for such I am sure yours will prove to be; consider the power of acting as a free agent, of cultivating your own talents in the way to which your taste determines you, and in which you are well qualified to distinguish yourself. Fame and fortune are cheaply purchased by a few weeks' residence in the North, even though your place of exile be Camelotown Hall. A second Ovid in Thracia, you have not his reasons for writing *Tristia*.

"I do not know," said I, blushing as became a young scribbler, "how you should be so well acquainted with my transient studies."

"There was an engraver of your father's here some time since, a young scoundrel, one Tinsell, who informed me concerning your secret exercises in the mouse, and added, that some of your verses had been greatly admired by the best judges."

True, I believe you are guilty of having ever essayed to build the lofty steeple; but you must have known in your day many an apprentice and fellow-work, if not some of the master-masons, in the temple of Apollo. Vanity is their universal bête, from him who decorated the shades of Twickenham, to the vilest scribbler whom he has looked in his *Diurnal*. I had my own share of this common failing, and without considering how little Elsie this young fellow Tinsell was, by taste and talents, either to be acquainted with me or two little pieces of poetry, which I had at times insinuated into Bedlam's collection, or to report the opinion of the

critics who frequented that resort of wit and literature, I almost instantly forgot the last ; which Rushleigh perceiving, improved his opportunity by a diffident, yet apparently very anxious request to be permitted to see some of my manuscript productions.

"You shall give me an evening in my own apartment," he continued ; "for I must soon lose the charms of literary society for the drudgery of commerce, and the coarse every-day associations of the world. I repeat it, that my compliance with my father's wishes for the advantage of my family, is indeed a sacrifice, especially considering the calm and peaceful profession to which my education destined me."

I was silent, but not a fool, and this hypocrisy was too strong for me to swallow. "You would not persuade me," I replied, "that you really regret to exchange the situation of an obscure Catholic priest, with all its privations, for wealth and society, and the pleasures of the world ?"

Rushleigh saw that he had coloured his affection of moderation too highly, and, after a second's pause, during which, I suppose, he calculated the degree of candour which it was necessary to use with me (that being a quality of which he was never needlessly profuse), he answered, with a smile—"At my age, to be considered, as you say, to wealth and the world, does not, indeed, sound so alarming as perhaps it ought to do. But, with pardon be it spoken, you have mistaken my destination;—a Catholic priest, if you will, but not an obscure one. No, sir,—Rushleigh Ombaldestone will be more obscure, should he rise to be the richest citizen in London, than he might have been as a member of a church, whose ministers, as some one says, 'set their watchful feet on prisons.' My family interest at a certain exalted court is high, and the weight which that court might to possess, and does possess, at Rome is yet higher—my talents not altogether inferior to the education I have received. In sober judgment, I might have looked forward to high eminence in the church—in the dream of glory, to the very highest. Why might not?"—(he added, laughing, for it was part of his manner to keep much of his discourse apparently belated just and current)—"why might not Cardinal Ombaldestone have reaped the fortunes of empire, well-born and well-connected, as well as the low-born Maureau, or Alburno, the son of an Italian partner ?"

"Nay, I can give you no reason to the contrary ; but is your

place I should not much regret being the cause of such pro-  
curers and lawless devotion."

"Neither would I," he replied, "were I sure that my present  
establishment was more certain; but that must depend upon  
circumstances which I can only learn by experience—the dis-  
position of your father, for example."

"Confess the truth without flattery, Radleigh; you would  
willingly know something of him from me?"

"Since, like *Die Verban*, you make a point of following the  
tenets of the good knight *Sincerity*, I reply—certainly."

"Well, then, you will find in my father a man who has  
followed the path of striving more for the exertion they afforded  
to his talents, than for the love of the gold with which they are  
strewed. His active mind would have been happy in any situa-  
tion which gave it scope for exertion, though that exertion had  
been its sole reward. But his wealth has accumulated, because,  
moderate and frugal in his habits, no new sources of expense  
have occurred to dispose of his increasing income. He is a man  
who hates dissimulation in others; never pretends it himself,  
and is particularly alert in discovering motives through the sound-  
ing of language. Himself silent by habit, he is really disgusted  
by great talkers; the rather, that the circumstances by which  
he is most interested, afford no great scope for conversation.  
He is severely strict in the duties of religion, but you have no  
reason to fear his interference with yours, for he regards tolera-  
tion as a sound principle of political economy. But if you have  
any Jacobinical partialities, as is naturally to be supposed, you  
will do well to suppress them in his presence, as well as the least  
tendency to the high-flying or Tey principles, for he holds both  
in utter detestation. For the rest, his word is his own bond,  
and must be the law of all who act under him. He will fail in  
his duty to no one, and will permit no one to fail towards him;  
to cultivate his friends, you must execute his commands, instead  
of obeying his sentiments. His greatest failings arise out of  
prejudices connected with his own profession, or rather his ex-  
clusive devotion to it, which makes him see little worthy of  
praise or censure, unless it be in some measure connected with  
commerce."

"O remarkable portrait!" exclaimed Radleigh, when I was  
silent—"Vandyke was a dealer to you, Frank. I see thy eye  
before me in all his strength and weakness, loving and hating

ing the King as a sort of lord mayor of the empire, or chief of the board of trade—reversing the Commons, for the acts regulating the export trade—and respecting the Poets, because the Lord Chancellor sits on a wooden stool."

"Miss was a Harpiss, Raskleigh; yours is a collection. But to return for the work in paper which I have submitted to you, give me some light on the geography of the unknown lands—"

"On which you are wooded," said Raskleigh. "It is not worth while; it is an Isle of Calypso, unknown to all shades and interests with almost imaginary—but a bare ragged North-western coast, with an title to interest curiosity as to delight the eye; you may destroy it in all its usefulness in half an hour's survey, as well as if I were to lay it down before you by line and compass."

"O, but something there is, worthy a more attentive survey—What say you to Miss Vernon? Does not she form an interesting object in the landscape, were all round as rude as look-hills coast?"

I could plainly perceive that Raskleigh divided the topic now presented to him; but my frank communication had given me the advantageous title to make inquiries on my turn. Raskleigh felt this, and found himself obliged to follow my lead, however difficult he might find it to play his cards successfully. "I have known less of Miss Vernon," he said, "for some time, than I was wont to do formerly. In early age I was her tutor; but as she advanced towards womanhood, my various avocations,—the gravity of the profession to which I was destined,—the peculiar nature of her engagements,—our mutual situation, in short, rendered a close and constant intimacy dangerous and improper. I believe Miss Vernon might consider my reserve as kindness, but it was my duty; I felt as much as she seemed to do, when compelled to give way to passion. But where was the safety in cultivating an intimacy with a beautiful and susceptible girl, whose heart, you are aware, must be given either to the doctor or to a betrothed husband?"

"The doctor or a betrothed husband?" I echoed—"Is that the alternative desired for Miss Vernon?"

"It is indeed," said Raskleigh, with a sigh. "I need not, I suppose, mention you against the danger of cultivating too closely the friendship of Miss Vernon;—you are a man of the world,

and know how far you can indulge yourself in her society with safety to yourself, and justice to her. But I warn you, that, considering her ardent temper, you must let your experience keep guard over her as well as yourself, for the specimen of yesterday may serve to show her extreme thoughtlessness and neglect of decorum."

There was something, I was sensible, of truth, as well as good sense, in all this; it seemed to be given as a friendly warning, and I had no right to take it amiss; yet I felt I could with pleasure have run Rushleigh Geladistone through the body all the time he was speaking.

"The deuce take his kindness!" was my internal meditation. "Would he wish me to order that Miss Vernon had fallen in love with that hatchet-face of his, and become degraded so low as to require his assistance to cure her of an imprudent passion? I will have his meaning from him," was my resolution, "if I should drag it out with cut-throats."

For this purpose, I placed my temper under as accurate a guard as I could, and observed, "That, for a lady of her good sense and acquired accomplishments, it was to be regretted that Miss Vernon's manners were rather blunt and rustic."

"Frank and unreserved, at least, to the extreme," replied Rushleigh: "yet, trust me, she has an excellent heart. To tell you the truth, should she continue her extreme aversion to the doctor, and to her destined husband, and should my own labours in the mine of Flinton promise to secure me a decent independence, I shall think of renewing our acquaintance and sharing it with Miss Vernon."

"With all his fine voice, and well-turned periods," thought I, "this same Rushleigh Geladistone is the ugliest and most conceited conceit I ever met with!"

"But," continued Rushleigh, as if thinking aloud, "I should not like to supplant Thorndiff."

"Supplant Thorndiff!—Is your brother Thorndiff?" I inquired, with great surprise, "the destined husband of Miss Vernon?"

"Why, ay, her father's commands, and a certain family-compact, destined her to marry one of Sir Hilbert's sons. A dispensation has been obtained from Rome to Dame Vernon to marry Monk Geladistone, Esq., son of Sir Hilbert's Geladistone, of Geladistone Hall, Bart., and so forth; and it only

remains to pitch upon the happy man whose name shall fill the gap in the manuscript. Now, as Peck is seldom sober, my father pitched on Thorsdoff, as the second prop of the family, and therefore must proper to carry on the line of the Obed-Ediths."

"The young lady," said I, forcing myself to assume an air of pleasantry, which, I believe, became me extremely ill, "would perhaps have been inclined to look a little lower on the family-tree, for the branch to which she was desirous of clinging."

"I cannot say," he replied. "There is room for little choice in our family; Dick is a gambler, John a boor, and Wilfred an ass. I believe my father really made the best selection for poor Edith, after all."

"The present company," said I, "being always accepted."

"Oh, my destination to the church placed me out of the question; otherwise I will not affirm to say, that, qualified by my education both to instruct and guide Miss Vernon, I might not have been a more creditable choice than any of my sisters."

"And so thought the young lady, doubtless!"

"You are not to suppose so," answered Raskin, with an affectation of denial which was confined to convey the strongest affirmation the case admitted of: "Friendship—only friendship—formed the tie between us, and the tender affection of an opening mind to its only instructor—Love came not near us—I told you I was wise in time."

I felt little inclination to pursue this conversation any farther, and shaking myself clear of Raskin's, withdrew to my own apartment, where I recollect I tremored with much vehemence of agitation, repeating aloud the expressions which had most offended me:—"Susceptible—ardent—tender affection—Love—Diana Vernon, the most beautiful creature I ever beheld, in love with him, the bumpy-legged, half-necked, lumpy-shouldered Richard the Third in all but his hump-back!—And yet the opportunities he must have had during his roving career of lectures; and the fellow's flowing and easy stream of sentiment; and her extreme exclusion from every one who spoke and acted with common sense, ay, and her obvious piety at him, aimed with admiration of his talents, which looked as like the result of ungodly attachment to anything else—Well, and what is it to me, that I should storm and rage at it? Is Diana Vernon the first pretty girl that has loved and married an ugly



follow! And if she were free of every Cobboldstone of them, what concern is it of mine!—a Chicholte—a Jacobite—a turncoat into the boot—for me to look that way were other business."

By throwing such reflections on the faces of my displeasure, I reduced it into a sort of smouldering heart-burning, and appeared at the dinner-table in as sally a humour as could well be imagined.

## CHAPTER TWELFTH.

*Dread!—and speak parrot!—and squabble!—swagger!—  
Sneer!—and discourse business with one's own shadow!*

*CHICHO.*

I have already told you, my dear Treham, what probably was so new to you, that my principal fault was an unconquerable pitch of pride, which exposed me to frequent mortification. I had not even whispered to myself that I loved Miss Vernon; yet so soon did I hear Bashleigh talk of her as a prize which he might stoop to carry off, or neglect, at his pleasure, that every word which the poor girl had taken, in the innocence and openness of her heart, to form a sort of friendship with me, seemed in my eyes the most insulting condescension.—"But! she would secure me as a job done, I suppose, in case Mr. Bashleigh Cobboldstone should not take compassion upon her! But I will satisfy her that I am not a person to be trepanned in that manner—I will make her sensible that I see through her arts, and that I scorn them."

I did not reflect for a moment, that all this indignation, which I had no right whatever to entertain, proved that I was anything but indifferent to Miss Vernon's charms; and I sat down to table as high ill-humour with her and all the daughters of Eve.

Miss Vernon heard me, with surprise, return ungracious answers to one or two playful strokes of satire which she threw out with her usual freedom of speech; but, having no suspicion that offence was meant, she only replied to my rude repetitions with jest somewhat stalling, but polished by her good temper, though pointed by her wit. At length she perceived I was

really out of humour, and answered one of my rude speeches thus :—

"They say, Mr. Frank, that one may gather more from fists—I heard cousin Wilfred refuse to play any longer at bridge the other day with cousin Thorne, because cousin Thorne got angry, and struck harder than the rules of amiable combat, it seems, permitted." "Were I to break your head in good earnest," quoth honest Wilfred, "I care not how angry you are, for I should do it so much the more easily ;—but it's hard I should get up over the matter, and only pay you back in mala-bolus!"—Do you understand the moral of this, Frank?"

"I have never felt myself under the necessity, madam, of studying how to extract the slender portions of sense with which this family seems their conversation."

"Nonsense! and nonsense!—You surprise me, Mr. Colchester."

"I am unfortunate in doing so."

"Am I to suppose that this suspicious tone is serious? or is it only assumed, to make your good-humour more valuable?"

"You have a right to the attention of so many gentlemen in this family, Miss Vernon, that it must be worth your while to inquire into the cause of my stupidity and bad spirits."

"What?" she said, "am I to understand, then, that you have deserted my faction, and gone over to the enemy?"

Then, looking across the table, and observing that Rushleigh, who was seated opposite, was watching us with a singular expression of interest on his harsh features, she continued—

"Horrible thought!—*—*ay, now I see 'tis true,  
For the good-natured Rushleigh smiles on us,  
And points at this for his!—"

Well, thank Heaven, and the unprotected state which has taught me endurance, I do not take offence easily; and that I may not be forced to quarrel, whether I like it or no, I have the honour, earlier than usual, to wish you a happy digestion of your dinner and your bad humour."

And she left the table accordingly.

Upon Miss Vernon's departure, I found myself very little supplied with my own comfort. I had hardly been offered kindness, of which circumstances had but lately pointed out

the honest sincerity, and I had but just stopped short of insulting the beautiful, and, as she had said with some emphasis, the unprotected being by whom I was proffered. My conduct seemed brutal in my own eyes. To combat or drown these painful reflections, I applied myself more frequently than usual to the wine which circulated on the table.

The excited state of my feelings combined with my habits of temperance to give rapid effect to the beverage. Eccentric liquors, I believe, acquire the power of making themselves with a quantity of liquor that does little more than modify those intellects which in their sober state are some of the clearest; but men who are strangers to the use of drunkenness as a habit, are more powerfully acted upon by intoxicating liquors. My spirits, once aroused, became extravagant. I talked a great deal, argued upon what I knew nothing of, told stories of which I forgot the point, then laughed immoderately at my own forgetfulness. I accepted several bets without having the least judgment; I challenged the giant John to wrestle with me, although he had kept the ring at Hoxham for a year, and I never tried so much as a single fall.

My uncle had the goodness to interpose and prevent this continuation of drunken folly, which, I suppose, would have either wine ended in my neck being broken.

It has even been reported by malignants, that I sang a song while under this vicious influence; but, as I remember nothing of it, and never attempted to turn a line in all my life before or since, I would willingly hope there is no actual foundation for the calumny. I was absent enough without this exaggeration. Without positively losing my senses, I speedily lost all command of my temper, and my impetuous passions whirled me around at their pleasure. I had one down silly and discontented, and disposed to be silent—the wine rendered me loquacious, disputatious, and quarrelsome. I contradicted whatever was asserted, and attacked, without any respect to my uncle's table, both his politics and his religion. The affected moderation of Blacking, which he well knew how to qualify with irritating ingredients, was even more provoking to me than the easy and bullying language of his dissipated brothers. My uncle, to do him justice, endeavored to bring us to order, but his authority was lost within the turret of wine and passion. At length, shrill at some real or supposed injurious insinuation, I

actually struck Rushleigh with my fist. No Stoic philosopher, superior to his own passion and that of others, could have received an insult with a higher degree of scorn. What he himself did not think it apparently worth while to resent, Thackeray resented for him. Swords were drawn, and we exchanged one or two passes, when the other brothers separated us by main force; and I shall never forget the diabolical manner which withered Rushleigh's upward features, as I was forced from the apartment by the main strength of two of these powerful Titans. They secured me in my apartment by locking the door, and I heard them, in my impassioned rage, laugh heartily as they descended the stairs. I essayed in my fury to break out; but the window-panes, and the strength of a door drenched with iron, resisted my efforts. At length I threw myself on my bed, and full asleep awaited word of due revenge to be taken in the morning day.

But with the morning cool repentance came. I felt, in the keenest manner, the violence and absurdity of my conduct, and was obliged to confess that wine and passion had lowered my intellects even below those of Wilfred Galsworthy, whom I held in so much contempt. My unaccountable reflections were by no means soothed by recollecting the necessity of an apology for my improper behaviour, and recollecting that Miss Vernon must be a witness of my submission. The impropriety and vulgarity of my conduct to her personally, added not a little to these galling considerations, and for this I could not even plead the miserable excuse of intoxication.

Under all these aggravating feelings of shame and degradation, I descended to the breakfast hall, like a criminal to receive sentence. It chanced that a hard frost had rendered it impossible to take out the boards, so that I had the additional mortification to meet the family, excepting only Rushleigh and Miss Vernon, in full dress, surrounding the cold winter party and chow of beef. They were in high glee as I entered, and I could easily imagine that the jests were furnished at my expense. In fact, what I was disposed to consider with serious pain, was regarded as an excellent good joke by my uncle, and the greater part of my cousin. Sir Hildebrand, while he called me on the explicit of the preceding evening, worse he thought a young fellow had better be thrice drunk in one day, than much sober in bed like a Presbyterian, and leave a batch of honest fellows, and a double

quart of claret. And to back this conciliatory speech, he poured out a large bumper of brandy, exhorting me to swallow "a haly of the dog that had bit me."

"Neroe said these hole laughing, savvy," he continued, "they would have been all as great sillkaps as yourself, had I not warned them, as one may say, on the foot and instard."

His tone was not the least of my conscience to proceed; they saw I was vexed and hurt at the recollections of the preceding evening, and volunteered, with clumsy kindness, to remove the painful impressions they had made on me. Thorsdoff alone looked sad and unaccounted. This young man had never fixed me from the beginning; and in the marks of attention occasionally shown me by his brothers, unknown as they were, he alone had never joined. If it was true, of which, however, I began to have my doubts, that he was considered by the family, or regarded himself, as the destined husband of Miss Vernon, a sentiment of jealousy might have sprung up in his mind from the marked preference which it was that young lady's pleasure to show for one whom Thorsdoff might, perhaps, think likely to become a dangerous rival.

Kathleigh at last entered, her cheeks as dark as mourning wood—brooding, I could not but deem, over the acquaintance and disgraceful insult I had offered to him. I had already settled in my own mind how I was to behave on the occasion, and had schooled myself to believe, that true honour consisted not in defending, but in apologising for, an injury as much disproportioned to any pretension I might have to allege.

I therefore hastened to meet Kathleigh, and to express myself to the highest degree sorry for the violence with which I had acted on the preceding evening. "No circumstances," I said, "could have wrung from me a single word of apology, save my own consciousness of the impropriety of my behaviour. I hoped my cousin would accept of my regrets as sincerely offered, and consider how much of my misconduct was owing to the excessive hospitality of Oculidstone Hall."

"He shall be friends with thee, lad," said the honest knight, in the full effusion of his heart; "or d—n me, if I call him one more!—Why, Kathie, dost stand there like a log? Speak for it is all a gentleman's way, if he happens to do anything wrong, especially over his claret. I agree in Humaloe, and should have something, I think, of office of honour. Let me hear to

more of this, and we'll go in a body and revenge our little backer in *Hilfsverwandtschaft*."

Raskinigh's face resembled, as I have already noticed, no other countenance that I ever saw. But this singularity lay not only in the features, but in the mode of displaying their expression. Other countenances, in passing from grief to joy, or from anger to satisfaction, pass through some brief interval, are the expression of the predominant passion superseded entirely that of its predecessor. There is a sort of twilight, like that between the clearing up of the darkness and the rising of the sun, while the swollen muscles subside, the dark eye clears, the forehead relaxes and expands itself, and the whole countenance loses its sterner shades, and becomes serene and placid. Raskinigh's face exhibited none of these gradations, but changed almost instantaneously from the expression of one passion to that of the contrary. I can compare it to nothing but the sudden shifting of a scene in the theatre, where, at the whistle of the prompter, a desert disappears, and a grove arises.

My attention was strongly arrested by this peculiarity on the present occasion. As Raskinigh's first entrance, "black he stood as night!" With the same inflexible countenance he bore my excuses and his father's exhortation; and it was not until Sir Hilfsfreund had done speaking, that the cloud cleared away at once, and he appeared, in the kindest and most civil terms, his perfect satisfaction with the very handsome apology I had offered.

"Indeed," he said, "I have no power a brain myself, when I impose on it the least burden beyond my usual three glasses, that I have only, like honest Quixote, a very vague recollection of the confusion of last night—remember a mass of things, but nothing distinctly—a quarrel, but nothing wherefore—So, my dear cousin," he continued, shaking me kindly by the hand, "excuse how much I am relieved by finding that I have to receive an apology, instead of having to make one—I will not have a word said upon the subject more; I should be very foolish to institute any writing (as an account, when the balance, which I expected to be against me, has been so unexpectedly and agreeably struck in my favour. You see, Mr. Ghiselinckens, I am purifying the language of Lombard Street, and qualifying myself for my new calling."

As I was about to answer, and raised my eyes for the purpose,

they encountered those of Miss Vernon, who, having entered the room unobserved during the conversation, had given it her close attention. Ashamed and confounded, I fixed my eyes on the ground, and made my escape to the breakfast-table, where I lapsed among my busy thoughts.

My uncle, that the events of the preceding day might not pass out of our memory without a practical moral lesson, took occasion to give Rushleigh and me his serious advice to correct our milking habits, as he termed them, and gradually to inure our bodies to bear a gentlemanlike quantity of liquor, without trouble or breaking of heads. He recommended that we should begin piddling with a regular quart of claret per day, which, with the aid of March beer and brandy, made a handsome competence for a beginner in the art of topling. And for our encouragement, he assured us that he had known many a man who had lived to our years without having drunk a pint of wine at a sitting, who yet, by falling into honest company, and following honest examples, had afterwards been numbered among the best good fellows of the time, and could carry off their six bottles under their belts quietly and comfortably, without bawling or belching, and be neither sick nor sorry the next morning.

Safe as this advice was, and comfortable as was the prospect it held out to me, I profited but little by the exhortation—partly, perhaps, because, as often as I raised my eyes from the table, I observed Miss Vernon's looks fixed on me, in which I thought I could read grave warnings blended with regret and disapproval. I began to consider how I should seek a scene of explanation and apology with her also, when she gave me to understand she was determined to serve me the trouble of self-righting an interview. "Come, Francis," she said, addressing me by the name she used to give to the other Galsworthy, although I had, properly speaking, no title to be called her kinsman, "I have encountered this morning a difficult passage in the *Divina Commedia* of Dante; will you have the goodness to stop to the library and give me your assistance? and when you have ascertained for me the meaning of the obscure *Flaccidus*, we will join the rest at Birkwood-lane, and see their luck at unearthing the badge."

I signified, of course, my readiness to wait upon her. Rushleigh made an offer to accompany us. "I am something better skilled," he said, "in tracking the *agony* of Dante through the

metaphors and allusions of his wild and gloomy poem, than at leaving the poor ineffective hermit yonder out of his care."

"Fusion us, Rastleigh," said Miss Vernon, "but as you are to occupy Mr. Farnley's place in the counting-house, you must surrender to him the charge of your people's education at Oakdale House Hall. We shall call you in, however, if there is any occasion; as prey do not look so grave upon it. Besides, it is a shame to you not to understand *Salliquaria*—What will you do should our uncle in Goose-Lake ask you the signs by which you track a hedgehog?"

"Ay, true, true,—true," said Sir Hildbrand, with a sigh, "I mislaid Rastleigh will be found short at the leap when he is put to the trial. As he would ha' learned useful knowledge like his brothers, he was bred up where it grew, I was; but French nation, and book-learning, with the new turnips, and the rats, and the Hanoverians, ha' changed the world that I ha' known in Old England—But come along with us, Basil, and carry my hantling-staff, man; thy cousin lacks none of thy company as now, and I would ha' Die crossed—It's wiser he said there was but one woman in Oakdale House Hall, and she died for lack of her will."

Rastleigh followed his father, as he commanded, not, however, as he had whispered to Diana, "I suppose I must in discretion bring the master, Ceremony, in my company, and knock when I approach the door of the library?"

"No, no, Rastleigh," said Miss Vernon; "desist from your company the like archbishop's Disimulation, and it will better serve your due access to our classical consultations."

So saying, she led the way to the library, and I followed—like a criminal, I was going to say, to execution; but, as I bethink me, I have used the simile once, if not twice before. Without any skills at all, then, I followed, with a sense of awkward and conscious embarrassment, which I would have given a great deal to shake off. I thought it a degrading and servile feeling to attend one on such an occasion, having breathed the air of the Continent long enough to have imbibed the notion that lightness, gallantry, and something approaching to well-bred self-assurance, should distinguish the gentlemen whom a fair lady selects for her companions in a *stade-tete*.

My English feelings, however, were too many for my French education, and I made, I believe, a very pitiful figure, when Miss



Yarns, seating herself majestically in a large elbow-chair in the library, like a judge about to hear a case of importance, signed to me to take a chair opposite to her (which I did, much like the poor fellow who is going to be tried), and entered upon conversation in a tone of bitter irony.

### CHAPTER THIRTEENTH.

She was his thought, who first in prison staid.  
The weapon formed her daughter—then his,  
And warrior of domestic, who battled  
The martial cause in the social camp,  
To fill the void with death instead of life.

APOTHECARY.

"Trust my word, Mr. Francis Cabaldstone," said Miss Vernon, with the air of one who thought herself fully entitled to assume the privilege of ironical reproach, which she was pleased to exert, "your character improves upon us, sir—I could not have thought that it was in you. Yesterday might be considered as your wedding-day, to prove yourself entitled to be free of the corporation of Cabaldstone Hall. But it was a masterpiece."

"I am quite sensible of my ill-luck, Miss Vernon, and I can only say for myself that I had received some compensations by which my spirits were unusually agitated. I am conscious I was impetuous and absurd."

"You do yourself great injustice," said the merciless monitor—"you have achieved, by what I saw and have since heard, to exhibit in the course of one evening a happy display of all the various masterly qualifications which distinguish your several courtesies;—the gentle and generous temper of the benevolent Rushleigh,—the temperance of Perce,—the cool courage of Thorndike,—John's skill in dog-breaking,—Dorion's aptitude in boxing,—all exhibited by the single individual, Mr. Francis, and that with a selection of time, place, and circumstances, worthy the taste and sagacity of the apostle Wilfred."

"Have a little story, Miss Vernon," said I; for I confess I thought the schooling as severe as the case merited, especially considering from what quarter it came, "and forgive me if I

suggest, as an excuse for falling I am not usually guilty of, the custom of this house and country. I am far from approving of it; but we have Shakespeare's authority for saying, that good went in a good further cruet, and that any man living may be overruled at some time."

"Ay, Mr. Francis, but he places the panegyric and the apology in the mouth of the greatest villain his pencil has drawn. I will not, however, abuse the advantage your quotation has given me, by overwhelming you with the relations with which the *Victim* Charles relates to the tempter Iago. I only wish you to know, that there is one person at least sorry to see a youth of talents and expectations sink into the slough in which the misdoers of this house are nightly wallowing."

"I have lost not my shoe, I assure you, Miss Vernon, and am too sensible of the risk of the public to step further in."

"If such be your resolution," she replied, "it is a wise one. But I was so much vexed at what I heard, that your concerns have passed before my own.—You listened to me yesterday, during dinner, as if something had been told you which lowered or lowered me in your opinion—I beg leave to ask you what it was?"

I was stung. The direct bluntness of the demand was such in the style and gentleman as to another, when requesting explanation of any part of his conduct in a good-humoured yet determined manner, and was totally devoid of the circumlocutions, shadings, softeners, and periphrases, which usually accompany explanations between persons of different ranks in the higher orders of society.

I remained completely embarrassed; for it passed on my reflection, that Blackleigh's communications, supposing them to be correct, might to have rendered Miss Vernon rather an object of my compassion than of my justish resentment; and had they furnished the best apology possible for my own conduct, still I must have had the utmost difficulty in detailing what admitted such necessary and natural offences to Miss Vernon's feelings. She observed my hesitation, and proceeded, in a tone somewhat more peremptory, but still temperate and civil.—"I hope Mr. Obedience does not dispute my title to request this explanation. I have no relative who can protect me; it is, therefore, just that I be permitted to protect myself."

I hesitated with hesitation to throw the blame of my rude

behalf upon indisposition—upon disagreeable letters from London. She offered me to accept my apologies, and fairly to put myself against, listening all the while with a smile of absolute incredulity.

"And now, Mr. Francis, having gone through your prologue of excuses, with the same bad grace with which all prologues are delivered, please to draw the curtain, and show me what which I desire to see. In a word, let me know what Radleigh says of me; for he is the grand engineer and first mover of all the machinery of Oakfield House Hall."

"But, supposing there was anything to tell, Miss Vernon, what does he deserve that betrays the secrets of one ally to another?—Radleigh, you yourself told me, remained your ally, though no longer your friend."

"I have neither patience for evasions, nor inclination for jesting, on the present subject. Radleigh cannot—ought not—have not, hold any language respecting me, Miss Vernon, but what I may demand to hear repeated. That there are subjects of secrecy and confidence between us, is most certain, but to such, his communications to you could have no relation, and with such, I, as an individual, have no concern."

I had, by this time recovered my presence of mind, and hastily determined to avoid making any disclosure of what Radleigh had told me in a sort of confidence. There was something unworthy in retelling private conversation; it could, I thought, do no good, and must necessarily give Miss Vernon great pain. I therefore replied, gravely, "that nothing but firmness talk had passed between Mr. Radleigh Oakfieldstone and me on the side of the family at the Hall; and I protested, that nothing had been said which left a serious impression to her disadvantage. As a gentleman, I said, I could not be more explicit in reporting private conversation."

She started up with the animation of a Gaudin about to advance into battle. "This shall not serve your turn, sir,—I must have another answer from you." Her features flushed—her brow became flushed—her eye glared wild-fire as she proceeded—"I demand such an explanation, as a woman handsomely educated has a right to demand from every man who calls himself a gentleman—as a creature, motherless, friendless, since in the world, left to her own guidance and protection, has a right to require from every being having a happier lot, in the

name of that God who sent them into the world to enjoy, and for to suffer. You shall not deny me—no," she added, looking solemnly upwards, "you will rue your denial, if there is justice for wrong either on earth or in heaven."

I was vitally interested at her vehemence, but felt, then regretted, that it became my duty to lay aside conspicuous display, and give her briefly, but distinctly, the heads of the information which Rushleigh had conveyed to me.

She sat down and resumed her composure, as soon as I entered upon the subject, and when I stopped to seek for the most delicate turn of expression, she repeatedly interrupted me with "Go on—go on, go on," the first word which comes to you is the plainest, and must be the best. Do not think of my feelings, but speak as you would to an unconcerned third party."

Thus urged and encouraged, I stumbled through all the account which Rushleigh had given of her early contract to marry an Obekidsson, and of the uncertainty and difficulty of her choice, and there I would willingly have passed. But her persistence discovered that there was still something hidden, and even pressed to what it related.

"Well, it was ill-natured of Rushleigh to tell this tale on me. I am like the poor girl in the fairy tale, who was betrothed in her cradle to the Black Bear of Norway, but complained chiefly of being called Bruise's bride by her companions at school. But besides all this, Rushleigh said something of himself with relation to me—Did he not?"

"He certainly hinted, that were it not for the idea of supplanting his brother, he would now, in consequence of his change of profession, be desirous that the word Rushleigh should fill up the blank in the disposition, instead of the word Thorndell."

"Ay! indeed!" she replied—"was he so very understanding!—Too much honour for his humble handmaid, Diana Vernon.—And she, I suppose, was to be snatched with joy could such a substitute be effected?"

"To confess the truth, he intimated as much, and even further hinted"—

"What!—let me hear it all!" she exclaimed, hastily.

"That he had broken off your mutual engagement, but it should have given rise to an affection by which his destination to the church would not permit him to profit."

"I am obliged to him for his consideration," replied Miss Vernon, every feature of her fine countenance bent to express the most extreme degree of scorn and contempt. She passed a moment, and then said, with her usual composure, "There is but little I have heard from you which I did not expect to hear, and which I ought not to have expected; because, being one circumstance, it is all very true. But as there are some persons so active, that a few drops, it is said, will infect a whole bucket, so there is one falsehood in Rockleigh's communications, powerful enough to corrupt the whole well in which Truth herself is said to have dwelt. It is the leading and bad falsehood, that, knowing Rockleigh as I have reason too well to know him, any circumstance on earth could make me think of sharing my lot with him. Ha," she continued with a sort of awful shuddering that seemed to express involuntary horror, "any lot rather than that—the lot, the gambler, the bully, the pederst, the insatiate thief, were a thousand times preferable to Rockleigh:—the current—the jail—the grave, shall be welcome before them all."

There was a sad sad melancholy cadence in her voice, corresponding with the strange and interesting romance of her situation. So young, so beautiful, so untaught, so much abandoned to herself, and deprived of all the support which her sex derives from the countenance and protection of female friends, and even of that degree of defence which arises from the forms with which the sex are approached in civilized life,—it is more metaphorical to say, that my heart bled for her. Yet there was an expression of dignity in her contempt of society—of upright feeling in her dislike of falsehood—of firm resolution in the manner in which she contemplated the dangers by which she was surrounded, which blended my pity with the warmest admiration. She seemed a princess banished by her subjects, and deprived of her power, yet still wearing those formal regulations of society which are created for persons of an inferior rank; and, amid her difficulties, relying boldly and confidently on the justice of Heaven, and the mistaken anatomy of her own mind.

I offered to express the mingled feelings of sympathy and admiration with which her unfortunate situation and her high spirit combined to impress me, but she imposed silence on me at once.

"I told you in jest," she said, "that I disliked compliments—I now tell you in earnest, that I do not ask sympathy, and that I despise consolation. What I have borne, I have borne—What I am to bear I will sustain as I may; no word of encouragement can make a burden feel one feather's weight lighter to the slave who must carry it. There is only one human being who could have assisted me, and that is he who has rather chosen to add to my embarrassment—Nevertheless Obedience.—Yes! the true cause was that I might have learned to love that man—But, great God! the purpose for which he manifested himself into the confidence of one already so fallen—the undomineering and continued anxiety with which he pursued that purpose from year to year, without one single momentary pause of remorse or compunction—the purpose for which he would have converted into poison the food he administered to my mind—Gracious Providence! what should I have been in this world, and the next, in body and soul, had I fallen under the arts of this accomplished villain?"

I was so much struck with the sense of perfidious treachery which those words disclosed, that I rose from my chair hardly knowing what I did, laid my hand on the hilt of my sword, and was about to leave the apartment in search of him on whom I might discharge my just indignation. Almost breathless, and with eyes and looks in which sorrow and indignation had given way to the most lively shame, Miss Vernon threw herself between me and the door of the apartment.

"Stay!" she said—"stay!—however just your resentment, you do not know half the secrets of this fearful prison-house." She then glanced her eyes anxiously round the room, and sent her voice almost to a whisper—"He bears a charmed life; you cannot assail him without endangering other lives, and wider destruction. Had it been otherwise, in some hour of justice he had hardly been safe, even from the weak hand. I told you," she said, restoring me back to my seat, "that I needed no comforters—I now tell you I need no weapons."

I resumed my seat mechanically, creating on what she said, and reflecting also, what had escaped me in my first glow of resentment, that I had no tale whatever to contribute myself Miss Vernon's champion. She passed to let her own emotions and mine subside, and then addressed me with more composure.

"I have already said that there is a mystery connected with

Blackbriar, of a dangerous and fatal nature. Villain as he is, and as he knows he stands convicted in my eyes, I cannot— dare not, openly break with or defy him. You also, Mr. Cadellington, must bear with him with patience, foil his artifice by opposing to them presence, not violence; and, above all, you must avoid such scenes as that of last night, which cannot but give him serious advantage over you. This caution I designed to give you, and it was the object with which I desired this interview; but I have extended my confidence further than I proposed."

I assured her it was not misgiving.

"I do not believe that it is," she replied. "You know that in your face and manner which enthusiasm trust. Let us continue to be friends. You need not fear," she said, laughing, while she blushed a little, yet speaking with a fine and unembarrassed voice, "that friendship with us should prove only a specious name, as the poet says, for another feigning. I belong, in habits of thinking and acting, rather to your sex, with which I have always been brought up, than to my own. Besides, the fatal veil was wrapt round me in my cradle; for you may easily believe I have never thought of the detestable condition under which I may remove it. The time," she added, "for expressing my final determination is not arrived, and I would then have the freedom of wild health and open air with the other circumstances of nature, as long as I can be permitted to enjoy them. And now that the passage to Dartie is made so clear, pray go and see what has become of the badger-hunters. My head aches so much that I cannot join the party."

I left the library, but not to join the hunters. I felt that a solitary walk was necessary to compose my spirits before I again trusted myself in Blackbriar's company, whose depth of calculating villainy had been so strikingly exposed to me. In Dehewy's family (as he was of the reformed persuasion) I had heard much a tale of English parents who grieved, at the expense of friendship, hospitality, and the most sacred ties of social life, those parents, the blindness indulgence of which is denied by the rules of their order. But the deliberate system of undertaking the education of a deserted orphan of noble birth, and so intimately allied to his own family, with the perfidious purpose of ultimately seducing her, detested as it was by the intended victim with all the glow of virtuous resent-

ment, seemed more attractive to me than the word of the tales I had heard at Bordeaux, and I felt it would be extremely difficult for me to meet Raskinigh, and yet to suppress the admiration with which he impressed me. Yet this was absolutely necessary, not only on account of the mysterious charge which Diana had given me, but because I had, in reality, no conceivable ground for quarrelling with him.

I therefore resolved, as far as possible, to meet Raskinigh's disavowal with equal caution on my part during our residence in the same family; and when he should depart for London, I resolved to give Owen at least such a hint of his character as might keep him on his guard over my father's misanthrope. Avarice or ambition, I thought, might have as great, or greater charms, for a mind constituted like Raskinigh's, than universal pleasure; the energy of his character, and his power of assuming all seeming good qualities, were likely to procure him a high degree of confidence, and it was not to be hoped that either good faith or gratitude would prevent him from abusing it. The task was somewhat difficult, especially in my circumstances, since the emotion which I there ought might be imputed to jealousy of my rival, or rather my successor, in my father's favour. Yet I thought it absolutely necessary to frame such a letter, leaving it to Owen, who, in his own line, was wary, prudent, and discerning, to make the necessary use of his knowledge of Raskinigh's true character. Such a letter, therefore, I framed, and dispatched to the post-house by the first opportunity.

At my meeting with Raskinigh, he, as well as I, appeared to have taken up distinct ground, and to be disposed to avoid all pretence for collusion. He was probably conscious that Miss Vernon's communications had been unfavourable to him, though he could not know that they intended to discover his malicious vilings towards her. Our intercourse, therefore, was reserved on both sides, and turned on subjects of little interest. Indeed, his stay at Colindale Hall did not exceed a few days after this period, during which I only remarked two circumstances respecting him. The first was the rapid and almost imperceptible manner in which his powerful and active mind edified upon and arranged the elementary principles necessary to his new profession, which he now studied hard, and occasionally made parade of his progress, as if to show me how right it was



for him to lift the burden which I had slung down from very weakness and inability to carry it. The other remarkable circumstance was, that, notwithstanding the injuries with which Miss Vernon charged Rushleigh, they had several private interviews together of considerable length, although their bearing towards each other in public did not seem more cooled than usual.

When the day of Rushleigh's departure arrived, his father bade him farewell with indifference; his brothers with the dissipated glee of school-boys who see their task-master depart for a season, and feel a joy which they dare not express; and I myself with cold politeness. When he approached Miss Vernon, and would have saluted her, she drew back with a look of haughty disdain; but still, as she extended her hand to him, "Farewell, Rushleigh; God reward you for the good you have done, and forgive you for the evil you have meditated."

"Amen, my fair cousin," he replied, with an air of sanctity, which belonged, I thought, to the sanctuary of Saint Omer; "happy is he whose good intentions have borne fruit in deeds, and whose evil thoughts have perished in the blossom."

These were his parting words. "Accomplished hypocrite!" said Miss Vernon to me, as the door closed behind him—"how nearly can what we most despise and hate, approach in outward manner to that which we most venerate!"

I had written to my father by Rushleigh, and also a few lines to Owen, besides the confidential letter which I have already mentioned, and which I thought it more proper and prudent to dispatch by another conveyance. In these epistles, it would have been natural for me to have pointed out to my father and my friend, that I was at present in a situation where I could improve myself in no respect, unless in the system of hearing and hawking; and where I was not unlikely to forget, in the company of rude grooves and horse-boys, any useful knowledge or elegant accomplishments which I had hitherto acquired. It would also have been natural that I should have expressed the disgust and tedium which I was likely to feel among beings whose whole souls were centred in field-sports or more disgusting pastimes—that I should have complained of the habitual intemperance of the family in which I was a guest, and the difficulty and almost resentment with which my uncle, Sir Eldred, received my apology for deserting the bottle.

This last, indeed, was a topic on which my father, himself a man of severe temperance, was likely to be easily alarmed, and to have touched upon this spring would to a certainty have opened the doors of my prison-house, and would either have been the means of striding my exile, or at least would have procured me a change of residence during my vacation.

I say, my dear Trobair, that, considering how very unpleasant a prolonged residence at Obediskatone Hall must have been, to a young man of my age, and with my habits, it might have seemed very natural that I should have pointed out all these disadvantages to my father, in order to obtain his consent for leaving my uncle's mansion. Nothing, however, is more certain, than that I did not say a single word to this purpose in my letters to my father and Owen. If Obediskatone Hall had been Athens in all its pristine glory of learning, and inhabited by sages, heroes, and poets, I could not have expressed less inclination to leave it.

If there had any of the aids of youth left in thee, Trobair, thou wilt be at no loss to account for my silence on a topic so obviously so obvious. Miss Vernon's extreme beauty, of which she herself seemed so little conscious—her romantic and mysterious situation—the evils to which she was exposed—the courage with which she seemed to face them—her manners, more frank than belonged to her sex, yet, as it seemed to me, exceeding in frankness only from the shameless consciousness of her licentious,—above all, the obvious and flattering distinction which she made in my favour over all other persons, were at once calculated to interest my best feelings, to excite my curiosity, awaken my imagination, and gratify my vanity. I do not, indeed, profess to myself the depth of the interest with which Miss Vernon inspired me, or the large share which she occupied in my thoughts. We read together, walked together, rode together, and ate together. The studies which she had broken off upon her quarrel with Rashleigh, she now resumed, under the auspices of a tutor whose views were more sincere, though his capacity was far more limited.

In truth, I was by no means qualified to assist her in the prosecution of several profound studies which she had commenced with Rashleigh, and which appeared to me more fitted for a churchman than for a beautiful female. Neither can I conceive with what view he should have engaged Diana in the

glorious mass of casuistry which schoolmen called philosophy, or in the equally abstruse though more certain sciences of mathematics and astronomy; unless it were to break down and confound in her mind the difference and distinction between the good, and to habituate her to trains of subtle reasoning, by which he might at his own time learn that which is wrong with the colour of that which is right. It was in the same spirit, though in the latter case the evil purpose was more obvious, that the house of Radleigh had encouraged Miss Vernon in sitting up, night and day, during the hours and ceremonial limits which are drawn round females in modern society. It is true, she was sequestered from all female company, and could not learn the usual rules of discourse, either from example or precept; yet such was her innate modesty, and accurate sense of what was right and wrong, that she would not of herself have adopted the bold uncompromising manner which struck me with so much surprise on our first acquaintance, had she not been led to conceive that a contempt of commony indicated at once superiority of understanding and the confidence of conscious innocence. Her wily instructor had, no doubt, his own views in breeding those exterior which reserve and caution meet around virtue. But for these, and for his other crimes, he has long since answered at a higher tribunal.

Beside the progress which Miss Vernon, whose parental mind readily adopted every means of instruction offered to it, had made in more abstract sciences, I found her no contemptible linguist, and well acquainted both with ancient and modern literature. Were it not that strong ideas will often go farther when they seem to have least assistance, it would be almost incredible to tell the rapidity of Miss Vernon's progress in knowledge; and it was still more extraordinary, when her stock of mental acquisitions from books was compared with her total ignorance of actual life. It seemed as if she saw and knew everything, except what passed in the world around her;—and I believe it was this very ignorance and simplicity of thinking upon ordinary subjects, so strikingly contrasted with her fund of general knowledge and information, which rendered her conversation so irresistibly fascinating, and directed the attention to whatever she said or did, since it was absolutely impossible to anticipate whether her next word or action was

to display the most acute perception, or the most profound simplicity. The degree of danger which necessarily attended a youth of my age and keen feelings from remaining in close and constant intimacy with an object as available, and so particularly interesting, all who remember their own sentiments at my age may easily estimate.

## CHAPTER FOURTEENTH.

Two leap its line of sparkling light  
Shoots from my lady's tower  
How why should Beauty's lamp be bright  
At midnight's lonely hour ?

Our Ransom.

THE mode of life at Colchester Hall was too uniform to admit of description. Diana Vernon and I enjoyed much of our time in our antedivine studies; the rest of the family killed theirs in such sports and pastimes as suited the season, to which we also took a share. My mode was a man of letters, and by habit became so much accustomed to my pen and mode of life, that, upon the whole, he was rather fond of me than otherwise. I might probably have done yet higher in his good graces, had I employed the same arts for that purpose which were used by Ransleigh, who, availing himself of his father's disinterestedness in business, had gradually insinuated himself into the management of his property. But although I readily gave my mode the advantage of my pen and my arithmetic so often as he desired to correspond with a neighbour, or settle with a tenant, and was, in so far, a more useful inmate in his family than any of his sons, yet I was not willing to oblige Sir Hildston by relieving him entirely from the management of his own affairs; so that, while the good knight admitted that every French was a steady, handy lad, he seldom failed to remark in the same breath, that he did not think he should be' named Ransleigh so much as he was like to do.

As it is particularly unpleasant to reside in a family where we are at variance with any part of it, I made every effort to overcome the ill-will which my cousins entertained against me. I exchanged my head hat for a jockey-cap, and made some

progress in their studies; I took a young colt in a manner which carried me further into their good graces. A hot or two opportunely led to Driven, and an extra health pledged with Farn, placed me on an easy and familiar footing with all the young squire, except Thorndiff.

I have already noticed the dislike entertained against me by this young fellow, who, as he had rather more sense, had also a much worse temper, than any of his brethren. Stubborn, dogged, and quarrelsome, he regarded my residence at Oakfield House Hall as an intrusion, and viewed with curious and jealous eyes my intimacy with Diana Vernon, whom the effect proposed to be given me a certain family-compact assigned to him as an intended spouse. That he loved her, could scarcely be said, at least without much misapplication of the word; but he regarded her as something appropriated to himself, and resented internally the interference which he knew not how to prevent or interrupt. I attempted a tone of conciliation towards Thorndiff on several occasions; but he rejected my advances with a manner about as generous as that of a grunting mastiff, when the animal shares and rejects a stranger's attempts to caress him. I therefore abandoned him to his ill-humour, and gave myself no further trouble about the matter.

Such was the footing upon which I stood with the family at Oakfield House Hall; but I ought to mention another of its inmates with whom I occasionally held some discourse. This was Andrew Farnswick, the parson who (since he had discovered that I was a Protestant) rarely suffered me to pass him without proffering his Scotch psalm for a social drink. There were several advantages attending this courtesy. In the first place, it was made at no expense, for I never took snuff; and secondly, it afforded an excellent apology to Andrew (who was not particularly fond of hard labour) for loitering aside his spade for several minutes. But, above all, these brief interviews gave Andrew an opportunity of venting the news he had collected, or the satirical remarks which his shrewd northern tongue suggested.

"I am saying, sir," he said to me one evening, with a face obviously charged with intelligence, "I have been down at the Tillymore."

"Well, Andrew, and I suppose you heard some news at the abbey?"

"No, sir; I never gang to the yillages—that is unless my neighbors was to gie me a pint, or the like o' that, but to gang there on me's an cost-ly, is a waste o' precious time and hard-  
way effort—but I was down at the Tully-houses, as I was saying, about a wee bit business o' my ain wi' Master Simpson, that wants a forpik or two o' pease that will never be raised in the Ha'-house—and when we were at the thought o' our begins, who wad come in but Fats Mauready the travelling merchant?"

"Fats, I suppose you mean?"

"Yea, as your honor likes to o' him; but it's a creditable calling and a profit', and has been lang in use wi' our folk. Fats's a do-very credit o' mine, and we were blithe to meet wi' ane another."

"And you went and had a yug of ale together, I suppose, Andrew?—For Mauready's sake, cut short your story."

"Tale a wee—tale a wee; yon scoundrels are apt to din a hurry, and this is something concerns yourself, as ye wad tak patience to hear't—Yill!—did a drop o' yill did Fats offer me; but Mauready ga' us half a drop skinned milk, and one o' her thick cut jam-buns, that was as wet and raw as a drest. O for the hame girdle cakes o' the north!—and me we sat down and took out our drests."

"I wish you would take them out just now. Pray, tell me the news, if you have got any worth telling, for I can't stop here all night."

"Then, if ye mean hear't, the folk in Lonsome are a' down and about this ill job in the north here."

"Down wood! what's that?"

"Oo, just red, duff—another to head nor to hind—o' kindy-girdy—down through it—over the duff's over Jack Webster."

"But what does all this mean? or what business have I with the devil or Jack Webster?"

"Tough!" said Andrew, looking extremely knowing. "It's just because—just that the diabol's a' about yon man's pock-mony."

"Whose pock-mony? or what do you mean?"

"Oo, just the man Mauready, that he wad be best pruder—but if it's no your honor's affair, as little is it mine; and I maun be the pruder evening."

And, as if suddenly stirred with a violent fit of industry, Andrew began to labour most diligently.

My attention, as the crafty launce had foreseen, was now aroused, and unwilling, at the same time, to acknowledge any particular interest in that affair, by asking direct questions, I stood waiting till the spirit of voluntary communication should upon prompt him to resume his story. Andrew dug on manfully, and spoke at intervals, but nothing to the purpose of Mr Macready's save, and I stood and listened, curing him in my heart, and desiring at the same time to see how long his humour of contribution would prevail over his desire of speaking upon the subject which was obviously uppermost in his mind.

"Am breaching up the sparry-grass, and am givin to see some Missus beans; they wint wait there to their owner's wish, I'm warrant—double gude may it do them. And odder thing as the grave has gien me!—it should be wheat-straw, or sizen at the worst o't, and it's pome dirt, as fine as an oddid-stone. But the butcherman pokes o' as he likes about the stable-yard, and he's called the best o' the fitter, I'm warrant. But, however, we maun see a turn o' this Saturday at o'm, for the wather's mair broken, and if there's a fine day in even, Sunday's sure to come and hie it up.—However, I'm no denying that it may settle, if it be Heaven's will, till Monday morning,—and what's the use o' my breaching my back at this rate!—I think, I'll o'm o'm' home, for yon's the surface, as they ca' their paving-in ball."

Accordingly, applying both his hands to his spade, he pitched it upright in the trench which he had been digging, and, looking at me with the air of superiority of one who knows himself possessed of important information, which he may communicate or refuse at his pleasure, pulled down the sleeves of his shirt, and walked slowly towards his coat, which lay carefully folded up upon a neighbouring garden-seat.

"I must pay the penalty of having interrupted the *Gleaner's* meal," thought I to myself, "and even gratify Mr. Fairweather by taking his communication on his own terms." Then rising my voice, I addressed him,—*"And after all, Andrew, what are those London cove you had from your kinsman, the travelling merchant?"*

"The peller, your honour maun!" retorted Andrew—"but

as him what ye will, they're a great convenience in a country-side that's most o' borough-towns like this Northumberland—That's no the case, now, in Scotland;—there's the kingdom o' Fife, frae Odrum to the Black Bush, it's just like a great over-land city—see many royal boroughs poked on end to end, like ropes o' liquor, with their bar-keepers and their bottles, no doubt, and their kirkmen, and houses o' stone and lime and freestone—Extremely, the soil o't, is longer than any town in England."

"I daresay it is all very splendid and very fine—but you were talking o' the London news a while while ago, Andrew."

"Ay," replied Andrew; "but I daren't think your honour cared to hear about them—Nevertheless" (he continued, grinning a ghastly smile), "Pete Maconochy does say, that they are now uncrystallized yonder in their Parliament House about the robbery o' Mr. Maime, or whatever they call the deed."

"In the House o' Parliament, Andrew!—how came they to mention it there?"

"Oo, that's just what I said to Pete; if it like your honour, I'll tell you the very words; it's as worth making a lie for the matter—'Pete,' said I, 'what ails had the lords and lords and gentry at London wif the case and his value?—When we had a Scotch Parliament, Pete,' says I (and doil me their thimble that rift us o't!) 'they were dourly dour and made law for a half country and kirkish, and never failed their heads about things that were competent to the judge ordinary o' the bench; but I think,' said I, 'that if an kailieffs pou'd aff her neighbour's watch they wad hae the treasure o' them into the Parliament House o' London. It's just,' said I, 'as good as silly as our said doil bird here and his gentry o' some, wif his brethren and his friends, and his knowing cattle and horses, riding half days after a bit beast that wime weigh not pounds when they hae catched it.'"

"You speak most ably, Andrew," said I, willing to encourage him to get into the marrow of his intelligence; "and what said Pete?"

"Oo," he said, "what better could be expected o' a whann pedd-peddin' English folk!—But as to the robbery, it's like that when they're d' at the throng o' their Whig and Tory work, and sitting one another, like unchanged blackguards—ye gets as long-winded stidid, and he says, that if the north o' England



were rank Jacobins (and, surely, he wasn't for wrong maybe), and that they had served against open war, and a king's messenger had been stopped and robbed on the highway, and that the best kind o' Northernland had been at the doing o'—and ridin' good t'wixt off him, and many valuable papers; and that there was no reason to be gotten by rescued o' law, for the first justice o' the peace that the robbers were good to, he had tied the two loose that did the deed binding and detaining w' him, who bet they; and the justice took the word o' the men for the competence o' the latter; and that they sh'd give him leg-bail, and the lowest man that had lost his ally was free to leave the country for fear that war had come o' it."

"Can this be really true?" said I.

"True enough! It's as true as that his arm'd is a yard long—(and so it is, just taking an inch, that it may meet the English measure)—and when the child had said his worst, there was a terrible cry for names, and out comes he w' this man, Morris's name, and your name's, and Square Ingleswood's, and other folk's heads" (looking shy at me).—"And then another dragon o' a child got up on the other side, and said, 'wad they accuse the best gentleman in the land on the oath of a broken coward for his like that Morris had been drowned out o' the army for rising over in Flanders; and he said, it was like the story had been made up between the minister and him or over he had left London; and then, if there was to be a search-warrant granted, he thought the ally wad be find some gets near to St. James's Palace. Arise, they pulled up Morris to their bar, as they can't, to see what he could say to the job; but the folk that were upon him, gave him an as cold throughout about his dinner's end, and about o' the all he had ever done or said for o' the freest o' his life, that Peter says he looked near like one dead than living; and they couldn't get a word o' sense out o' him, for downright fright at their growling and roaring. He came back soft up, w' a head one better than a fury frosted stump—it wad be a w' a handle o' them to enter Andrew Fairweather out o' his tale."

"And how did it all end, Andrew? did your friend happen to leave?"

"Oh, ay; for as his walk is in this country, Peter put off his journey for the space of a week or thereabouts, because it wad be

acceptable to his customers to bring down the news. It's just a' gude off like mackerel in water. The fellow that began it drew in his horns, and said, that though he believed the news had been riddled, yet he acknowledged he might have been mistaken about the particulars. And then the other should get up, and said, he carena whether Morris was riddled or no, provided it wana to become a stain on any gentleman's honour and reputation, especially in the north of England; for, said he before them, I come frae the north myself, and I know a boddie who knew it. And this is what they w' emphasis—the tane gae up a bit, and the tither gie up a bit, and a' friends again. Aftir, after the Commons' Parliament had tuggit, and rived, and ragged at Morris and his railway till they were shod a', the Lords' Parliament they believed to have their spell a'. In yae said Scotland's Parliament they a' sat together, chock by chock, and then they didna need to have the same. Others twice over again. But gif their boddies went w' as much teeth and gude-will, as if the matter had been a' speak and again now. Perhaps, there was something said about aye Campbell, that wad ha' been concerned in the railway, wair or less, and that he wad ha' had a warrant frae the Duke of Anglia, as a testimonial o' his character. And this put MacCallum More's brand in a blaze, as gude names there wae, and he got up w' an ouch lang, and ga'd them a' look about them, and wad rae it even down their throats, there was never aye o' the Campbells but was as right, wae, wadits, and worthy trust, as wad Sir John the Groom. Now, if your honour's wae ye want a drap's bluid a-hin to a Campbell, as I am none myself, and far as I can count my kin, or has had it counted to me, I'll gie ye my word on that matter."

"You may be assured I have no connection whatever with any gentleman of the name."

"Oo, then we may speak it quietly among ourselves. There's bodie gude and bad o' the Campbells, like other names. But this MacCallum More has an ouch every and ay bodie, among the gude folk at Lussan even now; for he came presently to me to belong to any o' the twa sides o' them, and tell any o' them w' he to quarrel w' him; and they a' w' voted Morris's tale a fower ridiculous blud, as they ca't, and if he hadna gie them lay-bad, he wad likely to have ta'en the air on the pilory for lousie-making."

So spending, honest Andrew collected his dishes, spoons, and hoes, and threw them into a wheel-barrow,—liberally, however, and allowing me full time to put any further questions which might occur to me before he thrustled them off to the tool-house, there to repose during the coming day. I thought it best to speak out at once, but this meddling fellow should suppose there were more weighty reasons for my silence than a chilly capitol.

"I should like to see this countryman of yours, Andrew, and to hear his news from himself directly. You have probably heard that I had some trouble from the importation fully of this man Morris" (Andrew grinned a most significant grin), "and I should wish to see your cousin the merchant, to ask him the particulars of what he heard in London, if it could be done without much trouble."

"Nothing more easy," Andrew observed; "he had but to lend to his cousin that I wanted a pair or two of hoes, and he was be wif me as fast as he could lay leg to the ground."

"O yes, name him I shall be a customer; and as the night is, as you say, settled and fair, I shall walk in the garden until he comes; the moon will soon rise over the hills. You may bring him to the little back-gate; and I shall have pleasure, in the meanwhile, in looking on the bushes and evergreens by the bright frosty moonlight."

"Yess right, yess right—that's what I has often said; a half-moon, or a full-moon, gleams me gleam by moonlight, it's him a laddy in her damask."

So saying, off went Andrew Fairweather with good grace. He had to walk about two miles, a labour he undertook with the greatest pleasure, in order to secure to his business the sale of some articles of his trade, though it is probable he would not have given him so much to treat him to a quart of ale. "The good will of an Englishman would have displayed itself in a manner exactly the reverse of Andrew's," thought I, as I paced along the smooth-and velvet walks, which, overshadowed with high hedges of yew and of holly, intersected the ancient garden of Gledbarnes Hall.

As I turned to retreat my steps, it was natural that I should lift up my eyes to the windows of the old library; which, small in size, but several in number, stretched along the second story of that side of the house which now faced me. Light gleamed

from their comments. I was not surprised at this, for I knew Miss Vernon often sat there of an evening, though from notions of delicacy I put a strong restraint upon myself, and never sought to join her at a time when I knew, all the rest of the family being engaged for the evening, our interviews must necessarily have been strictly *stricta*. In the mornings we usually read together in the same room; but then it often happened that one or other of our cousins entered to seek some predominant dissonance that could be converted into a falling-back, despite its gibings and dissimulation, or to tell us of some "quart toward," or from some want of knowing where else to dispose of themselves. In short, in the mornings the library was a sort of public room, where men and women might meet as on neutral ground. In the evening it was very different; and lived in a country where much attention is paid, or was at least then paid, to fineness, I was desirous to think for Miss Vernon concerning those points of propriety where her experience did not afford her the means of thinking for herself. I made her therefore compunctual, as delicately as I could, that when we had evening lessons, the presence of a third party was proper.

Miss Vernon first laughed, then blushed, and was disposed to be displeased; and then, suddenly shaking herself, said, "I believe you are very right; and when I feel inclined to be a very busy scholar, I will bring old Martha with a cup of tea to sit by me and be my amanuensis."

Martha, the old housekeeper, partook of the taste of the family at the Hall. A toast and tankard would have pleased her better than all the tea in China. However, as the use of this beverage was then confined to the higher ranks, Martha felt some vanity in being asked to partake of it; and by dint of a great deal of sugar, many words more less sweet, and abundance of toast and butter, she was sometimes prevailed upon to give us her courtesies. On other occasions, the servants almost unanimously shunned the library after twilight, because it was their foolish pleasure to believe that it lay on the haunted side of the house. The more cautious had even rights and board words there when all the rest of the house was quiet; and even the young squires were far from having any wish to enter those formidable precincts after twilight without necessity.

That the library had at one time been a favourite resort

of Rushleigh—that a private door out of one side of it communicated with the apartment and remote apartment which he chose for himself, rather increased than diminished the terrors which the household had for the dreaded Henry of Colchester Hall. His extensive information as to what passed in the world—his profound knowledge of science of every kind—a few physical experiments which he occasionally showed off, were, in a house of so much ignorance and bigotry, esteemed good reasons for supposing him endowed with powers over the spiritual world. He understood Greek, Latin, and Hebrew; and, therefore, according to the superstitions, and in the phrase of his brother Wilfred, needed not to care "for ghosts or haunts, dead or doxies." Yet, the servants persisted that they had heard him hold conversations in the library, when every window and in the family were gone to bed; and that he spent the night in watching for bogles, and the morning in sleeping in his bed, when he should have been heading the household like a true Colchesterian.

All these showed, however I had heard in broken hints and imperfect sentences, from which I was left to draw the inference; and, as surely may be supposed, I hearkened them to scorn. But the extreme attitude to which this chamber of evil fumes was committed every night after earlier time, was an additional reason why I should not intrude on Miss Vernon when she chose to sit there in the evening.

To resume what I was saying,—I was not surprised to see a glimmering of light from the library windows; but I was a little struck when I distinctly perceived the shadows of two persons pass along and intercept the light from the first of the windows, throwing the curtain for a moment into shade. "It must be old Martha," thought I, "whom Diana has engaged to be her companion for the evening; or I must have been mistaken, and taken Diana's shadow for a second person. No, by Heaven! it appears on the second window,—two figures distinctly traced, and now it is lost again—it is seen on the third—on the fourth—the darkened forms of two persons distinctly seen in each window as they pass along the room, behind the windows and the lights. Whom can Diana have got for a companion?"—The passage of the shadows between the lights and the curtains was twice repeated, as if to satisfy me that my observa-

tion served me truly; after which the lights were extinguished, and the shades, of course, were seen as none.

Tiring as this circumstance was, it occupied my mind for a considerable time. I did not allow myself to suppose that my friendship for Miss Vernon had any directly selfish view, yet it is marvellous the displeasure I felt at the idea of her admitting any one to private interviews, at a time, and in a place, where, for her own sake, I had been at some trouble to show her that it was improper for me to meet with her.

"Gilly, rascally, moonstruck girl!" said I to myself, "on whom all good advice and decency are thrown away! I have been charmed by the simplicity of her manner, which I suppose she can assume just as she could a steeve bonnet, were it the fashion, for the same sake of simplicity. I suppose, notwithstanding the easiness of her understanding, the society of half a dozen of clerics to play at whist and cribbage would give her more pleasure than if Atreus himself were to awake from the dead."

This reflection came the more powerfully across my mind, however, having marshalled up courage to show to Emma my version of the first books of *Annals*, I had requested her to invite Martha to a tea-party in the library that evening, to which arrangement Miss Vernon had refused her consent, alleging some apology which I thought hardly at the time. I had not long speculated on this disagreeable subject, when the back garden-door opened, and the figure of Andrew and his countryman—bawling under his pack—crossed the moonlight alley, and called my attention elsewhere.

I found Mr. Marmady, as I expected, a tough, suspicious, long-headed Scotchman, and a collector of news both from church and profession. He was able to give me a distinct account of what had passed in the House of Commons and House of Lords on the affair of Maria, which, it appears, had been made by both parties a touchstone to ascertain the temper of the Parliament. It appeared also, that, as I had learned from Andrew, by second hand, the ministry had proved too weak to support a story involving the character of men of rank and importance, and resting upon the credit of a person of such indifferent fame as Morris, who was, moreover, confused and contradictory in his mode of telling the story. Marmady was even able to supply me with a copy of a printed journal, or News-Letter, which

extending beyond the capital, in which the substance of the debate was mentioned, and with a copy of the Duke of Angou's speech, printed upon a broadside, of which he had purchased several from the hawkers, because, he said, it would be a valuable article on the north of the Tweed. The last was a meagre statement, full of blunders and omissions, and which added little or nothing to the information I had from the footmen; and the Duke's speech, though spirited and eloquent, contained chiefly a panegyric on his country, his family, and his clan, with a few compliments, equally warm, perhaps, though less glowing, which he took as favourable an opportunity of paying to himself. I could not learn whether my own reputation had been directly implicated, although I perceived that the honour of my uncle's family had been impeached, and that this person Campbell, stated by Morris to have been the most active robber of the two by whom he was assailed, was said by him to have appeared in the behalf of a Mr. Colquhoun, and by the conviction of the Justice procured his liberation. In this particular, Morris's story jelled with my own suspicions, which had attached to Campbell from the moment I saw him appear at Justice Ingliswood's. Vexed upon the whole, as well as perplexed, with this extraordinary story, I discharged the two footmen, after making some purchases from Mawdsley, and a small compliment to Palmerston, and retired to my own apartment to consider what I ought to do in defence of my character thus publicly attacked.

## CHAPTER FIFTEENTH.

Whereas, and what art you?

MORRIS.

AFTER calculating a sleepless night in meditating on the intelligence I had received, I was at last inclined to think that I ought, as speedily as possible, to return to London, and by my open appearance repel the calumny which had been spread against me. But I hesitated to take this course on reflection of my father's disposition, singularly absolute in his demands as to all that concerned his family. He was most able, certainly, from experience, to direct what I ought to do, and from his

acquaintance with the most distinguished Whigs then in power, had influence enough to obtain a hearing for my cause. So, upon the whole, I judged it most safe to state my whole story in the shape of a narrative, addressed to my father: and as the ordinary opportunities of intercourse between the Hall and the post-town occurred rarely, I determined to ride to the town, which was about ten miles' distance, and deposit my letter in the post-office with my own hands.

Indeed I began to think it strange that though several weeks had elapsed since my departure from home, I had received no letter, either from my father or Owen, although Knollysham had written to the Biddlam of his safe arrival in London, and of the kind reception he had met with from his uncle. Admitting that I might have been to blame, I did not deserve, in my own opinion, at least, to be so totally forgotten by my father, and I thought my present situation might have the effect of bringing a letter from him to hand, more early than it would otherwise have reached me. But before concluding my letter concerning the affair of Maria, I failed not to express my warmest hope and wish that my father would honour me with a few lines, were it but to express his advice and commands in an affair of some difficulty, and where my knowledge of life could not be supposed adequate to my own guidance. I found it impossible to pretend to myself to urge my actual return to London as a place of residence, and I disguised my unwillingness to do so under apparent submission to my father's will, which, as I imposed it on myself as a sufficient reason for not urging my final departure from Knollysham Hall, would, I doubted not, be received as such by my parent. But I begged permission to come to London, for a short time at least, to meet and settle the infamous calumnies which had been circulated concerning me in so public a manner. Having made up my packet, in which my warmest desire to vindicate my character was strongly blended with reluctance to quit my present place of residence, I rode over to the post-town, and deposited my letter in the office. By doing so, I obtained possession, somewhat earlier than I should otherwise have done, of the following letter from my friend Mr. Owen:—

"DEAR MR. FRANKER,

"Yours received per favour of Mr. R. Knollysham, and note the contents. Shall do Mr. B. C. such diligence as are in my  
YRS. FF.



power, and have taken him to see the Bank and Carlton-house. He seems a sober, steady young gentleman, and taken to business; so will be of service to the firm. Could have wished another person had turned his mind that way; but God's will be done. As cash may be scarce in those parts, here to trust you will excuse my enclosing a gentleman's bill as six days' sight, on Messrs. Hooper and Girder of Newcastle, for £100, which I doubt not will be duly honoured—I remain, as is duty bound, dear Mr. Frank, your very respectful and obedient servant,

"JOSEPH OWEN.

"*Postscriptum.*—Hope you will advise the above coming safe to hand. Am sorry we have so few of yours. Your father says he is as usual, but looks poorly."

From this epistle, written in old Owen's formal style, I was rather surprised to observe that he made no acknowledgment of that private letter which I had written to him, with a view to possess him of Rushington's real character, although, from the course of post, it seemed certain that he ought to have received it. Yet I had sent it by the usual conveyance from the Hall, and had no reason to suspect that it could miscarry upon the road. As it concerned matters of great importance both to my father and to myself, I sat down in the post-office and again wrote to Owen, recapitulating the heads of my former letter, and requesting to know, in course of post, if it had reached him in safety. I also acknowledged the receipt of the bill, and promised to make use of the assistance if I should have any occasion for money. I thought, indeed, it was odd that my father should leave the care of supplying my necessities to his clerk; but I concluded it was a matter arranged between them. At any rate, Owen was a bachelor, rich in his way, and passionately attached to me, so that I had no hesitation in being obliged to him for a small sum, which I resolved to consider as a loan, to be returned with my earliest ability, in case it was not previously repaid by my father; and I expressed myself to this purpose to Mr. Owen. A shopkeeper in a little town, to whom the post-master directed me, readily gave me in gold the amount of my bill on Messrs. Hooper and Girder, so that I returned to Delabedene Hall a good deal richer than I had set forth. This receipt to my father was not a matter of indifference to me, as I was necessarily involved in some expense at Delabedene

Hall; and I had seen, with some uneasy impatience, that the one which my travelling expenses had left unchartered at my arrival there was hopelessly discharging. This source of anxiety was for the present removed. On my arrival at the Hall I found that Sir Hildbrand and all his offspring had gone down to the little hamlet, called *Trinket-broome*, "to see," as Andrew Pangloss expressed it, "a where widder coots picks all other's horns out."

"It is indeed a brutal amusement, Andrew; I suppose you have some stock in Scotland?"

"Oh, no," answered Andrew boldly; then shaded away his negative with, "unless it be on Father's side, or the like o' that.—But indeed it's no wonder matter what the folk do to the sudden poetry, for they had scarce a shunting and scraping in the past, that there's now getting a horse or two kept for them.—But I am wondering what it is that leaves that turret-door open;—now that Mr. Radleigh's away, it cannot be him, I see."

The turret-door to which he alluded opened in the garden at the bottom of a winding stair, leading down from Mr. Radleigh's apartment. This, as I have already mentioned, was situated in a sequestered part of the house, communicating with the library by a private entrance, and by another intricate and dark vaulted passage with the rest of the house. A long narrow turf walk led, between two high holly hedges, from the turret-door to a little portico in the wall of the garden. By means of these communications Radleigh, whose movements were very independent of those of the rest of his family, could leave the Hall or return to it at pleasure, without his absence or presence attracting any observation. Rich during his absence the stair and the turret-door were entirely closed, and this made Andrew's observation somewhat remarkable.

"Have you often observed that door open?" was my question.

"No just that often neither; but I has noticed it once or twice. I'm thinking it must have been the priest, Father Vaughan, as they call him. We'll no catch one o' the servants ganging up that stair, poor frightened heathens that they are, for fear of bogles and bewitches, and long-widdit things like the rick world. But Father Vaughan thinks himself a privileged person—set him up and lay him down!—I'm be certain the worst stiller that ever stillit a sermon out over the Tweed

ponder, and lay a ghastly talon on that on him, wif his holy water and his delicious tobacco. I shew before he speaks quite Latin neither; at least he shew take me up when I tell him the learned names of the phantoms."

Of Father Vaughan, who divided his time and his ghostly care between Oakbluestone Hall and about half a dozen manor-houses of Catholic gentlemen in the neighbourhood, I have as yet said nothing, for I had seen but little. He was aged about sixty—of a good family, as I was given to understand, in the north—of a striking and imposing presence, grave in his exterior, and much respected among the Catholics of Northumberland as a worthy and upright man. Yet Father Vaughan did not altogether lack those peculiarities which distinguish his order. There hung about him an air of mystery, which, in Protestant eyes, warranted of priestcraft. The natives (such they might be well termed) of Oakbluestone Hall looked up to him with much more awe, or at least more awe, than affection. His condemnation of their evils was evident, from their being discontinued in some measure when the priest was a resident at the Hall. Thus Sir Hildbrand himself put some restraint upon his conduct at such times, which, perhaps, rendered Father Vaughan's presence rather irksome than otherwise. He had the well-bred, instructing, and almost flattering address peculiar to the clergy of his persuasion, especially in England, where the lay Catholic, hemmed in by penal laws, and by the restrictions of his sect and recommendation of his pastor, often exhibits a reserved, and almost a third manner in the society of Protestants; while the priest, privileged by his order to mingle with persons of all creeds, is open, direct, and liberal in his intercourse with them, careless of popularity, and readily skilful in the mode of obtaining it.

Father Vaughan was a particular acquaintance of Rushleigh's, otherwise, in all probability, he would scarce have been able to maintain his footing at Oakbluestone Hall. This gave me no desire to cultivate his intimacy, nor did he seem to make any advances towards mine; so our occasional intercourse was confined to the exchange of mere civility. I considered it as extremely probable that Mr. Vaughan might occupy Rushleigh's apartment during his occasional residence at the Hall; and his profession rendered it likely that he should occasionally be a tenant of the library. Nothing was more probable than that

It might have been his smile which had excited my attention on a preceding evening. This led me involuntarily to recollect that the intercourse between Miss Vernon and the priest was marked with something like the same mystery which characterized her communications with Radleigh. I had never heard her mention Vaughan's name, or even allude to him, excepting on the occasion of our first meeting, when she mentioned the old priest and Radleigh as the only unswerving beings, besides herself, in Quabodocus Hall. Yet although silent with respect to Father Vaughan, his arrival at the Hall never failed to impress Miss Vernon with an anxious and fluttering tremor, which lasted until they had exchanged one or two significant glances.

Whatever the mystery might be which overclouded the destinies of this beautiful and interesting female, it was clear that Father Vaughan was implicated in it; unless, indeed, I could suppose that he was the agent employed to procure her retirement in the desert, in the event of her rejecting a union with either of my cousins,—an office which would richly account for her obvious emotion at his appearance. As to the rest, they did not seem to converse much together, or even to seek each other's society. Their language, if any subsisted between them, was of a tacit and understood nature, operating on their actions without any necessity of speech. I recollected, however, on reflection, that I had once or twice discerned signs pass between them, which I had at the time supposed to bear reference to some hint concerning Miss Vernon's religious observances, knowing how artfully the Catholic clergy maintain, at all times and seasons, their influence over the minds of their followers. But now I was disposed to assign to these communications a deeper and more mysterious import. Did he hold private meetings with Miss Vernon in the library? was a question which occupied my thoughts; and if so, for what purpose? And why should she have admitted an intimate of the Jesuitical Radleigh to such close confidences?

These questions and difficulties pressed on my mind with an interest which was greatly increased by the impossibility of resolving them. I had already begun to suspect that my friendship for Miss Vernon was not altogether as disinterested as it ought to have been. I had already felt myself becoming jealous of the contemptible lost Thersites, and taking

more notice, than in pretence or dignity of feeling I ought to have done, of his silly attempts to provoke me. And now I was scrutinizing the conduct of Miss Vernon with the most close and eager observation, which I in vain endeavored to palm on myself as the offspring of idle curiosity. All these, like Benedict's troubling her last of a morning, were signs that the sweet youth was in love; and while my judgment still denied that I had been guilty of forming an attachment so imprudent, she resembled those ignorant guides, who, when they have led the traveller and themselves into irretrievable error, persist in obstinately affirming it to be impossible that they can have missed the way.

## CHAPTER SIXTY-ONE.

It happened one day about noon, going to my hotel, I was exceedingly surprised with the sight of a man's naked feet on the stairs, which was very plain to be seen on the wall.

ROMANCE CURED.

With the blended feelings of interest and jealousy which were engendered by Miss Vernon's singular situation, my observations of her looks and actions became acutely sharpened, and that to a degree which, notwithstanding my efforts to conceal it, could not escape her penetration. The sense that she was observed, or, more properly speaking, that she was watched by my looks, seemed to give Diana a mixture of embarrassment, pain, and penitence. At times it seemed that she sought an opportunity of meeting a conduct which she could not but feel as offensive, considering the fastidious with which she had mentioned the difficulties that surrounded her. At other times she seemed prepared to expostulate upon the subject. But either her courage failed, or some other sentiment impeded her making an acknowledgment. Her displeasure expressed in reports, and her expectations died on her lips. We stood in a singular relation to each other,—speaking, and by mutual choice, much of our time in close society with each other, yet disguising our mutual sentiments, and jealous of, or offended by, each other's actions. There was between us intimacy with-

not confidence;—on one side, love without hope or purpose, and anxiety without any rational or justifiable motive; and on the other, embarrassment and doubt, communally weighed with disposure. Yet I believe that this agitation of the passions (such is the nature of the human bosom), as it continued by a thousand trifling and interesting, though petty circumstances, to render Miss Vernon and me the constant objects of each other's thoughts, tended, upon the whole, to increase the attachment with which we were naturally disposed to regard each other. But although my vanity early discovered that my presence at Okechinton Hall had given Diana some additional reason for despising the cluster, I could by no means confide in an affection which seemed completely alienated to the mystery of her singular situation. Miss Vernon was of a character far too formed and determined, to permit her love for me to overpower either her sense of duty or of prudence, and the gone was a proof of this in a conversation which we had together about this period.

We were sitting together in the library. Miss Vernon, in turning over a copy of the Orlando Furioso, which belonged to me, shook a piece of writing paper from between the leaves. I hastened to lift it, but she prevented me.—“It is mine,” she said, on glancing at the paper; and then unfolding it, but as if to trust my answer before proceeding.—“May I take the liberty?—Say, say, if you blush and stammer, I must do violence to your modesty, and suppose that permission is granted.”

“It is not worthy your perusal—a scrap of a translation—My dear Miss Vernon, it would be too severe a trial, that you, who understood the original so well, should sit in judgment.”

“Miss honest friend,” replied Diana, “do not, if you will be guided by my advice, bait your hook with too much humility; for, too to me, it will not catch a single compliment. You know I belong to the unpopular family of Tell-truths, and would not flatter Apollo for his lyre.”

She proceeded to read the first stanza, which was nearly to the following purpose:—

“Ladies, and knights, and dams, and love's fair dams,  
 Deeds of courage and courtesy, I sing;  
 What time the Muses from valley Achive came,  
 Led on by Agamemnon, their prophetic song.”

No whom revenge and hate have did long  
 O'er the land torn, in France to waste and war;  
 Such die from old Trogus' death did spring,  
 Which to escape he came from further off,  
 And amongst Christian Charles, the Roman Emperor,  
 Of deathless blood, too, my strain shall sound,  
 In legend never known in peace or sleep,  
 Thus fit, the chief of judgment deemed profound,  
 For justice here was set upon a throne"—

"There is a great deal of it," said she, glancing along the paper, and interrupting the sweetest sounds which mortal ears can drink in,—those of a youthful poet's verse, namely, read by the lips which are dearest to him.

"Much more than ought to engage your attention, Miss Vernon," I replied, something mortified, and I took the verses from her unobtrusive hand—"And yet," I continued, "short as, as I am in this retired situation, I have felt sometimes I could not excuse myself better than by carrying on—morely for my own amusement, you will of course understand—the verses of this fascinating author, which I began some months since when I was on the banks of the Garonne."

"The question would only be," said Diana, gravely, "whether you could not spend your time to better purpose?"

"You mean in original composition?" said I, greatly flattered—"But, to say truth, my genius rather lies in finding words and rhymes than ideas; and therefore I am happy to use those which Aristotle has prepared to my hand. However, Miss Vernon, with the encouragement you give"—

"Pardon me, Frank—it is encouragement not of my giving, but of your taking. I meant neither original composition, nor translation, since I think you might employ your time to the better purpose than in either. You are mortified," she continued, "and I am sorry to be the cause."

"Not mortified,—certainly not mortified," said I, with the best grace I could muster, and it was but indifferently assumed; "I am too much obliged by the interest you take in me."

"Say, but," resumed the volubious Diana, "there is both mortification and a little grain of sugar in that constrained tone of voice; do not be angry if I probe your feelings to the bottom—perhaps what I am about to say will affect them still more."

I felt the childishness of my own complaint, and the superior

realities of Miss Vernon's, and assured her, that she need not fear my wedding under conditions which I knew to be kindly meant.

"That was heartily meant and said," she replied; "I know full well that the fond of postural instability flew away with the little peckling cough which adhered in the dedication. And now I must be serious—Have you heard from your father lately?"

"Not a word," I replied; "he has not honoured me with a single line during the several months of my residence here."

"That is strange!—you are a singular man, you hold Obligations. Then you are not aware that he has gone to Holland, to arrange some pressing affairs which required his own immediate presence?"

"I never heard a word of it until the moment."

"And further, it must be news to you, and I presume scarcely the most agreeable, that he has left Rockleigh in the almost uncontrolled management of his affairs until his return."

I started, and could not suppress my surprise and apprehension.

"You have reason for alarm," said Miss Vernon, very gravely; "and were I you, I would endeavour to meet and obviate the dangers which arise from so undesirable an arrangement."

"And how is it possible for me to do so?"

"Everything is possible for him who possesses courage and activity," she said, with a look resembling one of those hardiness of the age of chivalry, whose encouragement was wont to give champions double valour at the hour of need; "and to the faithful and persevering, everything is impossible, because it seems so."

"And what would you advise, Miss Vernon?" I replied, wishing, yet dreading, to hear her answer.

She paused a moment, then answered firmly—"That you instantly leave Obligations Hall, and return to London. You have perhaps already," she continued, in a softer tone, "been here too long; that fact was not yours. Every succeeding moment you waste here will be a crime. Yes, a crime; for I tell you plainly, that if Rockleigh long manages your father's affairs, you may consider his rule as consummated."

"How is that possible?"

"Ask no questions," she said; "but believe me, Rockleigh's views extend far beyond the possession or increase of commercial



wealth; he will only make the amount of Mr. Obedilstone's revenues and property the means of putting in motion his own ambitious and extensive schemes. While your father was in Britain this was impossible; during his absence, Rushleigh will possess many opportunities, and he will not neglect to use them."

"But how can I, in disgrace with my father, and threatened of all central over his affairs, prevent this danger by my mere presence in London?"

"That presence alone will do much. Your claim to interfere is a part of your birthright, and it is inalienable. You will have the countenance, sanction, of your father's head-locks, and confidential friends and partners. Above all, Rushleigh's schemes are of a nature that"—(she stopped abruptly, as if fearful of saying too much)—"are, in short," she resumed, "of the nature of all selfish and unscrupulous plans, which are speedily abandoned as soon as those who frame them perceive their arts are discovered and watched. Therefore, in the language of your favourite poet—

To know I to know! 'Tis death to those that know."

A feeling, irresistible in its impulse, induced me to reply—  
"Ah! Emma, can you give me advice to leave Obedilstone Hall?—then indeed I have already been a resident here too long!"

Miss Vernon coloured, but proceeded with great firmness—  
"Indeed, I do give you this advice—not only to quit Obedilstone Hall, but never to return to it more. You have only one friend to regret here," she continued, forcing a smile, "and she has been long accustomed to sacrifice her friendships and her comforts to the welfare of others. In the world you will meet a hundred whose friendship will be as disappointed—more useful—less unnumbered by unnumbered circumstances—less influenced by evil tongues and evil times."

"Never!" I exclaimed, "never!—the world can afford me nothing to repay what I must leave behind me." Here I took her hand, and pressed it to my lips.

"This is folly!" she exclaimed—"this is madness!" and she struggled to withdraw her hand from my grasp, but not so stubbornly as actually to succeed until I had held it for nearly a minute. "Hear me, sir!" she said, "and curb this unwarlike burst of passion. I am, by a solemn contract, the hold of

Heaven, unless I could prefer being wedded to misery in the person of Basilleigh Cobblestone, or brevity in that of his brother. I am, therefore, the bride of Heaven,—betrothed to the convent from the cradle. To me, therefore, these raptures are snatched—they only serve to prove a further necessity for your departure, and that without delay." As these words she broke suddenly off, and said, but in a suppressed tone of voice, "Leave me instantly—we will meet here again, but it must be for the last time."

My eyes followed the direction of hers as she spoke, and I thought I saw the tapestry slugs, which covered the door of the secret passage from Basilleigh's room to the library. I constrained my voice, and turned an inquiring glance on Miss Vernon.

"It is nothing," said she, faintly; "a rat behind the screen."

"Dread for a ghost," would have been my reply, had I dared to give way to the feelings which rose indignantly at the idea of being subjected to an eaves-dropper on such an occasion. Providence, and the necessity of suppressing my passion, and obeying Isaac's extended command of "Leave me! leave me!" came in time to prevent my rash action. I left the apartment in a wild whirl and giddiness of mind, which I in vain attempted to compose when I returned to my own.

A shape of thoughts intruded themselves on me at once, passing hastily through my brain, intercepting and overshadowing each other, and resembling those fogs which in mountainous countries are wont to descend in obscure volumes, and disfigure or obliterate the usual marks by which the traveller steers his course through the wilds. The dark and undefined idea of danger arising to my father from the machinations of such a man as Basilleigh Cobblestone—the half declaration of love that I had offered to Miss Vernon's acceptance—the acknowledged difficulties of her situation, bound by a previous contract to sacrifice herself to a duelist or to an ill-assorted marriage,—all pressed themselves at once upon my recollection, while my judgment was unable sufficiently to consider any of them in their just light and bearings. But steadily and above all the rest, I was perplexed by the manner in which Miss Vernon had received my token of affection, and by her manner, which, fluctuating betwixt sympathy and firmness, seemed to intimate that I possessed an interest in her bosom, but not of force

sufficient to counterbalance the obstacle to her avowing a mutual affection. The glance of fear, rather than surprise, with which she had watched the motion of the tapestry over the crimson door, implied an apprehension of danger which I could not but suppose well grounded; for Diana Vernon was little subject to the nervous convulsions of her sex, and totally exempt to fear without actual and rational cause. Of what nature could those mysteries be, with which she was surrounded as with an enchanter's spell, and which seemed continually to exert an active influence over her thoughts and actions, though their agents were never visible? On this subject of doubt my mind busily rested, as if glad to shake itself free from investigating the propriety or prudence of my own conduct, by transferring the inquiry to what concerned Miss Vernon. I will be resolved, I concluded, ere I leave Oakbusham Hall, ascertaining the light in which I must in future regard this fascinating being, over whose life darkness and mystery seem to have divided their reign,—the former inspiring her words and sentiments—the latter spreading its subtle influence over all her actions.

Joined to the obvious interests which arose from curiosity and anxious passion, there mingled in my feelings a strong, though unavowed and undefined, infusion of jealousy. This sentiment, which springs up with love as naturally as the fern with the wheat, was excited by the degree of influence which Diana appeared to concede to those unseen beings by whom her actions were hurried. The more I reflected upon her character, the more I was intensely though unwillingly convinced, that she was doomed to sit at defiance all control, excepting that which arose from affection; and I felt a strong, bitter, and growing suspicion, that such was the foundation of that influence by which she was overruled.

These tormenting doubts strengthened my desire to penetrate into the secret of Miss Vernon's conduct, and in the prosecution of this wary adventure, I formed a resolution, of which, if you are not weary of these details, you will find the result in the next chapter.

## CHAPTER SEVENTEENTH.

I hear a voice you cannot hear,  
Which says, I must not stay ;  
I see a hand you cannot see,  
Which beckons me away.

THESE.

I HAVE already told you, Tristram, if you deign to bear it in remembrance, that my evening visits to the library had seldom been made except by appointment, and under the sanction of old Dame Martha's presence. This, however, was entirely a tacit conventional arrangement of my own inventing. Of late, as the embarrassments of our relative situation had increased, Miss Vernon and I had never met in the evening at all. She had therefore no reason to suppose that I was likely to seek a renewal of those interviews, and especially without some previous notice or appointment betwixt us, that Martha might, as usual, be placed upon duty; but, on the other hand, this customary provision was a matter of understanding, not of express assentment. The library was open to me, as to the other members of the family, at all hours of the day and night, and I could not be accused of entrance, however suddenly and unsuspectedly I might make my appearance in it. My belief was strong, that in this apartment Miss Vernon occasionally received Theobald, or some other person, by whose opinion she was accustomed to regulate her conduct, and that at the times when she could do so with least chance of interruption. The lights which gleamed in the library at unusual hours—the passing shadows which I had myself remarked—the footsteps which might be traced in the morning-dew from the turret-door to the postern-gate in the garden—accents and sights which some of the servants, and Andrew Fairweather in particular, had observed, and accounted for in their own way—all tended to show that the place was visited by some one different from the ordinary inmates of the hall. Connected as this visitant probably must be with the fate of Miss Vernon, I did not hesitate to form a plan of discovering who or what he was,—how far his influence was likely to produce good or evil consequences to her on whom he acted,—above all, though I under-

tried to persuade myself that this was a mere subordinate consideration, I desired to know by what means this person had acquired or maintained his influence over Diana, and whether he ruled over her by fear or by affection. The proof that this jealous curiosity was uppermost in my mind, arose from my imagination always ascribing Miss Vernon's conduct to the influence of some one individual agent, although, for aught I knew about the matter, her advisers might be as numerous as Legions. I murmured this over and over to myself; but I found that my mind still settled back to my original conviction, that one single individual, of the masculine sex, and to all probability young and handsome, was at the bottom of Miss Vernon's conduct, and it was with a burning desire of discovering, or rather of detecting, with a veil, that I stationed myself in the garden to watch the moment when the lights should appear in the library windows.

So eager, however, was my impatience, that I commenced my watch for a phenomenon, which could not appear until darkness, a full hour before the daylight disappeared, on a July evening. It was Sabbath, and all the walks were still and solitary. I walked up and down for some time, enjoying the refreshing coolness of a summer evening, and meditating on the probable consequences of my enterprise. The fresh and balmy air of the garden, impregnated with fragrance, produced its usual sedative effects on my over-heated and feverish blood. As time took place, the turmoil of my mind began proportionally to subside, and I was led to question the right I had to interfere with Miss Vernon's secrets, or with those of my uncle's family. What was it to me when my uncle might choose to conceal in his home, where I was myself a guest only by toleration? And what right had I to pry into the affairs of Miss Vernon, thought, as she had avowed them to be, with treachery, into which she desired no scrutiny?

Faith and self-will were ready with their answers to these questions. In detecting this secret, I was in all probability about to do service to Sir Hildbrand, who was probably ignorant of the intrigue carried on in his family—and a still more important service to Miss Vernon, whose frank simplicity of character exposed her to so many risks in maintaining a private correspondence, perhaps with a person of doubtful or dangerous character. If I seemed to invade myself on her confidence, it

was with the generous and disinterested (yes, I even ventured to call it the *disinterested*) intention of guiding, defending, and protecting her against craft—against malice,—above all, against the secret counsellor whom she had chosen for her confidant. Such was the arguments which my will boldly preferred to my conscience, as cold which ought to be correct, and which conscience, like a grumbling shopkeeper, was contented to accept, rather than come to an open breach with a customer, though more than doubting that the tender was spurious.

While I passed the green slope, debating these things pro and con, I suddenly alighted upon Andrew Finnerman, perched up like a vulture by a range of bee-hives, in an attitude of devout contemplation—one eye, however, tracking the motions of the little irritable daisies, who were settling in their stove-dashed mansion for the evening, and the other fixed on a book of devotion, which much station had deprived of its corners, and worn into an oval shape; a circumstance which, with the deep print and dingy colour of the volume in question, gave it an air of most respectable antiquity.

"I was *en* taking a spell o' worthy Hans John Quackblow's *Flower of a Sweet Sinner* over on the Millstead of this World," said Andrew, closing his book at my appearance, and putting his horn spectacles, by way of mark, at the place where he had been reading.

"And the book, I observe, were dividing your attention, Andrew, with the learned author?"

"They are a contentious generation," replied the gambler; "they has six days in the week to live on, and yet it's a curious observe that they will eye even on the Sabbath-day, and keep folk at home from hearing the word—but there's nae preaching at Grassie's chapel the s'm—tha's eye as many."

"You might have gone to the parish church as I did, Andrew, and heard an excellent discourse."

"Chaise o' could parish—chaise o' could parish," replied Andrew, with a most supercilious sneer,—"*gude* enough for days, begging your honour's pardon—Ay! I might nae doubt has heard the curate talking over at it in his wife's sick yonder, and the maidsie playing on whistles, near like a penny-wedding than a wedding—and to the back of that, I might have gone to even-song, and heard Daddie Docherty merrilying his nose—craikie the better I wad have been o' that!"

"Doubtless!" said I (this was the name of an old jester, an Irishman, I think, who sometimes officiated at Oxbridge Hall).—"I thought Father Vaughan had been at the Hall. He was here yesterday."

"Ay," replied Andrew, "but he left it upstairs, to go to Greystock, or some of those west-country haunts. There's an extra set among them of course. They are as busy as my bees are—God bless them! that I sold even the pair things to the like of papists. Ye see this is the second evening, and while they will return off in the afternoon. The first return set off was in the morning.—But I am thinking they are settled in their sleep for the night; and I was your honour good-night, and good, and muckle o'h."

So saying, Andrew retreated, but often cast a peering glance upon the slope, as he called the bed-chamber.

I had reluctantly gained from him an important piece of information, that Father Vaughan, namely, was not supposed to be at the Hall. If, therefore, there appeared light in the windows of the library this evening, it either could not be his, or he was observing a very secret and suspicious line of conduct. I waited with impatience the time of sunset and of twilight. It had hardly arrived, ere a gleam from the windows of the library was seen, clearly distinguishable amidst the still enduring light of the evening. I marked its first glimmer, however, as quickly as the brightened solar disc—the first distinct twinkling of the lighthouse which marks his course. The feelings of doubt and propriety, which had hitherto contended with my curiosity and jealousy, vanished when an opportunity of gratifying the former was presented to me. I descended the house, and ascending the more frequented apartments with the consciousness of one who wishes to keep his purpose secret, I reached the door of the library—hesitated for a moment as my hand was upon the latch—heard a suppressed step within—opened the door—and found Miss Vernon alone.

Diana appeared surprised,—whether at my sudden entrance, or from some other cause, I could not guess; but there was in her appearance a degree of flutter, which I had never before remarked, and which I knew could only be produced by unusual emotion. Yet she was calm in a moment; and such is the force of conscience, that I, who started to surprise her, seemed myself the surprised, and was certainly the embarrassed person.

"Has anything happened?" said Miss Vernon—"has my one arrived at the Hall?"

"No one that I know of," I answered, in some confusion, "I only caught the Orlando."

"It lies there," said Miss Vernon, pointing to the table.

In removing one or two books to get at that which I pretended to seek, I was, in truth, meditating to make a handsome return from an investigation to which I felt my assurance inadequate, when I perceived a man's glove lying upon the table. My eyes encountered those of Miss Vernon, who blushed deeply.

"It is one of my father's," she said with hesitation, replying not to my words but to my looks; "it is one of the gloves of my grandfather, the original of the superb Vandyke which you admire."

As if she thought something more than her bare assertion was necessary to prove her statement true, she opened a drawer of the large oaken table, and taking out another glove, threw it towards me.—When a temper naturally impetuous stoops to equivocation, or to dissimulation, the anxious pain with which the unvarnished truth is followed, often induces the hearer to doubt the veracity of the tale. I cast a hasty glance on both gloves, and then replied gravely—"The gloves resemble each other, doubtless, in form and embroidery; but they cannot form a pair, since they both belong to the right hand."

She bit her lip with anger, and again coloured deeply.

"You are right to expose me," she replied, with bitterness: "some friends would have only judged from what I said, that I chose to give no particular explanation of a circumstance which calls for none—at least to a stranger. You have judged better, and have made me feel, not only the meanness of duplicity, but my own inadequacy to sustain the task of a dissimuler. I have told you distinctly, that that glove is not the fellow, as you have justly discerned, to the one which I just now produced;—it belongs to a friend yet dearer to me than the original of Vandyke's picture—a friend by whose converse I have been, and will be, guided—whom I honour—whom I"—she paused.

I was irritated at her manner, and filled up the blank in my own way—"Whom she loves, Miss Vernon would say."



"And if I do my best," she replied laughingly, "by whom shall my affection be called to account?"

"Not by me, Miss Vernon, assuredly—I entreat you to hold me acquitted of such presumption.—But," I continued, with some emphasis, for I was now piqued in return, "I hope Miss Vernon will pardon a blunder, from which she seems disposed to withdraw the title, for observing"—

"Observe nothing, sir," she interrupted with some vehemence, "except that I will neither be doubted nor questioned. There does not exist one by whom I will be either interrogated or judged; and if you sought this unusual tone of protesting yourself in order to lay upon my person, the friendship or interest with which you pretend to regard me, is a poor excuse for your manner curiously."

"I relieve you of my presence," said I, with pride equal to her own; for my temper has ever been a stranger to stooping, even in cases where my feelings were most deeply interested.—"I relieve you of my presence. I awake from a pleasant, but a most delusive dream; and—but we understand each other."

I had reached the door of the apartment, when Miss Vernon, whose movements were sometimes so rapid as to seem almost instinctive, overtook me, and, catching hold of my arm, stopped me with that air of authority which she could so whimsically assume, and which, from the earnest and simplicity of her manner, had an effect so peculiarly interesting.

"Stop, Mr. Frank," she said, "you are not to leave me in that way neither; I am not so amply provided with friends, that I can afford to throw away even the unexpected and the selfish. Much what I say, Mr. Francis Osbaldistone. You shall know nothing of this mysterious glove," and she held tight as she spoke—"nothing—no, not a single wife more than you know already; and yet I will not permit it to be a parallel of such and distance between us. My time here," she said, sinking into a tone somewhat softer, "must necessarily be very short; yours must be still shorter: we are soon to part never to meet again; do not let us quarrel, or make any mysterious mystery the pretext for further embittering the few hours we shall ever pass together on this side of eternity."

I do not know, Trevelyan, by what witchery this fascinating creature obtained such complete management over a temper which I cannot at all times manage myself. I had determined

on entering the Theory, to seek a complete explanation with Miss Vernon. I had found that she refused it with indignant defiance, and avowed to my face the preference of a rival, for what other construction could I put on her declared preference of her mysterious confidant? And yet, while I was on the point of leaving the apartment, and looking with her for ever, it cost her but a change of look and tone, from that of real and thoughtless resentment to that of kind and playful despotism, again shaded off into melancholy and serious feeling, to lead me back to my seat, her willing subject, on her own hard terms.

"What does this mean?" said I, as I sat down. "What on this earth, Miss Vernon? Why should I witness embarrassments which I cannot relieve, and mysteries which I offend you even by attempting to penetrate? Inexperienced as you are in the world, you must still be aware that a beautiful young woman can have but one male friend. Even in a male friend I will be jealous of a confidence shared with a third party unknown and unnamed; but with you, Miss Vernon"—

"You are, of course, jealous, in all the tones and moods of that unalike passion! But, my good friend, you have all this time spoke nothing but the poetry group which sometimes repeat from play-books and romances, till they give more real and powerful influence over their minds. Boys and girls prize themselves into love; and when their love is like to fall asleep, they prize and tease themselves into jealousy. But you and I, Frank, are rational beings, and neither silly nor like enough to talk ourselves into any other relation than that of plain honest disinterested friendship. Any other union is so far out of our reach as if I were man, or you woman.—To speak truth," she added, after a moment's hesitation, "even though I am so uncomfortable to the decorum of my sex as to blush a little at my own plain dealing, we cannot marry if we would; and we might not if we could."

And, indeed, Frank, she did blush most significantly, as she made this cruel declaration. I was about to attack both her position, entirely forgetting those very suspicions which had been confirmed in the course of the evening, but she proceeded with a cold firmness which approached to severity—"What I say is sober and indisputable truth, on which I will neither hear question nor explanation. We are therefore friends, Mr. Obedience—are we not?" She held out her hand, and taking

mine, added—"And nothing to each other now, or hereafterward, except as friends."

She let go my hand. I shook it and my head at once, faintly surprised, as I guess would have turned it, by the mingled kindness and firmness of her manner. She listened to change the subject.

"Here is a letter," she said, "directed for you, Mr. Coboldstone, very duly and distinctly; but which, notwithstanding the caution of the person who wrote and addressed it, might perhaps never have reached your hands, had it not fallen into the possession of a certain Pucklet, or enchanted dwarf of mine, whose, like all distressed damsels of course, I return to my secret service."

I opened the letter and glanced over the contents. The unfolded sheet of paper dropped from my hands, with the involuntary exclamation of "Gracious Heaven! my duty and discharge have raised my father!"

Miss Vernon rose with looks of real and affectionate alarm—"You grow pale—you are ill—shall I bring you a glass of water! Be a man, Mr. Coboldstone, and a fine one. Is your father—in he no more?"

"He lives," said I, "thank God! but to what distress and difficulty."

"If that be all, despair not. May I read this letter?" she said, taking it up.

I assented, hardly knowing what I said. She read it with great attention.

"Who is this Mr. Truham, who signs the letter?"

"My father's partner—(your own good father, Will)—"but he is little in the habit of acting personally in the business of the house."

"He writes here," said Miss Vernon, "of various letters sent to you personally."

"I have received none of them," I replied.

"And it appears," she continued, "that Rushleigh, who has taken the full management of affairs during your father's absence in Holland, has some time since left London for Scotland, with effects and retinue, to take up large bills granted by your father to persons in that country, and that he has not since been heard of."

"It is but too true."

"And here has been," she added, looking at the letter, "a head-clerk, or some such person,—Owenso—Owenso—despatched to Glasgow, to find out Rankleigh, if possible, and you are entrusted to repair to the same place, and assist him in his researches."

"It is even so, and I must depart instantly."

"Stay but one moment," said Miss Vernon. "It seems to me that the worst which can come of this matter, will be the loss of a certain sum of money;—and can that bring tears into your eyes? For shame, Mr. Gubbins!"

"You do me injustice, Miss Vernon," I answered. "I grieve not for the loss of the money, but for the effect which I know it will produce on the spirits and health of my father, to whom mercantile credit is as honour, and who, if declared insolvent, would sink into the grave, oppressed by a sense of grief, remorse, and despair, like that of a soldier convicted of cowardice or a man of honour who had lost his rank and character in society. All this I might have prevented by a trifling sacrifice of the foolish pride and self-love which revolted from sharing the labours of his respectable and useful profession. Good Heaven! how shall I redeem the consequences of my error?"

"By instantly repairing to Glasgow, as you are enjoined to do by the friend who writes this letter."

"But if Rankleigh," said I, "has really turned this base and unconscientious scheme of plundering his benefactor, what prospect is there that I can find means of frustrating a plan so deeply laid?"

"The prospect," she replied, "indeed, may be uncertain; but, on the other hand, there is no possibility of your doing any service to your father by remaining here. Remember, had you been on the post destined for you, this disaster would not have happened. Listen to that which is now pointed out, and it may possibly be averted.—Yet stay—do not leave this room until I return."

She left me in confusion and amazement; and which, however, I could find a brief interval to achieve the firmness, composure, and presence of mind which Miss Vernon seemed to possess on every crisis, however sudden.

In a few minutes she returned with a sheet of paper in her hand, folded and sealed like a letter, but without address. "I trust you," she said, "with this proof of my friendship, because

I have the most perfect confidence in your honour. If I understand the nature of your distress rightly, the funds in Lady High's possession must be recovered by a certain day—the 15th of September, I think is named—in order that they may be applied to pay the bills in question; and, consequently, that if adequate funds be provided before that period, your father's credit is safe from the apprehended calamity."

"Certainly—I so understood Mr. Trevelyan"—I looked at your father's letter again, and added, "There cannot be a doubt of it."

"Well," said Diana, "in that case my little Pocket may be of use to you. You have heard of a spell contained in a letter. Take this packet; do not open it until other and ordinary means have failed. If you succeed by your own exertions, I trust to your honour for destroying it without opening or calling it to be opened;—but if not, you may break the seal within ten days of the fixed day, and you will find directions which may possibly be of service to you. Adieu, Frank; we never meet more—but sometimes think of your friend Mrs. Vernon."

She extended her hand, but I shaped her to my breast. She sighed as she extricated herself from the embrace which she permitted—escaped to the door which led to her own apartment—and I saw her no more.

## CHAPTER EIGHTEENTH.

And being, hurry, all they told,  
As fast as fast might be;  
Hurry, hurry, the deed was done,  
Dust thou is made with me!

ByRON.

There is the advantage in an accumulation of evils, differing in cause and character, that the distraction which they afford by their contradictory operation prevents the patient from being overwhelmed under either. I was deeply grieved at my separation from Miss Vernon, yet not so much so as I should have been, had not my father's apprehended distress forced themselves on my attention; and I was distressed by the news of Mr. Trevelyan,

yet less so than if they had fully accepted my tale. I was neither a false lover nor an unfeeling son; but men can give but a certain portion of disinterested emotions to the cause which demands them; and if two spirits at once, one sympathy, like the fanks of a corresponding bankrupt, can only be divided between them. Such were my reflections when I gained my apartment—it seems, from the illustrations, they already began to have a twang of commerce in them.

I set myself seriously to consider your father's letter. It was not very distinct, and referred for several particulars to Owen, whom I was intended to meet with as soon as possible at a Scotch town called Glasgow; being informed, moreover, that my old friend was to be heard of at Messrs. MacVitie, MacFlie, and Company, merchants in the Gallowgate of the said town. It likewise alluded to several letters, which, as it appeared to me, must have miscarried or have been intercepted, and contemplated my ultimate distress, in terms which would have been highly unjust, had my letters reached their proposed destination. I was amazed as I read. That the spirit of Edinburgh walked around me, and conjured up those doubts and difficulties by which I was surrounded, I could not doubt for one instant; yet it was frightful to conceive the extent of combined villainy and power which he must have employed in the perpetration of his design. Let me do myself justice in one respect. The evil of parting from Miss Vernon, however distressing it might in other respects and at another time have appeared to me, sunk into a subordinate consideration when I thought of the dangers impending over my father. I did not myself set a high estimation on wealth, and had the affection of most young men of lively imagination, who suppose that they can better dispense with the possession of money, than resign their time and faculties to the labour necessary to acquire it. But in my father's case, I knew that bankruptcy would be considered as an utter and irretrievable disgrace, to which life would afford no comfort, and death the speediest and sole relief.

My mind, therefore, was bent on averting this catastrophe, with an intensity which the interest could not have produced had it referred to my own fortune; and the result of my deliberation was a firm resolution to depart from Obedience Hall the next day, and wend my way without loss of time to seek Owen at Glasgow. I did not hold it expedient to in-

made my departure to my uncle, otherwise than by leaving a letter of thanks for his hospitality, assuring him that studies and important business prevented my offering them in person. I knew the least old knight would readily excuse courtesy; and I had such a belief in the extent and decided character of Rodolph's machinations, that I had some apprehension of his having provided means to interrupt a journey which was undertaken with a view to disconcert them, if my departure were publicly announced at Osheldons Hall.

I therefore determined to set off on my journey with dispatch on the ensuing morning, and to gain the neighbouring kingdom of Scotland before any idea of my departure was entertained at the Hall. But one impediment of consequence was likely to prevent that speed which was the soul of my expedition. I did not know the shortest, nor indeed any road to Glasgow; and as, in the circumstances in which I stood, despatch was of the greatest consequence, I determined to consult Andrew Forsythe on the subject, as the nearest and most authentic authority within my reach. Late as it was, I set off with the intention of ascertaining this important point, and after a few minutes' walk reached the dwelling of the parson.

Andrew's dwelling was situated at no great distance from the eastern wall of the park—a snug comfortable Northumbrian cottage, built of stone roughly dressed with the hammer, and having the windows and doors decorated with huge heavy architraves, or lintels, as they are called, of hewn stone, and its roof covered with broad grey slates, instead of shales, slates, or tiles. A large apple tree at one end of the cottage, a circular and flower-plot of a road in extent in front, and a kitchen-garden behind; a paddock for a cow, and a small field, cultivated with several crops of grain, rather for the benefit of the cottager than for sale, surrounded the wren and coral sanctuaries which Old England, even at her most northern extremity, contrives to her peasant inhabitants.

As I approached the mansion of the sagacious Andrew, I heard a noise, which, being of a nature peculiarly solemn, nasal, and prolonged, led me to think that Andrew, according to the decent and matter-of-course custom of his countrymen, had assembled some of his neighbours to join in family exercise, as he called evening devotion. Andrew had indeed another wife, child, one female inmate in his family. "The best of his trade," he said, "had

had enough of these critics." But, notwithstanding, he sometimes contrived to turn an audience for himself out of the neighbouring Pulpits and Church of Englandmen.—Finally, as he expressed it, snatched out of the burning, on whom he used to exercise his spiritual gifts, in defence alike of Father Vaughan, Father Dandridge, Fackinagh, and all the world of Catholics around him, who deemed his interference on such occasions an act of heretical interfering; I conceived it likely, therefore, that the well-disposed neighbours might have assembled to hold some shogol of one of this nature. The noise, however, when I listened to it more attentively, seemed to proceed entirely from the lungs of the good Andrew; and when I interrupted it by entering the house, I found Fairweather alone, combating as he best could, with long words and hard names, and reading aloud, for the purpose of his own edification, a volume of controversial divinity.

"I was just taking a spell," said he, laying aside the huge folio volume as I entered, "of the worthy Doctor Lightfoot."

"Lightfoot?" I replied, looking at the ponderous volume with some surprise; "surely your author was unhappily named."

"Lightfoot was his name, sir; a divine he was, and another kind of a divine than they has now-a-days. Always, I crave your pardon for keeping ye standing at the door, but having been uncrystallized (quod preserve us!) with an hoggie the night afore, I was cautious o' opening the yett till I had gane through the c'ring wordship; and I had just finished the 25th chapter of Nehemiah—if that please ye then keep their distance, I waken what will."

"Crystallized with a hoggie?" said I; "what do ye mean by that, Andrew?"

"I said uncrystallized," replied Andrew; "that is to wackie us in my, say'd w' a ghast—Gude preserve us, I say again!"

"(Say'd by a ghost, Andrew! how can I to understand that?"

"I did not say say'd," replied Andrew, "but say'd,—that is, I got a bog, and was ready to jump out o' my skin, though nobody offered to whisk it off my body as a man wad back a tree."

"I beg a truce to your terms in the present case, Andrew, and I wish to know whether you can direct me the nearest way to a town in your country of Scotland, called Glasgow?"

"A town call Glasgow?" asked Andrew Fairweather. "Glas-



gave a ready, man,—And isn't the way to Glasgow ye were speaking of I heard?—What will ad me to loan it?—It's na that seems the less my ain parish of Dremphilly, that lies a little farther to the west. But what may your honour be gane to Glasgow for?"

"Particular business," replied I.

"That's an enable us to say, Spoor was questioning, and I'll tell ye our loan.—To Glasgow?—he made a short purse.—"I am thinking ye wad be the better o' some one to show ye the road."

"Certainly, if I could meet with any person going that way."

"And your honour, doubtless, wad consider the time and trouble?"

"Unquestionably—my business is pressing, and if you can find any guide to accompany me, I'll pay him handsomely."

"This is no a day to speak o' rural matters," said Andrew, casting his eyes upwards; "but if it were an Sabbath at e'en, I wad speak what ye wad be content to go to see that wad bear ye pleasant company on the road, and tell ye the names of the gentlemen's and gentlemen's seats and castles, and count their km to ye?"

"I tell you, all I want to know is the road I must travel; I will pay the fellow to his satisfaction—I will give him anything in reason."

"Quitting," replied Andrew, "is nothing; and this led that I am speaking o' loans o' the short cuts and queer by-paths through the hills, and?"

"I have no time to talk about it, Andrew; do you make the bargain for me your own way."

"Aha! that's speaking to the purpose," answered Andrew.—"I am thinking, since we be that we it is, I'll be the lad that will guide you myself."

"You, Andrew?—how will you get away from your employment?"

"I tell'd your honour a while syne, that it was lang that I had been thinking o' sitting, maybe as lang as frae the first year I came to Oakhillstone Hall; and now I am o' the mind to gang in guide earnest—better soon as syne—better a finger off an eye waggling."

"You leave your service, then?—but will you not lose your wages?"

"Nae doubt there will be a certain loss; but then I have ailler o' the kind's in my hands that I took for the apples on the wild orchard—and a new bargain the folk had that bought them—a whole grove worth—and yet the Hildrebrand's as loss to have the ailler (that is, the steward is as priding about it) as if they had been a' garden pippins—and then there's the ailler for the seeds—I'm thinking the wage will be in a manner dreevly made up.—But doubtless your honour will consider my risk of loss when we win to Glasgow—and ye'll be for setting out forthwith?"

"By day-break in the morning," I answered.

"That's something o' the suddenest—where am I to find a ship?—Stay—I have just the boat that will serve me."

"At five in the morning, then, Andrew, you will meet me at the head of the stream."

"Dad a fear o' me (that I wad say an) raising my tryte," replied Andrew, very bravely; "and if I might advise, we wad be off two hours earlier. I ken the way, dark or light, as well as kind Ralph Renshaw, that's travelled over every moun in the country-side, and there's less the colour of a leather-skin when he's done."

I highly approved of Andrew's amendment on my original proposal, and we agreed to meet at the place appointed at three in the morning. At once, however, a reflection came across the mind of my intended travelling companion.

"The bog! the bog! what if it should come out upon us?—I dover forget that these things turn in the best-and-twenty hours."

"Pooh! pooh!" I exclaimed, breaking away from him, "fear nothing from the dark world—the earth contains living souls, who can not for themselves without assistance, were the whole loss that fell with Lucifer to return to aid and abet them."

With these words, the import of which was suggested by my own affection, I left Andrew's inhibition, and returned to the Hall.

I made the few preparations which were necessary for my proposed journey, examined and loaded my pistols, and then threw myself on my bed, to obtain, if possible, a brief sleep before the fatigue of a long and arduous journey. Nature, exhausted by the tumultuous agitations of the day, was kinder to me than I expected, and I sunk into a deep and profound slumber, from

which, however, I started as the old clock struck two from a turret adjoining my bedchamber. I instantly arose, struck a light, wrote the letter I proposed to leave for my uncle, and leaving behind me such articles of dress as were convenient in carriage, I deposited the rest of my wardrobe in my valise, glided down stairs, and gained the stable without impediment. Without being quite such a groom as any of my cousins, I had learned at Obedience Hall to dress and saddle my own horse, and in a few minutes I was mounted and ready for my ride.

As I paced up the old avenue, on which the waning moon threw its light with a pale and whitish tinge, I looked back with a deep and longing sigh towards the walls which contained Diana Vernon, under the despondent impression that we had probably parted to meet no more. It was impossible, among the long and irregular lines of Gothic ornaments, which now looked ghastly white in the moonlight, to distinguish that of the apartment which she inhabited. "She is lost to me already," thought I, as my eye wandered over the dim and indistinguishable intricacies of architecture offered by the moonlight view of Obedience Hall—"She is lost to me already, and I have left the place which she inhabits! What hope is there of my maintaining any correspondence with her, when language shall be between?"

While I gazed in a reverie of so very pleasing nature, the "iron tongue of time told three upon the drowsy ear of night," and reminded me of the necessity of keeping my appointment with a person of a less interesting description and appearance—  
*Andrew Fairweather.*

At the gate of the avenue I found a horseman stationed in the shadow of the wall, but it was not until I had coughed twice, and then called "Andrew," that the horticulturalist replied, "The warmest it's Andrew."

"Lead the way, then," said I, "and be silent if you can, till we are past the hamlet in the valley."

Andrew led the way accordingly, and at a much brisker pace than I would have recommended;—and so well did he obey my injunctions of keeping silence, that he would return no answer to my repeated inquiries into the cause of such unnecessary haste. Extricating ourselves by short cuts, known to Andrew, from the numerous stone lanes and by-paths which intersected each other in the vicinity of the Hall, we reached the open

leath; and riding swiftly across it, took our course among the barren hills which divide England from Scotland as what are called the Middle Marches. The way, or rather the hooted track which we adopted, was a happy interchange of bog and straight; nevertheless, Andrew related nothing of his speed, but trotted manfully forward at the rate of eight or ten miles an hour. I was both surprised and provoked at the fellow's obstinate persistence, for we made abrupt ascents and descents over ground of a very break-neck character, and traversed the edge of precipices, where a slip of the horse's feet would have consigned the rider to certain death. The moon, at best, afforded a feeble and imperfect light; but in some places we were so much under the shade of the mountains as to be in total darkness, and then I could only trace Andrew by the clatter of his horse's feet, and the fire which they struck from the flints. At first, this rapid motion, and the situation which, for the sake of personal safety, I was compelled to give to the conduct of my horse, was of course, by forcibly diverting my thoughts from the various painful recollections which must otherwise have passed on my mind. But at length, after following repeatedly to Andrew to ride slower, I became seriously incensed at his impudent persistence in refusing either to obey or to reply to me. My anger was, however, quite unavailing. I attempted once or twice to get up alongside of my self-willed guide, with the purpose of knocking him off his horse with the butt-end of my whip; but Andrew was better mounted than I, and either the spirit of the animal which he rode, or more probably some presentiment of my kind intentions towards him, induced him to quicken his pace whenever I attempted to make up to him. On the other hand, I was compelled to exert my utmost to keep him in sight, for without his guidance I was too well aware that I should never find my way through the hawing wilderness which we now traversed at such an unsteady pace. I was so angry at length, that I threatened to have recourse to my pistols, and send a bullet after the Hottentot Andrew, which should stop his fiery-footed career, if he did not abate it of his own accord. Apparently this threat made some impression on the tympanum of his ear, however deaf to all my milder intimation, for he relaxed his pace upon hearing it, and, suffering me to close up to him, observed, "There wass naeakin mair in ridin' at us a duff-like gait."

"And what did you mean by doing so at all, you self-willed scoundrel?" replied I; for I was in a towering passion,—to which, by the way, nothing contributed more than the having recently undergone a species of personal fear, which, like a few drops of water flung on a glowing fire, is sure to influence the action which it is insufficient to quench.

"What's your honour's will?" replied Andrew, with impetuous gravity.

"My will, youascal!—I have been nursing to you the how to rule down, and you have never so much as answered me—Are you drunk or mad to behave so?"

"As it like your honour, I am something dull of hearing, and I'll no deny but I might have maybe seen a stirrup-cup at parting from the cold bidding when I has drov't me long; and having nobody to judge, no doubt I was oblig'd to do myself wrong, or else leave the end o' the brandy story in these papers—and that will be a waste, as your honour says."

This might be all very true,—and my circumstances required that I should be on good terms with my guide, I therefore satisfied myself with requiring of him to take his directions from me in future concerning the rules of travelling.

Andrew, emboldened by the silence of my tone, elevated his own into the peevish, conceited active, which was familiar to him on most occasions.

"Your honour willea persuade me, and nobody shall persuade me, that it's either wholesome or prudent to tak the right or on this morn without a cordial o' clow-gilliflow' water, or a tumb o' brandy or aquatize, or do like creature-comfort. I has seen the best over the Otterwasperigg a hundred times, day and night, and never could find the way unless I had them my morning; made by taken that I had within two hots o' ankors o' brandy on th side o' me."

"In other words, Andrew," said I, "you were a straggler—how does a man of your strict principles reconcile yourself to drink the revenue?"

"It's a more spelling o' the Egyptians," replied Andrew, "pair and Scotland active enough by these blackguard loons o' common and puggs, that has come down on her liss locate since the end and corrects' Union; it's the part o' a kind son to bring her a soup o' something that will keep up her cold heart,—and that will they all say, the ill-fated thiers!"

Upon more particular inquiry, I found Andrew had frequently travelled these mountain-paths as a smuggler, both before and after his establishment at Okabolistown Hall—a circumstance which was so far of importance to me, as it proved his capacity as a guide, notwithstanding the suspicion of which he had been guilty at his outset. Even now, though travelling at a more moderate pace, the clirrup-rup, or whatever else had such an effect in stimulating Andrew's motions, seemed not totally to have lost its influence. He often cast a nervous and startled look behind him; and whenever the road seemed at all practicable, showed symptoms of a desire to accelerate his pace, as if he feared some pursuit from the rear. These appearances of alarm gradually diminished as we reached the top of a high black ridge, which ran nearly east and west for about a mile, with a very steep descent on either side. The pale beams of the morning were now enlightening the horizon, when Andrew cast a look behind him, and not seeing the appearance of a living being on the moor which he had traversed, his hard features gradually relaxed, as he first whistled, then sang, with much glee and little melody, the end of one of his native songs:

"Jenny, ha! I think I see her  
Over the moor among the heather,  
All their own stuff were got her"

He patted at the same time the neck of the horse which had carried him so gallantly; and my attention being directed by that action to the animal, I instantly recognised a favourite mare of Thornhill Okabolistown. "How is this, sir?" said I sternly; "that is Mr. Thornhill's mare?"

"I'll no say but she may aften hae been his honour's Squire Thornhill's in her day—but she's mine now."

"You have stolen her, you rascal."

"Eh, no, sir—nae man can ryle me wi' that. The thing stands this gate, ye see. Squire Thornhill borrowed ten pounds o' me to gang to York Race—dell a bodle wad he pay me back again, and speak o' mending my house, as he w'd it, when I asked him for my ain back again;—now I think it w'd ridde him or he gae his horse awa the Roder again.—unless he pay me plack and heather, he will never see a hair o' her tail. I hae a cunny child at Longmether, a bit wicker bed, that will put me in the way to see him. Good the morn! na,

er, for be the de o' that fine Andrew Fairweather—I have just created her particularity *forebody* away. There are bonny writer words—amais like the language o' best gardeners and other learned men—it's a pity they're no dear,—then there words were a' that Andrew got for a lang lay-plan and deer ankers o' an gude beauty as was a'wer caught over coag—Beech, am I but her's a dear thing."

"You are likely to find it much denser than you suppose, Andrew, if you proceed in this mode of purging yourself, without legal authority."

"Howt tant, we're in Scotland now (he pruned that) and I can find both friends and lawyers, and judges too, as well as my Obedience o' them a'. My mother's mother's third cousin was cousin to the Provost o' Dunferm, and he wint see a deap o' her blade wrangled. Howt awa! the laws are indifferently administered here to a' men alike; it's as like on you side, when a child may be whuppt awa' w' ane o' Clerk John's warrants, since he knows where he is. But they will hae little enough law among them by and by, and that is an gude reason that I hae g'ive them gude-day."

I was highly pleased at the achievement of Andrew, and considered it as a hard fate, which a second time threw me into collision with a person of such irregular practices. I determined, however, to buy the mane of him, when he should reach the end of our journey, and send her back to my cousin at Obedientia Hall; and with this purpose of repurchase I resolved to make my uncle acquainted from the next post-town. It was needless, I thought, to quarrel with Andrew in the meantime, who had, after all, acted not very sensibly for a person in his circumstances. I therefore smothered my resentment, and asked him what he meant by his last expressions, that there would be little law in Northumberland by and by?

"Law!" said Andrew, "howt, ay—there will be dith law enough. The priests and the Irish officers, and the papist curia that has been sedgiting abroad, because they dithna bide at home, are a' faling thick in Northumberland stave, and thee w'ith dithna gather without they small curia. As awa as ye lee, the lower Sir Hildbrand is gane to stick his horn in the bag—there's nothing but gun and pistol, sword and dagger, among them—and they'll be lying on, I've war-

rank; for they're scarce like the young Oriskanyes, eyes crying your honour's pardon."

The speech recalled to my memory some suspicions that I myself had entertained, that the Jacobites were on the eve of some desperate enterprise. But, conscious it did not become me to be a spy on my uncle's words and actions, I had rather avoided than availed myself of any opportunity which occurred of remaining upon the signs of the times.—Andrew Farnsworth felt no such restraint, and doubtless spoke very truly in stating his conviction that some desperate plots were in agitation, as a reason which determined his resolution to leave the Hall.

"The servants," he stated, "with the tenants and others, had been all regularly drilled and instructed, and they wanted not to take arms else. But I'll ride in our own troop—they little know'd Andrew that asked him. I'll fight when I like myself, but it will neither be for the love of Babylon, nor any here in England."

## CHAPTER NINETEENTH.

There hangs to all you stilled eyes,  
As weary of the bustling day,—  
The poet's thoughts, the warrior's fire,  
The lover's sighs, are sleeping there.  
Lancaster.

AT the first Scotch town which we reached, my guide sought out his friend and counsellor, to consult upon the proper and legal means of converting into his own lawful property the "lenny creature," which was at present his own only by one of those slight-of-hand arrangements which still sometimes took place in that more lawless district. I was somewhat diverted with the definition of his joke on this score. He had, it seems, been rather too communicative to his confidential friend, the attorney; and having with great decency, in return for his transporting frankness, that Mr. Tenthope had, during his absence, been appointed clerk to the peace of the county, and was bound to communicate to justice all such observations as that of his friend Mr. Andrew Farnsworth. There was a necessity, the short number of the police stated, for arresting the



horse, and placing him in Belle Trumbull's stable, therein to remain at livery, at the rate of twelve shillings (half-pay) per diem, until the question of property was duly tried and debated. He even talked as if, in strict and rigorous execution of his duty, he ought to detain himself; but on my guide's most piteously entreating his forbearance, he not only desisted from this proposal, but made a present to Andrew of a broken-winded and spavined pony, in order to enable him to pursue his journey. It is true, he qualified this act of generosity by casting from poor Andrew an absolute cession of his right and interest in the gulfest pelfery of Thornehill's estate—a transference which Mr. Testhope represented as of very little consequence, since his unfortunate friend, as he facetiously observed, was likely to get nothing of the mare excepting the halter.

Andrew seemed vexed and disconcerted, as I covered out of him these particulars; for his northern pride was cruelly pinched by being compelled to admit that attorneys were attorneys on both sides of the Tweed; and that Mr. Clerk Testhope was not a farthing more sterling coin than Mr. Clerk Johnson.

"It wadna hae waird him half ane crackle to hae been cheated out o' what might amont to him to be won with the peril o' his crag, had it happened among the Inglishers, but it was an unco thing to see hawks pick out hawks' eys, or as kindly Scot does another. But ane doubt things were strangely changed in his country sin' the ad and warrer's Union;" an event to which Andrew referred every symptom of depravity or degeneracy which he remarked among the countrymen, more especially the infatuation of redcoatings, the diminished size of pint-stoups, and other grievances, which he pointed out to me during our journey.

For my own part, I held myself, as things had turned out, acquitted of all charge of the mare, and wrote to my uncle the circumstances under which she was mailed into Scotland, concluding with informing him that she was in the hands of justice, and her worthy representatives, Belle Trumbull and Mr. Clerk Testhope, to whom I referred him for further particulars. Whether the property returned to the Baronian's for-bearer, or continued to bear the pence of the Scottish attorney, it is unnecessary for me at present to say.

We now pursued our journey to the north-westward, at a rate much slower than that at which we had achieved our southern retreat from England. One chain of barren and uninteresting hills succeeded another, until the more fertile vale of Clyde opened upon us; and, with such despatch as we might, we passed the town, or, as my guide particularly termed it, the city, of Glasgow. Of late years, I understand, it has fully deserved the name, which, by a sort of political second sight, my guide assigned to it. An extensive and increasing trade with the West Indies and American colonies, has, if I am rightly informed, laid the foundation of wealth and prosperity, which, if carefully strengthened and built upon, may one day support an immense fabric of commercial prosperity; but in the earlier times of which I speak, the dawn of this splendour had not arisen. The Union had, indeed, opened to Scotland the trade of the English colonies; but, hitherto want of capital, and the national jealousy of the English, the merchants of Scotland were as yet excluded, in a great measure, from the exercise of the privileges which that memorable treaty conferred on them. Glasgow lay on the wrong side of the island for participating in the east country or continental trade, by which the telling commerce as yet possessed by Scotland chiefly supported itself. Yet, though she then gave small promise of the commercial existence to which, I am informed, she soon afterwards rose by to attain, Glasgow, as the principal central town of the western district of Scotland, was a place of considerable rank and importance. The broad and bristling Clyde, which flows as near its walls, gave the means of an inland navigation of some importance. Not only the fertile plains in its immediate neighbourhood, but the districts of Ayr and Dumfries regarded Glasgow as their capital, to which they transmitted their produce, and received in return such commodities and luxuries as their consumption required.

The dusky mountains of the western Highlands often sent forth wilder tribes to frequent the marches of St. Rung's favourite city. Hordes of wild, shaggy, dwarfish cattle and ponies, conducted by Highlanders, as wild, as shaggy, and sometimes as dwarfish, as the animals they had in charge, often traversed the streets of Glasgow. Strangers gazed with surprise on the antique and fantastic dress, and listened to the unknown and discordant sounds of their language, while the mountaineers, armed, even

while engaged in this powerful occupation, with machet and pick, sword, dagger, and target, armed with astonishment on the articles of luxury of which they knew not the use, and with an avidity which seemed somewhat alarming on the articles which they knew and valued. It is always with unremittingness that the Highlander quits his deserts, and at the early period it was like tearing a pine from its rock, to plant him elsewhere. Yet even then the mountain glens were over-peopled, although thinned occasionally by famine or by the sword, and many of their inhabitants straggled down to Glasgow—there found settlements—there sought and found employment, although different, indeed, from that of their native hills. This supply of a hardy and useful population was of consequence to the prosperity of the place, furnished the means of carrying on the few manufactures which the town already boasted, and laid the foundation of its future prosperity.

The aspect of the city corresponded with these promising circumstances. The principal street was broad and important, decorated with public buildings, of an architecture rather striking than correct in point of taste, and running between rows of tall houses, built of stone, the fronts of which were occasionally richly ornamented with mason-work—a circumstance which gave the street an imposing air of dignity and grandeur, of which most English towns are in some measure deprived, by the slight, unsubstantial, and perishable quality and appearance of the bricks with which they are constructed.

In the western metropolis of Scotland, my guide and I arrived on a Saturday evening, too late to entertain thoughts of business of any kind. We alighted at the door of a jolly hostler-wife, as Andrew called her,—the Octagon of old father Chivers,—by whom we were civilly received.

On the following morning the bells pealed from every steeple, announcing the sanctity of the day. Notwithstanding, however, what I had heard of the severity with which the Sabbath is observed in Scotland, my first impulse, not unreasonably, was to seek out Owen; but on inquiry I found that my attempt would be in vain, "until high time was over." Not only did my landlady and guide jointly assure me that "there would be a being and ether in the counting-house or dwelling-house of Messrs. MacVicar, MacFie, and Company," to which Owen's letter referred me, but, moreover, "far less would I find any of the

partners there. They were serious men, and said to those of good Christians ought to be at the same time, and that was in the Burrow Lough Kirk."<sup>a</sup>

Andrew Fairweather, whose disgust at the law of his country had impulsively not extended itself to the other learned professions of his native land, now sang forth the praises of the preacher who was to perform the duty, to which my hostess replied with many loud accons. The result was, that I determined to go to this popular place of worship, as much with the purpose of learning, if possible, whether Owen had arrived in Glasgow, as with any great expectation of edification. My hopes were quickened by the assurance, that if Mr. Ephraim MacVicar (worthy man) were in the land of the living, he would surely honour the Burrow Kirk that day with his presence; and if he chanced to have a stranger within his gates, doubtless he would bring him to the duty along with him. This probability determined my motions, and under the escort of my faithful Andrew, I set forth for the Burrow Kirk.

On this occasion, however, I had little need of his guidance; for the crowd, which forced its way up a steep and rough-paved street, to hear the most popular preacher in the west of Scotland, would of itself have swept me along with it. On obtaining the summit of the hill, we turned to the left, and a large pair of folding doors admitted us, amongst others, into the open and extensive burying-place which surrounds the Minister or Cathedral Church of Glasgow. The pile is of a gloomy and massive, rather than of an elegant, style of Gothic architecture; but the peculiar character is so strongly preserved, and so well suited with the surroundings that surround it, that the impression of the first view was awful and solemn to the extreme. I was indeed so much struck, that I resisted for a few minutes all Andrew's efforts to drag me into the interior of the building, as deeply was I engaged in surveying its external character.

Situated in a populous and considerable town, this ancient and massive pile has the appearance of the most sequestered solitude. High walls divide it from the buildings of the city

<sup>a</sup> [The Leigh Kirk or Crypt of the Cathedral of Glasgow served for some time, two centuries as the church of the Burrow Parish, and, for a time, was converted into a burial place. In the restoration of this great building the crypt was cleared out, and is now admired as one of the most specimens of Early English architecture existing in Scotland.]

on one side; on the other it is bounded by a river, at the bottom of which, and invisible to the eye, murmurs a wandering rhymer, adding, by its gentle noise, to the imposing solemnity of the scene. On the opposite side of the river runs a steep bank, covered with flowers closely planted, whose dusky shade extends itself over the cemetery with an appropriate and gloomy effect. The churchyard itself had a peculiar character; for though in reality extensive, it is small in proportion to the number of respectable inhabitants who are interred within it, and whose graves are almost all covered with tombstones. There is therefore no room for the long rank grass, which, in most cases, partially clothes the surface of these retreats where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest. The broad flat monumental stones are placed so close to each other, that the products appear to be flagged with them, and, though roofed only by the heavens, resemble the floor of one of our old English churches, where the pavement is covered with sepulchral inscriptions. The contents of these and records of mortality, the vain names which they preserve, the stern lessons which they teach of the nothingness of humanity, the extent of ground which they so closely cover, and their uniform and monotonously heavy, reminded me of the roll of the prophet, which was "written within and without, and there was written therein lamentation and mourning and woe."

The Cathedral itself corresponds in impressive majesty with these surroundings. We felt that its appearance is heavy, yet that the effect produced would be destroyed were it lighter or more ornamented. It is the only metropolitan church in Scotland, excepting, as I am informed, the Cathedral of Kirkcaldy, in the Orkneys, which remained un injured at the Reformation, and Andrew Fairbairn, who saw with great pride the effect which it produced upon my mind, thus accounted for its preservation—"Ah! it's a braw kirk—some o' pure whig-maleficence and conservatism and openbook braw about it—o' solid, well-jointed mason-work, that will stand as lang as the world, keep heads and ginspawther off it. It had under a doomsome lang eye at the Reformation, when they w'd dinna the kirk o' St Andrew and Perth, and thowars', to decess them o' Piquy, and kildrity, and kinsp-worship, and suppliance, and sic like rags o' the monks' bare that stiteth an seven hills, as if ane woman bauld enough for her seld blinder ead. See the

members o' Bembow, and o' the Barrow, and the Gorbals and a' about, they believed to come into Glasgow on this morning, to try their hand on purging the High Kirk o' Popish superstitions. But the townsmen o' Glasgow, they were feared their wild notions might slip the girls in gear through some rough physics, and they rang the common bell, and assembled the town-bands w' loon o' drums. By good luck, the worthy James Robert was Dean o' Guild that year—(and a gude man he was himsell, made him the better to keep up the wild binging)—and the trades assembled, and offered downright battle to the commons, rather than their kirk should keep the drums as others had done elsewhere. It wadna for love o' Popery—no, no—none could ever say that o' the leaders o' Glasgow—But they came round to an agreement to take o' the hideous statues o' saints (sorry be on them) out o' their seats—and use the bits o' stone idols were broken in pieces by Scripture warriors, and flung into the Milecastle burn, and the wild kirk stood as brave as a cat when the furs are lashed off her, and a' body was a'ble pleased. And I has heard wae folk say, that if the same had been done in the kirk in Scotland, the Reform wad just hae been as pure as it is now, and we wad hae made Christian-like folk, for I has been as lang in England, that naething wad drive out o' my head, that the dog-barn at Cambridge Hall is better than wae a house o' God in Scotland."

Thus saying, Andrew led the way into the place of worship.

## CHAPTER TWENTIETH.

—It strikes an eye  
And hovers on my aching sight; the tomb  
And monumental curves of death look cold,  
And shoot a chillness to the trembling heart.

MOOREHEAD BRIDGE.

NOTWITHSTANDING the impatience of my conductor, I could not forbear to pause and gaze for some minutes on the exterior of the building, rendered more impressively dignified by the attitude which assumed when no pilgrims open gates were closed, after having, as it were, devoured the multitude which had

lately crowded the churchyard, but now, enclosed within the building, were engaged, as the chord swell of voices from within announced to us, in the solemn exercises of devotion. The sound of so many voices united by the distance into one harmony, and freed from those harsh discords which for the ear when heard more near, combining with the murmuring brook, and the wind which sang among the old trees, affected me with a sense of sublimity. All nature, as invited by the Psalms whose verses they chanted, seemed united in offering that solemn praise in which trembling is mixed with joy as she addressed her Maker. I had heard the service of high mass in France, celebrated with all the splendour which the choicest music, the richest dresses, the most imposing ceremonies, could confer on it; yet it fell short in effect of the simplicity of the Presbyterian worship. The devotion in which every one took a share, seemed so superior to that which was recited by ministers as a lesson which they had learned by rote, that it gave the Scottish worship all the advantage of reality over acting.

As I hoped to catch more of the solemn sound, Andrew, whose impatience became unbecomingly, pulled me by the sleeve—"Come aw', do—come aw'; we maun be late o' gae to disturb the worship; if we bide here the marshes will be on us, and carry us to the guard-house for being there in time."

Thus solicited, I followed my guide, but not, as I had supposed, into the body of the cathedral. "This gate—this gate, aw'," he continued, dragging me off as I made towards the main entrance of the building—"There's but canker-thorn-work gae on yonder—carnal mortality, as do'e'd and as farnes as the horses at Yule—Here's the real armour of doctrine."

So saying, we entered a small low-arched door, secured by a wicket, which a gate-looking person seemed on the point of closing, and descended several steps as if into the funeral vault beneath the church. It was even so; for in these subterranean passages,—why chosen for such a purpose I know not,—was established a very singular place of worship.

Conceivè, Treadan, an extensive range of low-browed, dark, and twilight vaults, such as are used for aqueducts in other countries, and had long been dedicated to the same purpose in this, a portion of which was seated with pews, and used as a

church. The part of the vaults thus occupied, though capable of containing a congregation of many hundreds, bore a small proportion to the darker and more extensive caverns which opened around what may be termed the inhabited space. In those waste regions of oblivion, dusky banners and tattered scarifices indicated the graves of those who were once, doubtless, "prisoners to Israel." Inscriptions, which could only be read by the painful antiquary, in language as obsolete as the act of devotional charity which they employed, invited the passengers to pay for the souls of those whose bodies rested beneath. Surrounded by these receptacles of the last remains of mortality, I found a numerous congregation engaged in the act of prayer. The Scotch profess this duty to be a standing instead of a kneeling posture—more, perhaps, in token of broad distinction as possible from the ritual of Rome than for any better reason; since I have observed, that in their dusky worship, as devotion in their private devotions, they adopt, in their immediate address to the Deity, that posture which other Christians use as the humblest and most reverential. Standing, therefore, the men being unnumbered, a crowd of several hundreds of both sexes, and all ages, listened with great reverence and attention to the extempore, or at least the unvaried, prayer of an aged deacon,\* who was very popular in the city. Educated in the same religious persuasion, I ardently lent my mind to join in the devotion of the day; and it was not till the congregation resumed their seats, that my attention was directed to the consideration of the appearance of all around me.

At the conclusion of the prayer, most of the men put on their hats or bonnets, and all who had the happiness to have seats rose down. Andrew and I were not of this number, having been the late of entering the church to secure such accommodation. We stood among a number of other persons in the same situation, forming a sort of ring around the seated part of the congregation. Behind and around us were the vaults I have

\* I have to this laboured to discover this gentleman's name, and the period of his flourishing: I do not, however, despair to see these points, with some others which may elude my enquiry, satisfactorily elucidated by one or other of the periodical publications which have devoted their pages to exploratory excavations in my former volumes; and whose research and liberality oblige my peculiar gratitude, for having discovered many persons and circumstances connected with my narrative, of which I myself never so much as dreamed.



dimly described, before us the devout audience, dimly shown by the light which streamed on their faces through one or two low Gothic windows, such as give air and light to churches here. By this was seen the usual variety of countenances which are generally turned towards a Scotch pulpit on such occasions, almost all supposed to attention, unless where a flicker on another face and there reveals the wandering eyes of a lively child, or denotes the slumber of a dull one. The high-browed and harsh countenance of the nation, with the expression of intelligence and shrewdness which it frequently exhibits, is seen to more advantage in the act of devotion, or in the trials of war, than in lighter and more cheerful occasions of assemblage. The discourse of the preacher was well qualified to call forth the various feelings and faculties of his audience.

Age and infirmities had impaired the powers of a voice originally strong and sonorous. He read his text with a pronunciation somewhat unarticulate; but when he closed the Bible, and commenced his sermon, his tones gradually strengthened, as he entered with relevance into the arguments which he maintained. They related chiefly to the abstract points of the Christian faith,—subjects grave, deep, and sublimed by more human reason, but for which, with equal simplicity and propriety, he sought a key in literal quotations from the inspired writings. My mind was unprepared to coincide in all his reasoning, nor was I sure that in some instances I rightly comprehended his positions. But nothing could be more impressive than the eager enthusiastic manner of the good old man, and nothing more inspiring than his mode of reasoning. The Scotch, it is well known, are more remarkable for the earnestness of their intellectual powers, than for the brightness of their fancy; they are, therefore, more moved by logic than by rhetoric, and more attracted by facts and arguments resting on doctrinal points, than influenced by the enthusiastic appeals to the heart and to the passions, by which popular preachers in other countries win the favour of their hearers.

Among the attentive group which I now saw, might be distinguished various expressions similar to those of the audience in the famous scenes of Paul preaching at Athens. Here sat a serious and intelligent Calvinist, with brows bent just as much as to indicate profound attention, lips slightly compressed; eyes fixed on the minister with an expression of devout

pride, as if sharing the triumph of his argument, the forefinger of the right hand touching successively those of the left, as the preacher, from argument to argument, ascended towards his conclusion. Another, with slower and sterner look, intimated at once his contempt of all who doubted the creed of his pastor, and his joy at the appropriate punishment denounced against them. A third, perhaps belonging to a different congregation, and present only by accident or curiosity, had the appearance of internally impeaching some link of the reasoning, and you might plainly read, in the slight motion of his head, his doubts as to the soundness of the preacher's argument. The greater part listened with a calm, satisfied countenance, expressive of a conscious merit in being present, and in listening to such an impressive discourse, although perhaps unable entirely to comprehend it. The women in general belonged to this last division of the audience; the old, however, seeming more greatly intent upon the abstract doctrine laid before them, while the younger females permitted their eyes occasionally to make a furtive circuit around the congregation; and some of these, Tristram (if my vanity did not greatly deceive me), considered to distinguish your friend and servant, as a handsome young stranger and an Englishman. As to the rest of the congregation, the stupid gaped, yawned, or slept, all evidenced by the apprehension of their more watchful neighbours' looks to their slum, and the idle indicated their inattention by the wandering of their eyes, but shewed you no more decided token of weariness. Amid the Lowland costume of coat and cloak, I could here and there discern a Highland plaid, the wearer of which, resting on his basket-hilt, cast his eye among the audience with the unstrained curiosity of savage wonder; and who, in all probability, was inattentive to the sermon for a very pardonable reason—because he did not understand the language in which it was delivered. The martial and wild look, however, of these strangers, added a kind of character which the congregation could not have exhibited without them. They were more common, Andrew afterwards observed, owing to some cattle-fair in the neighbourhood.

Such was the group of countenances, rising like on fire, directed to my central inspection by such embowers as forced their way through the narrow Gothic lattices of the Leigh Kirk of Glasgow; and, having distributed the attentive congregation,

lost themselves in the vacancy of the vaults behind, giving to the nearer part of their labyrinth a sort of imperfect twilight, and leaving their recesses in an utter darkness, which gave them the appearance of being interminable.

I have already said that I stood with others in the exterior aisle, with my face to the preacher, and my back to those vaults which I have so often mentioned. My position rendered me particularly obnoxious to any interruption which arose from any slight noise occurring amongst those retiring voices, where the least sound was multiplied by a thousand echoes. The incessant sound of rain-drops, which, admitted through some crevice in the stained roof, fell incessantly, and splashed upon the pavement beneath, caused me to turn my head more than once to the place from whence it seemed to proceed, and when my eyes took that direction, I found it difficult to withdraw them; such is the pleasure our imagination receives from the attempt to penetrate as far as possible into an intricate labyrinth, imperfectly lighted, and exhibiting objects which irritate our curiosity, only because they acquire a mysterious interest from being undefined and distant. My eyes became habituated to the gloomy atmosphere to which I directed them, and incessantly my mind became more interested in their disclosures than in the metaphysical subtleties which the preacher was uttering.

My father had often checked me for this wandering mood of mind, warning perhaps from an instability of imagination to which he was a stranger; and the feeling myself at present subjected by those temptations to inattention, recalled the time when I used to walk, led by his hand, to Mr. Shrewer's chapel, and the earnest reprimand which he then laid up on me to redeem the time, because the days were evil. At present, the picture which my thoughts suggested, far from fixing my attention, destroyed the portion I had yet left, by carrying up to my recollection the part in which his statue now stood. I endeavoured, in the lowest whisper I could frame, to request Andrew to obtain information, whether any of the gentlemen of the firm of MacVittie & Co. were at present in the congregation. But Andrew, wrapped in profound attention to the sermon, only replied to my suggestion by hand gestures with his elbow, as signals to me to remain silent. I next strained my eyes, with equally bad success, to see if, among the sea of up-turned

faces which bent their eyes on the pulpit as a common custom, I could discover the sober and business-like physiognomy of Owen. But not among the broad-beamed and the Glasgow citizens, or the yet broader-browed Lowland bonnets of the parsons of Lancashire, could I see anything resembling the decent purling, starched ruffles, or the uniform suit of light-brown garments appertaining to the head-clerk of the establishment of Cobalinton and Troham. My anxiety now returned on me with such violence as to compress not only the novelty of the scene around me, by which it had hitherto been diverted, but moreover my sense of decorum. I pulled Andrew hard by the sleeve, and intimated my wish to leave the church, and pursue my investigation as I could. Andrew, deliberate as the Laigh Kirk of Glasgow is in the mountains of Cheviot, for some time denied me no answer; and it was only when he found I could not otherwise be kept quiet, that he condescended to inform me, that, being once in the church, we could not leave it till service was over, because the doors were locked as soon as the psalms began. Having thus spoken in a brief and peremptory whisper, Andrew again assumed the air of intelligence and critical importance, and attention to the preacher's discourse.

While I endeavored to make a virtue of necessity, and recall my attention to the sermon, I was again disturbed by a singular interruption. A voice from behind whispered distinctly in my ear, "You are in danger in this ship."—I turned round, as if mechanically.

One or two stunted and ordinary-looking mechanics stood beside and behind me,—stragglers, who, like ourselves, had been too late in obtaining entrance. But a glance at their faces established me, though I could hardly say why, that none of these was the person who had spoken to me. Their countenances seemed all composed to attention to the sermon, and not one of them returned any glance of intelligence to the fugitive and startled look with which I surveyed them. A massive round pillar, which was close behind me, might have concealed the speaker the instant he uttered his mysterious caution; but whence it was given in such a place, or in what species of danger it directed my attention, or by whom the warning was uttered, were points on which my imagination lost itself in conjecture. It would, however, I concluded, be

repeated, and I resolved to keep my countenance turned towards the deaconess, that the whisperers might be tempted to renew his conversation under the idea that the first had passed unobserved.

My plan succeeded. I had not retained the appearance of attention to the preacher for five minutes, when the same voice whispered, "Listen, but do not look back." I kept my face in the same direction. "You are in danger in this place," the voice proceeded; "so am I—meet me to-night on the Begg, at twelve precisely—keep at home till the morning, and avoid observation."

Here the voice ceased, and I instantly turned my head. But the speaker had, with still greater promptitude, glided behind the pulpit, and escaped my observation. I was determined to catch a sight of him, if possible, and entreating myself from the water circle of baskets, I also stopped behind the column. All there was empty; and I could only see a figure wrapped in a mantle, whether a Lowland cloak, or Highland plaid, I could not distinguish, which traversed, like a phantom, the dreary vacancy of vaults which I have described.

I made a mechanical attempt to pursue the mysterious form, which glided away and vanished in the vaulted sanctuary, like the spectre of one of the numerous dead who rested within its precincts. I had little chance of crossing the course of one obviously determined not to be spoken with; but that little chance was lost by my stumbling and falling before I had made three steps from the column. The darkness which enveloped my motions, turned my disgrace; which I accounted rather lucky, for the preacher, with that stern authority which the Scottish minister assumes for the purpose of keeping order in their congregations, interrupted his discourse, to denote the "proper officer" to take into custody the cause of this disturbance in the place of worship. As the noise, however, was not reported, the books, or whatever else he was called, did not think it necessary to be dignified in searching out the offender; so that I was enabled, without attracting further observation, to place myself by Andrew's side in my original position. The service proceeded, and closed without the concurrence of anything else worthy of notice.

As the congregation departed and dispersed, my friend Andrew whispered, "See, yonder is worthy Mr. MacVicar, and Mrs.

MacVitie, and Miss Alison MacVitie, and Mr. Thomas MacPin, that they say is to marry Miss Alison, if a' berris row right—she'll hae a hantle mair, if she's no that bonny."

My eyes took the direction he pointed out. Mr. MacVitie was a tall, thin, elderly man, with hard features, thick gray eyebrows, light eyes, and, as I imagined, a sinister expression of countenance, from which my heart recoiled. I remembered the warning I had received in the church, and hesitated to address this person, though I could not allude to myself any national ground of dislike or suspicion.

I was yet in suspense, when Andrew, who mistook my hesitation for bashfulness, proceeded to exhort me to lay it aside. "Speak till him—speak till him, Mr. Fraunce—he's no pryncet yet, though they say he'll be my lord when ye. Speak till him, then—he'll gie ye a decent answer for as rich as he is, unless ye were wanting ailer fine him—they say he's dour to draw his purse."

It immediately occurred to me, that if this merchant were really of the selfish and avenging disposition which Andrew intimated, there might be some action necessary in making myself known, as I could not tell how accounts might stand between my father and him. This consideration came in aid of the mysterious hint which I had received, and the dislike which I had conceived at the man's countenance. Instead of addressing myself directly to him, as I had designed to have done, I contented myself with desiring Andrew to inquire at Mr. MacVitie's house the address of Mr. Owen, an English gentleman; and I charged him not to mention the person from whom he received the commission, but to bring me the result to the small inn where we lodged. This Andrew promised to do. He said something of the duty of my attending the evening service, but added with a courtesy natural to him, that "in truth, if folk couldna keep their legs still, but wad need be coupling the coals over through-stones, as if they yod raise the very dead folk o' the clatter, a Kirk w'd a dinsel an't was fitst for them."

## CHAPTER TWENTY-FIRST.

On the Baltic, every night at twelve,  
I take my country's walk of meditation:  
There we two will meet.

YOUNG PIERRETON.

FRAID of sinister augury, for which, however, I could assign no satisfactory cause, I shut myself up in my apartment at the inn, and having dismissed Andrew, after revelling his impatience to accompany him to St. Rocco's Kirk,\* where, he said, "a soul-searching divine was to be had forth," I set myself seriously to consider what was best to be done. I never was what is properly called superstitious; but I suppose that all men, in situations of peculiar doubt and difficulty, when they have exhausted their reason to little purpose, are apt, in a sort of despair, to abandon the reins to their imagination, and be galled altogether by chance, or by those whimsical impressions which take possession of the mind, and to which we give way as if to involuntary impulses. There was something or disagreeably repulsive in the hard features of the Scotch trader, that I could not resolve to put myself into his hands without transgressing every caution which could be derived from the rules of physiognomy; while, at the same time, the warping voice, the form which flitted away like a vanishing shadow through those veils, which might be termed "the valley of the shadow of death," had something captivating for the imagination of a young man, who, you will further please to remember, was also a young poet.

If danger was around me, as the mysterious communication indicated, how could I learn its nature, or the means of averting it, but by meeting my unknown counsellor, to whom I could owe no reason for imputing any other than kind intentions. Foolishness and his machinations covered more than once to my remembrance;—but as rapid had my journey been, that I could not suppose him apprised of my arrival at Glasgow, much less prepared to play off any stratagem against my person. In

\* This I believe to be an misstatement, as Saint Rocco's Church was not built at the date of the story. (It was founded in 1760, and had since been rebuilt.)

my temper also I was bold and confident, strong and active in person, and in some respects accustomed to the use of arms, in which the French youth of all kinds were then initiated. I did not fear any single opponent; assassination was neither the vice of the age nor of the country; the place selected for our meeting was too public to admit any suspicion of meditated violence. In a word, I resolved to meet my mysterious counsellor on the bridge, as he had requested, and to be afterwards guided by circumstances. Let me not conceal from you, Tristram, what at the time I endeavored to conceal from myself—the subdued, yet secretly-cherished hope, that Diana Vernon might—by what chance I know not—through what means I could not guess—have some connection with this strange and delicious information conveyed at a time and place, and in a manner so surprising. She alone—whispered this hellish thought—she alone knew of my journey; from her own account, she possessed friends and influence in Scotland; she had furnished me with a talisman, whose power I was to invoke when all other aid failed me; who then but Diana Vernon possessed other powers, knowledge, or inclination, for averting the danger, by which, as it seemed, my steps were surrounded? This flattering view of my very doubtful case pressed itself upon me again and again. It haunted itself into my thoughts, though very hesitantly, before the hour of dinner; it displayed its attractions more boldly during the course of my tropical meal, and became so courageously intrusive during the succeeding half-hour (aided perhaps by the favour of a few glasses of most excellent claret), that, with a sort of desperate attempt to escape from a dangerous seduction, to which I felt the danger of yielding, I pushed my glass from me, threw aside my dinner, scowled my hat, and rushed into the open air with the feeling of one who would fly from his own thoughts. Yet perhaps I yielded to the very feelings from which I seemed to fly, since my steps immediately led me to the bridge over the Clyde, the place assigned for the rendezvous by my mysterious monitor.

Although I had not pertains of my repeat until the hour of evening church-service was over,—in which, by the way, I complied with the religious scruples of my landlady, who hesitated to dress a hot dinner between services, and also with the admonition of my unknown friend, to keep my apartment till twilight,—several hours had still to pass away before the time of my



appointment and that at which I reached the assigned place of meeting. The interval, as you will readily credit, was wearisome enough; and I can hardly explain to you how it passed away. Various groups of persons, all of whom, young and old, seemed impressed with a successful feeling of the success of the day, paced along the large open meadow which lies on the northern bank of the Clyde, and serves at once as a bleaching-field and pleasure-walk for the inhabitants, or paced with slow steps the long ledge which communicates with the southern district of the society. All that I remember of them was the guard, yet not unexpressed, intimation of a devotional character impressed on each little party—formally assumed perhaps by some, but sincerely characterizing the greater number—which lent the predominant party of the young into a tone of more quiet, yet more interesting, interchange of sentiments, and suppressed the vehement argument and protracted disputes of those of more advanced age. Notwithstanding the numbers who passed me, no general sound of the human voice was heard, few turned upon to take some uninvited voluntary exercise, to which the leisure of the evening, and the beauty of the surrounding scenery, seemed to invite them; all hurried to their homes and resting-places. To one accustomed to the mode of spending Sunday evenings abroad, even among the French Catholics, there seemed something Jewish, yet at the same time striking and affecting, in the mode of keeping the Sabbath holy. Immediately I felt my mode of marching by the side of the river, and crossing occasionally the various persons who were passing homeward, and without hurrying or delay, must expose me to observation at least, if not to censure; and I shook out of the frequented path, and found a trivial occupation for my mind in marshalling my revolving walk in such a manner as should least render me obnoxious to observation. The different alleys lead out through this extensive meadow, and which are planted with trees, like the Park of St. James's in London, gave me facilities for carrying into effect those childish manoeuvres.

As I walked down one of these avenues, I heard, to my surprise, the sharp and repeated voice of Andrew Palmerston, raised by a series of self-consequences to a pitch somewhat higher than others seemed to think consistent with the solemnity of the day. To slip behind the row of trees under which I walked was perhaps no very dignified proceeding; but it was the easiest mode

of escaping his observation, and perhaps his importunate curiosity, and still more intrusive curiosity. As he passed, I heard him commiserate to a grave-looking man, in a black coat, a disordered hat, and Glesens cloak, the following sketch of a character, which my witness, while revelling against it as a caricature, could not, nevertheless, refuse to recognise as a *theman*.

"Ay, ay, Mr. Hammingwe, it's e'en as I tell ye. He's no a'ither ane void o' sense neither, he has a glancing sight o' wha's reasonable—that is sense and awe!—a glib and neat man; but he's crack-brained and cockle-headed about his nipperly-tipperty poetry nonsense—he'll glow at an odd-world lark's singing as if it were a queneadman in full bearing; and a raked outg, w' a bare jowing over't, as sets him as a garden gemstone with flowering herbs and choice pot-herbs. Then he wad rather drowse w' a daff queen than w' Diana Vernon (wad I wot they might be her names of the Ephraims, for she's little better than a heathen—better I shoud wear—a Roman, a mere Roman)—he'll drowse w' her, or any ither siller duff, rather than hear what might do him guid o' the days of his life, from ye or me, Mr. Hammingwe, or any ither acher and spousible person. Broom, ah, is what he wants mair—broom o' for your venison and validation; and he wad tell'd me (your blisked creature!) that the Pastors of David were excellent poetry! as if the holy Pastors thought o' nothing rhymer in a blither, like his own affy-dinkum-dankum things that he can't verse. Gude help him!—two hauns o' Derte Lowrey woud ding o' he ever dinkit."

While listening to this perverted account of my temper and studies, you will not be surprised if I meditated for Mr. Fair-service the unpleasant surprise of a broken pate on the first decent opportunity. The friend only intensified his attention by "Ay, ay!" and "It's e'en as!" and similar expressions of instant, at the proper breaks to Mr. Fair-service's language, until at length, in answer to some observation of greater length, the import of which I only collected from my trusty guide's reply, honest Andrew answered, "Toll him a bit o' my mind, quoth ye! Wad he be false then but Andrew! He's a red-wad daveel, man—He's like Ollie Bothernaght's wad bow,—ye need but shake a dunt at him to make him wren and gow. Tole w' him, ay ye!—Tooth, I know what he's I like w' him myself. But the lads no a bad lad after a', and he needs some credit body to back after him. He hases the right grip o' his hand—the

good slice through't like water, man, and it's so that I'll a thing to be near him when his gun's in his hand, and it's adding out o't. And then let's time o' good kills and kin—My heart warms to the poor thoughtless colliet, Mr. Hamersley—and then the penny for"—

In the latter part of this instructive conversation, Mr. Fair-service lowered his voice to a tone better becoming the conversation in a place of public resort on a Sabbath evening, and his companion and he were soon beyond my hearing. My feelings of busy resentment soon subsided, under the conviction that, as Andrew himself might have said, "A harkener always hears a bad tale of himself," and that whoever should happen to overhear their character discussed in their own servants' hall, must prepare to undergo the scolding of some such wasterlet as Mr. Fair-service. The incident was so far useful, as, including the feelings to which it gave rise, it sped away a part of the time which hung so heavily on my hand.

Evening had now closed, and the growing darkness gave to the broad, still, and deep expanse of the broad river, first a blue surface and uniform—then a dimmed and turbid appearance, partially lighted by a waning and paled moon. The massive and ancient bridge which stretches across the Clyde was now but dimly visible, and resembled that which Hume, in his romantic vision, has described as traversing the valley of England. The low-beaved arches, even as imperfectly as the dusky current which they traverse, seemed rather avenues which swallowed up the gloomy waters of the river, than apertures destined for their passage. With the advancing night the stillness of the scene increased. There was yet a twinkling light occasionally seen to glide along by the stream, which conducted some one or two of the small parties, who, after the staidness and religious duties of the day, had partaken of a social supper—the only meal at which the rigid Presbyterians made some advance to sociability on the Sabbath. Occasionally, also, the hoofs of a horse were heard, whose rider, after spending the Sunday at Glasgow, was directing his steps towards his residence in the country. These sounds and signs became gradually of more rare occurrence; at length they altogether ceased, and I was left to enjoy my solitary walk on the shores of the Clyde in solemn silence, broken only by the tolling of the automotive boats from the stupor of the churches.

But as the night advanced, my impatience at the uncertainty of the situation in which I was placed increased every moment, and became nearly insupportable. I began to question whether I had been imposed upon by the trick of a fool, the raving of a madman, or the stifled machinations of a villain, and passed the little quay or pier adjoining the entrance to the bridge, in a state of incredible anxiety and vacillation. At length the hour of twelve o'clock swung its summons over the city from the belfry of the metropolitan church of St. Mungo, and was answered and echoed by all the others like distant chimes. The echoes had scarcely ceased to repeat the last sound, when a human form—the first I had seen for two hours—appeared passing along the bridge from the southern shore of the river. I advanced to meet him with a feeling as if my fate depended on the result of the interview, so much had my anxiety been wound up by protracted expectation. All that I could remark of the passenger as we advanced towards each other, was that his frame was rather beneath than above the middle size, but apparently strong, thick-set, and muscular, his dress a horseman's wrapping coat. I dashed my gun, and almost passed on I advanced, in expectation that he would address me. But to my irreparable disappointment he passed without speaking, and I had no pretence for being the first to address one who, notwithstanding his appearance at the very hour of appointment, might nevertheless be an absolute stranger. I stopped when he had passed me, and looked after him, uncertain whether I ought not to follow him. The stranger walked on till near the northern end of the bridge, then paused, looked back, and turning round, again advanced towards me. I resolved that this time he should not have the apology for silence proper to expectants, who, it is vulgarly supposed, cannot speak until they are spoken to. "You walk late, sir," said I, as we met a second time.

"I walk *tryste*," was the reply; "and so I think do you, Mr. Cabbidgenoe."

"You are then the person who requested to meet me here at this unusual hour?"

"I am," he replied. "Follow me, and you shall know my reasons."

"Before following you, I must know your name and purpose," I answered.

"I am a man," was the reply; "and my purpose is friendly to you."

"A man!" I repeated;—"that is a very brief description."

"It will serve for one who has no other to give," said the stranger. "He that is without name, without friends, without coin, without country, is still at least a man; and he that has all these is no more."

"Yet this is still too general an account of yourself to say the least of it, to establish your credit with a stranger."

"It is all I mean to give, however; you may choose to follow me, or to remain without the information I desire to afford you."

"Can you not give me that information here?" I demanded.

"You must receive it from your eyes, not from my tongue—you must follow me, or remain in ignorance of the information which I have to give you."

There was something short, determined, and even stern, in the man's manner, not certainly well calculated to conduce to awakening confidence.

"What is it you fear?" he said impatiently. "To whom, think ye, is your life of such consequence, that they should seek to deprive ye of it?"

"I fear nothing," I replied firmly, though somewhat harshly. "Walk on—I attend you."

We proceeded, contrary to my expectation, to re-enter the town, and glided like mute spectres, side by side, up its empty and silent streets. The high and gloomy stone fronts, with the variegated ornaments and pediments of the windows, looked yet sadder and more aside by the imperfect moonbeams. Our walk was for some minutes in perfect silence. At length my conductor spoke.

"Are you afraid?"

"I seek your own words," I replied: "wherefore should I fear?"

"Because you are with a stranger—perhaps an enemy, in a place where you have no friends and many enemies."

"I neither fear you nor them; I am young, active, and armed."

"I am not armed," replied my conductor. "but no matter, a willing hand never lacked weapons. You say you fear nothing;

but if you know who was by your side, perhaps you might under-  
stand a treason."

"And why should I?" replied I. "I again repeat, I fear  
nothing that you can do."

"Nought that I can do!—No! no. But do you not fear the  
consequences of being found with one whose very name whiptored  
in the lively street would make the stones themselves rise up  
to apprehend him—on whose head half the men in Glasgow  
would build their fortune as on a found treasure, had they the  
luck to grip him by the collar—the sound of whose apprehension  
were as welcome at the Court of Edinburgh as ever the news of  
a field-stricken and won at Flodden?"

"And who then are you, whose name should create so deep a  
feeling of terror?" I replied.

"No more of yours, since I am conveying you to a place,  
where, were I myself recognised and identified, iron to the heels  
and hemp to the crag would be my brief denning."

I passed and stood still on the pavement, drawing back so as  
to have the most perfect view of my companion which the light  
afforded me, and which was sufficient to guard against any  
sudden motion of assault.

"You have said," I answered, "either too much or too little—  
too much to induce me to confide in you as a more stranger,  
when you wear yourself a person so amiable to the laws of the  
country in which we are—and too little, unless you could show  
that you are unjustly subjected to their rigour."

As I ceased to speak, he made a step towards me. I drew  
back instinctively, and had my hand on the hilt of my sword.

"What?" said he—"on an unarmed man, and your sword?"

"I am yet ignorant if you are either the one or the other," I  
replied; "and to say the truth, your language and manner might  
well excite me to doubt both."

"It is manfully spoken," replied my conductor; "and I repeat  
him whose hand can keep his head—I will be frank and true  
with you—I am conveying you to prison."

"To prison?" I exclaimed—"by what warrant or for what  
offence?—You shall have my life sooner than my liberty—I  
dare you, and I will not follow you a step farther."

"I do not," he said, "carry you there as a prisoner; I am,"  
he added, drawing himself laughingly up, "rather a messenger  
not sheriff's officer. I carry you to me a prisoner from whose

lips you will leave the risk in which you presently stand. Your liberty is little valued by the west, more so in some parts, but that I readily encounter on your account, for I care not for risk, and I love a free young blood, that loves no protector but the cross of the sword."

While he spoke thus, we had reached the principal street, and were passing before a large building of brown stone, garished, as I thought I could perceive, with gatings of iron before the windows.

"Muckle," said the stranger, whose language became more broadly national as he assumed a tone of colloquial freedom—"Muckle wad the provest and balfies o' Glasgow gie to hae him sitting with bonn garters to his hose within their tolbooth, that now stands w' his legs as free as the red-die's on the outside o't. And little wad it avail them, for an if they had nae them w' a stone's weight o' iron at every saddle, I woud shew them a toon room and a last lodger before to-morrow—But come on, what aint ye for?"

As he spoke thus, he tapped at a low window, and was answered by a sharp voice, as of one awakened from a dream or reverie—"Fa's tat!—Wha's that, I wud say!—and fit a deil want ye at this hour at e'en!—Gien again rules—deen again rules, as they o' them."

The protested tone in which the last words were uttered, betokened that the speaker was again composing himself to slumber. But my guide spoke in a loud whisper—"Dungel, man! hae ye forgotten Ha son Gregorich?"

"Deil a bit, deil a bit," was the ready and lively response, and I heard the internal guardians of the prison-gate trade up with great clarity. A few words were exchanged between my conductor and the turning in a language to which I was an absolute stranger. The bolts revolved, but with a motion which marked the apprehension that the noise might be overheard, and we stood within the vestibule of the place of Glasgow,—a small, but strong guard-room, from which a narrow staircase led up wards, and one or two low entrances conducted to apartments on the same level with the outward gate, all secured with the jealous strength of windows, bolts, and bars. The walls, otherwise naked, were not unadornedly garished with bonn fitters, and other uncostly implements, which might be designed for purposes still more infamous, interspersed with pictures, gams,

pieces of antique manufactures, and other weapons of defence and offence.

At finding myself so unexpectedly, fortuitously, and, as it were, by stealth, introduced within one of the legal fortresses of Scotland, I could not help reflecting my adventures in Northern-berland, and fretting at the strange accidents which again, without any demerit of my own, threatened to place me in a dangerous and disagreeable collision with the laws of a country which I visited only in the capacity of a stranger.

## CHAPTER TWENTY-SECOND.

Look round thee, young Adolphus! Here's the place  
Which men (but being past) are wont to share in joy—  
Here, surely, I trow, for men's pleasure,  
Within their walls, elated by sleep and stench,  
Doth Hagar's fair tomb appear; and at the wall,  
Ere yet the spots collect, red, wild, and warm,  
The desperate passions of wild despair,  
Kindling their hellish flames, light to death  
That the poor captive would have that are justified,  
The hangings wait his end to his condition.

THE PRISONER, *Rome III. Act I.*

As my first entrance I turned an eager glance towards my conductors; but the lamp in the vestibule was too low in flame to give my curiosity any satisfaction by affording a distinct portrait of his features. As the turnkey held the light in his hand, the beams fell more full on his own scorn less interesting figure. He was a wild shock-headed looking animal, whose profusion of red hair covered and obscured his features, which were otherwise only characterized by the extravagant joy that affected him at the sight of my galls. In my experience I have met nothing so absolutely disgusting my idea of a very unclean, wild, and ugly savage, wearing the skin of his tribe. He grinned, he shivered, he laughed, he was now crying, if he did not actually cry. He had a "Where shall I go!—What can I do for you?" expression of face; the complete, surrendered, and unwise observance and devotion of which it is difficult to describe, otherwise than by the awkward combination which I have attempted. The fellow's voice seemed choking in his throat, and only could express itself in such interjections as



"Ogh! ogh!—Ay! ay!—it's long since she's seen ye!" and other exclamations equally brief, expressed in the same unknown tongue in which he had conversed with my conductor while we were on the outside of the jail door. My guide received all this torrent of joyful gratulation much like a prince too early accustomed to the homage of those around him, to be much moved by it, yet willing to requite it by the usual forms of royal courtesy. He extended his hand gradually towards the turnkey, with a civil inquiry of "How's a' w' ye, Dougal?"

"Ogh! ogh!" exclaimed Dougal, reflecting the deep emotions of his surprise as he looked around with an eye of watchful alarm—"Ogh! to see you here—to see you here!—Ogh!—what will come o' ye gin the hollies wild come to get wringing—to fittin, gatty haddins, too they are!"

My guide placed his finger on his lip, and said, "Fear nothing, Dougal; your hands shall never draw a bolt on me."

"Tat tat they no," said Dougal; "she said—she said—that is, she wishes them hatched off by the shoves first—But when see ye gae yonder again? and ye'll no forget to let her know—she's your pair costs, God bless, only seven times removed."

"I will let you know, Dougal, as soon as my plans are settled."

"And, by her word, when you do, as it were twal o' the Sunday at e'en, she'll fling her legs at the prisoner's head, or she ga there earlier tane, and that or over Monday morning begins—see if she wins."

My mysterious stranger set his acquaintance's activities short by again addressing him, in what I afterwards understood to be the Irish, Kansa, or Gaelic, explaining, probably, the services which he required at his hand. The answer, "W' a' her heart—w' a' her soul," with a good deal of indistinct muttering in a similar tone, interested the turnkey's acquaintance in what he proposed. The fellow trimmed his dying lamp, and made a sign to me to follow him.

"Do you not go with us?" said I, looking to my conductor.

"It is unnecessary," he replied; "my company may be inconvenient for you, and I had better remain to secure our retreat."

"I do not suppose you mean to betray me to danger," said I.

"To mean but what I perceive is doubly," answered the stranger, with a voice of assurance which it was impossible to mistrust.

I followed the turnkey, who, leaving the inner wicket un-

looked behind him, led me up a barge-pole (so the Scotch call a winding stair), then along a narrow gallery—then opening one of several doors which led into the passage, he ushered me into a small apartment, and casting his eye on the pallet-bed which occupied one corner, said with an aside voice, as he placed the lamp on a little deal table, "She's sleeping."

"She!—who!—can it be Diana Vernon in this state of slumber?"

I turned my eye to the bed, and it was with a mixture of disappointment chilly mingled with pleasure, that I saw my first acquaintance had deceived me. I saw a head neither young nor beautiful, garnished with a grey beard of two days' growth, and accompanied with a red nightcap. The first glance put me at once on the score of Diana Vernon; the second, as the slumberer awoke from a heavy sleep, yawned, and rubbed his eyes, presented me with features very different indeed—even those of my poor friend Owen. I drew back out of view as instant, that he might have time to recover himself, instantly recollecting that I was but an intruder on these walls of sorrow, and that any share might be attended with unhappy consequences.

Meanwhile, the unfortunate forehead, rising himself from the pallet-bed with the assistance of one hand, and supporting his cap with the other, exclaimed in a voice in which as much perseverance as he was capable of feeling, contended with despondence, "I'll tell you what, Mr. Douglass, or whatever your name may be, the sum-total of the matter is, that if my natural rest is to be broken in this manner, I must complain to the lord mayor."

"Don't mean to speak w' her," replied Douglass, resuming the torn dogged voice, tone of a turnkey, to exchange for the shrill clang of Highland congratulation with which he had welcomed my mysterious guide; and, turning on his bed, he left the apartment.

It was some time before I could prevail upon the unfortunate sleeper unwilling to recognize me; and when he did so, the distress of the worthy creature was extreme, at supposing, which he naturally did, that I had been sent thither as a partner of his captivity.

"O, Mr. Frank, what have you brought yourself and the house to!—I think nothing of myself, that am a mere upstart,

as to speak; but yet, that was your father's sum-total.—his success,—you that might have been the first man in the first house in the first city, to be shot up in a rusty Scotch jail, where one cannot even get the dirt brushed off their clothes!"

He rubbed, with an air of peevish irritation, the case steeped brown pad, which had now shared some of the impurities of the floor of his prison-house,—his habit of extreme punctiliousness setting mechanically to rectify his *disgrace*.—"O Heaven, be gracious to me!" he continued. "What name this will be on *Champs*! There has not the like come there since the battle of Almansa, where the total of the British loss was counted up to five thousand men killed and wounded, besides a floating balance of missing—but what will that be to the apes that *Cabalistas* and *Trahams* have stepped!"

I broke in on his lamentations to enquire him that I was no prisoner, though unable to account for my being in that place at such an hour. I could only excuse his inquiries by pointing to those which his own situation suggested, and at length obtained from him such information as he was able to give me. It was none of the most distinct, for, however clouded in his own routine of commercial business, Owen, you are well aware, was not very acute in comprehending what lay beyond that sphere.

The sum of his information was, that of two correspondents of my father's firm, at Glasgow, where, owing to engagements in Scotland formerly allied to, he transacted a great deal of business, both my father and Owen had found the house of MacVitie, MacPin, and Company, the most obliging and accommodating. They had delivered to the great English house on every possible occasion; and as their business and transactions stood, without repining, the part of the jackall, who only claims what the lion is pleased to leave him. Moreover would the share of profit allotted to them, it was always, as they expressed it, "enough for the life of them;" however large the portion of trouble, "they were sensible they could not do too much to deserve the continued patronage and good opinion of their honourable friends in *Grave Alley*."

The details of my father were to MacVitie and MacPin the laws of the *Modes* and *Prudens*, not to be altered, controverted, or even discussed; and the punctilious exacted by Owen in their business transactions, for he was a great lover of *form*,

more especially when he could disguise it as satire, seemed more less unobtrusive in their eyes. This tone of deep and respectful observance went all curiously down with Owen, but my father looked a little closer into such business, and whether suspicious of this career of adulation, or, as a lover of levity and simplicity in business, tired with these gentlemen's long-winded professions of regard, he had uniformly created their claims to become his sole agents in Scotland. On the contrary, he transacted many affairs through a correspondent of a character precisely the reverse,—a man whose good opinion of himself amounted to self-assert, and who, despising the English in general so much as my father did the Scotch, would hold no conversation but on a footing of absolute equality; jealous, moreover, of those occasionally; as jealous of his own opinions in point of fact as Owen could be of his, and totally indifferent though the authority of all Lombard Street had stood against his own private opinion.

As these positions of temper rendered it difficult to transact business with Mr. Wood Jarvis,—as they occasioned at times disputes and collisions between the English house and their correspondent, which were only got over by a series of mutual retreats,—as, moreover, Owen's personal vanity sometimes suffered a little in the discussions in which they gave rise, you cannot be surprised, Thomas, that our old friend there at all times the weight of his influence in favour of the civil, discreet, accommodating concerns of MacFadyen and MacFie, and spite of Jarvis as a potent, successful Scotch politician, with whom there was no dealing.

It was also not surprising, that in those circumstances, which I only learned in detail some time afterwards, Owen, in the difficulty to which the house was reduced by the absence of my father, and the disappearance of Esdaile, should, on his arrival in Scotland, which took place two days before mine, have recourse to the friendship of those correspondents, who had always professed themselves obliged, grateful, and devoted to the service of his principal. He was received at Messrs. MacFadyen and MacFie's counting-house in the Galleries, with something like the devotion a Catholic would pay to his father confessor. But, alas! this devotion was soon overclouded, when, encouraged by the fair hopes which it inspired, he opened the difficulties of the house to his friendly correspondents, and

requested their counsel and assistance. MacVitie was almost stunned by the communication; and MacFin, ere it was completed, was already at the ledger of their firm, and deeply engaged in the very bonfire of the multifarious accounts between their house and that of Colquhoun and Trevelan, for the purpose of discovering on which side the balance lay. Alas! the scale depressed considerably against the English firm; and the fumes of MacVitie and MacFin, hitherto only black and doubtful, became now smoke, fire, and burning. They met Mr. Owen's request of maintenance and assistance with a counter-demand of instant security against imminent hazard of eventual loss; and at length, speaking more plainly, required that a deposit of assets, destined for other purposes, should be placed in their hands for that purpose. Owen repelled this demand with great indignation, as dishonourable to his constituents, unjust to the other creditors of Colquhoun and Trevelan, and very ungrateful on the part of those by whom it was made.

The Scotch partners gained, in the course of this controversy, what is very convenient to persons who are in the wrong, an opportunity and pretext for putting themselves in a violent passion, and for taking, under the pretext of the provocation they had received, measures to which some sense of decency, if not of conscience, might otherwise have deterred them from resorting.

Owen had a small share, as I believe is usual, in the house in which he acted as head-clock, and was therefore personally liable for all its obligations. This was known to Messrs. MacVitie and MacFin; and, with a view of making him feel their power, or rather in order to force him, at this emergency, into those measures in their favour, to which he had expressed himself so repugnant, they had recourse to a summary process of arrest and imprisonment, which it seems the law of Scotland (thence rarely liable to such abuse) allows to a creditor, who loses his confidence at liberty to make oath that the debtor maliciouly departing from the rules. Under such a warrant had poor Owen been confined to prison on the day preceding that when I was so strongly guided to his prison-house.

Thus possessed of the alarming outline of facts, the question remained, what was to be done: and it was not of easy determination. I plainly perceived the perils with which we were

surrounded, but it was more difficult to suggest my remedy. The warning which I had already received seemed to intimate, that my own personal liberty might be endangered by an open appearance in Owen's behalf. Owen entertained the same apprehensions, and, in the suppression of his terror, assured me that a Scotchman, rather than run the risk of being a darling by an Englishman, would find how far arresting his wife, children, man-servant, maid-servant, and stranger which his household. The laws concerning debt, in most countries, are so unmercifully severe, that I could not altogether disbelieve his statement; and my aunt, in the present circumstances, would have been a coadjutor to my father's affairs. In this dilemma, I asked Owen if he had not thought of having recourse to my father's other correspondent in Glasgow, Mr. Hunt Jarvis?

"He had sent him a letter," he replied, "that morning; but if the smooth-tongued and civil house in the Calvergate" had used him thus, what was to be expected from the unsympathetic crab stock in the Salt-Market? You might as well ask a broker to give up his percentage, as expect a driver from him without the per centum. He had not even," Owen said, "answered his letter, though it was put into his hand that morning as he went to church." And here the despairing man-of-Glasgow threw himself down on his pallet, exclaiming,—*"My poor dear master! My poor dear master! O Mr. Frank, Mr. Frank, this is all your doing!—But God forgive me for saying so to you in your distress! It's God's disposing, and man's meat refuse."*

My philosophy, Trevelyan, could not prevent my sharing in the honest creature's distress, and we mingled our tears,—she more bitter on my part, as the perverted opposition to my father's will, with which the hard-hearted Owen refused to sympathise, rose up to my conscience as the cause of all the affliction.

In the midst of our mingled sorrow, we were disturbed and surprised by a loud knocking at the external door of the prison. I ran to the top of the staircase to listen, but could only hear the voice of the turnkey, alternately in a high tone, answering to some person within, and in a whisper, addressed to the person who had guided me thither—"She's coming—she's coming," aloud; then in a low key, "O how-a-d! O how-a-d! what'll she do now!—Gang up to stair, and hide yourself about to

\* [A street in the old town of Glasgow.]

Bassett's showman's pad.—She's coming to that as she can.—*Abilany!* It's my hand prostrate, and its pulses, and its gridi—and its captain's coming ten stairs too—*that* please her! going up or he made her.—She's coming—she's coming—to look's our motto."

While Deugel, unwillingly, and with as much delay as possible, until the various fastenings to give admittance to those without, whose impatience became clamorous, my guide ascended the winding stair, and springing into Owen's apartment, into which I followed him. He cast his eyes hastily round, as if looking for a plan of concealment; then said to me, "Lend me your pistols—yet if it be no matter, I can do without them.—Whatever you see, take as best, and do not use your hand in another man's field.—This game's mine, and I guard mine as I dow; but I have been as hard tested, and worse, than I am aware now."

As the stranger spoke these words, he stepped from his person the enormous upper coat in which he was wrapt, confronted the door of the apartment, on which he fixed a keen and determined glance, drawing his person a little back to concentrate his force, (like a lion have brought up to the leaping-bar. I had not a moment's doubt that he meant to extricate himself from his entanglement, whatever might be the cause of it, by springing full upon those who should appear when the doors opened, and forcing his way through all opposition into the street;—and such was the appearance of strength and agility displayed in his frame, and of determination in his look and manner, that I did not doubt a moment but that he might get clear through his opponents, unless they employed fatal means to stop his purpose.

It was a period of awful suspense betwixt the opening of the outward gate and that of the door of the apartment, when these appeared—no guard with bayonets fixed, or watch with dial, bells, or portulaca, but a good-looking young woman, with green petticoats, tucked up for tramping through the streets, and holding a lantern in her hand. This female entered in a more important personage, in form, stature, short, and somewhat corpulent; and by dignity, as it soon appeared, a magistrate, be-wigged, booted, and breathless with peremptory impatience. My conductor, at his appearance, drew back as if to escape observation; but he could not elude the penetrating vigilance with which this dignitary reconnoitred the whole apartment.

"A bonny thing it is, and a bonnening, that I should be kept at the door half an hour, Captain Stanchell," said he, addressing the principal jailer, who now showed himself at the door as if he attended on the great man, "knocking us hard to get into the talker's an' anybody else wad to get out of it, could that send them, poor fallen creatures!—And here's this!—here's this!—strangers in the jail after lock-up hours, and on the Sabbath evening!—I shall look after this, Stanchell, you may depend on't!—Keep the door locked, and I'll speak to those gentlemen in a giping.—But first I mean hae a crack w' an auld acquaintance here.—Mr. Owen, Mr. Owen, here's a' w' ye, man!"

"Fanny well as body, I thank you, Mr. Jarvie," drawled out poor Owen, "but were afflicted in spirit."

"Nae doubt, nae doubt—ay, ay—d's an aw'k' wharrie!—and for one that held his head as high as—human nature, human nature—ay ay, we're a' subject to a drowsiness. Mr. Ochiltree's a gude honest gentleman; but I ay, and he was one o' them wad make a spouse or spoil a hore, as they call the worthy dunces used to say. The dunces used to say to me, 'Nik!—young Nik!' (his name was Nivie as well as mine; and folk call us in their diller, young Nik and widd Nik)—'Nik,' said he, 'never put out your ears further than ye can draw it easily back again.' I hae said me to Mr. Ochiltree, and he didna seem to take it a'thgether as kind as I wished—but it was weel meant—weel meant."

This discourse, delivered with prodigious volubility, and a great appearance of self-complacency, as he reflected his own advice and predictions, gave little promise of assistance at the hands of Mr. Jarvie. Yet it soon appeared rather to proceed from a total want of delicacy than any deficiency of real kindness; for when Owen expressed himself somewhat lost that these things should be recalled to memory in his present situation, the Glasgowian took him by the hand, and bade him "Choor up a gill! Dye think I wad hae comd out at twal o'clock at night, and smale broken the law's day, just to tell a f'ree man o' his backslidings? Na, na, that's no Nik's Jarvie's gait, nor wad't his worthy father's the dunces afore him. Why, man! it's my rule never to think on worldly business on the Sabbath, and though I did a' I woud to keep your nose that I get this morning out o' my head, yet I thought mair on it o' day, than on the preaching.—And it's my rule to gang to my bed w' the



yellow curtains precisely at ten o'clock—unless I were eating a haddock w' a neighbour, or a neighbour w' me—ask the landlady there, if it was a fixed-invariable rule in my household; and here has I often up reading guide books, and gazing as if I read swallow St. James Kirk, till it chagrin'ed, while was a lovely' hour to giv a look at my ledger, just to see how things stand between us; and then, as time and tide wait for no man, I made the best get the landlady, and come slipping my way here to see what can be done about your affairs. Balthus Jarvis can command entrance into the parlour at any hour, day or night;—can wield my father the deacon in his tale, sweetest man, given to his memory."

Although Owen glanced at the mention of the ledger, leading not gravely to fear that here also the balance stood in the wrong column; and although the worthy magistrate's speech expressed much self-complacency, and some conscious triumph in his own superior judgment, yet it was blended with a sort of frank and blunt goodnature, from which I could not help deriving some hopes. He requested to see some papers he mentioned, snatched them hastily from Owen's hand, and sitting on the bed, to "rest his elbows," as he was pleased to express the accommodation which that posture afforded him, his servant girl held up the lantern to him, while, peering, muttering, and squinting, now at the imperfect light, now at the contents of the packet, he ran over the writings it contained.

Seeing him fairly engaged in the course of study, the guide who had brought me hither seemed disposed to take an unconcerned leave. He made a sign to me to say nothing, and intimated, by his change of posture, an intention to glide towards the door in such a manner as to attract the least possible observation. But the stout magistrate (very different from my old acquaintance, Mr. Justice Highwood) instantly detected and interrupted his purpose. "I say, look to the door, Standish!—what and lock it, and keep watch on the outside."

The stranger's brow darkened, and he seemed for an instant again to meditate the effecting his retreat by violence; but ere he had determined, the door closed, and the ponderous bolt re-locked. He muttered an exclamation in Gaelic, strode across the floor, and then, with an air of dogged resolution, as if fixed and prepared to see the scene to its end, sat himself down on the oak table, and whistled a strathpey.

Mr. Jarvis, who seemed very alert and expeditious in going through business, soon showed himself master of that which he had been considering, and addressed himself to Mr. Owen in the following strain:—"Well, Mr. Owen, well—your house are wis' certain wans to Messrs. MacFinn and MacPim (choose he' their couple names!) they make that well wair out o' a bargain about the wh-woods at Glen-Cullinich, that they took out eleven my tooth—wi' help o' your gude word, I mean woad say, Mr. Owen—but that makes me odder now?—Well, an, your house aren't them this either; and for this, and collid o' other engagements they stand in for you, they has puttin a double turn o' Scotchman's muckle key on ye.—Well, ah, ye are this either—and maybe ye are some mair to some other body too—maybe ye are some to myself, Baidie Woad Jarvis."

"I cannot deny, sir, but the balance may of this date be brought out against us, Mr. Jarvis," said Owen; "but you'll please to consider"—

"I have nae time to consider o'now, Mr. Owen—See near Sabbath at e'en, and out o' ane's warm bed at this time o' night, and a sort o' drive in the air besides—there's nae time for considering—But, sir, as I was saying, ye've me money—it wadnae deny—ye are me money, less or mair, I'll stand by it. But then, Mr. Owen, I cannot see how you, an active man that understands business, can sell out the business ye've come down about, and clear us o' all—as I have gude hope ye will—if ye've keep'd lying here in the tail-coat o' Glasgow. Now, sir, if you can find caution jodder nae,—that is, that ye wana live the country, but appear and relieve your caution when a'd for in our legal courts, ye may be set at liberty this very morning."

"Mr. Jarvis," said Owen, "if any friend would become security for me to that effect, my liberty might be usefully employed, doubtless, both for the house and all connected with it."

"Awed, sir," continued Jarvis, "and doubtless such a friend wad expect ye to appear when a'd on, and relieve him o' his engagement."

"And I should do so as certainly, having sickness or death, as that two and two make four."

"Awed, Mr. Owen," resumed the attorney of Glasgow, "I kenna mitchin' ye, and I'll prove it, sir—I'll prove it. I am a curd' man, as a woad her'd, and industrious, as the hale town can testify; and I can win my money, and keep my money, and

round my neck, or' anybody in the Fleet Market, or it may be to the Galleries. And I'm a prudent man, as my father the deacon was before me,—but rather than on lowest odd gentlemen, that understands business, and is willing to do justice to all men, should be by the heels then gets, unable to help himself or anybody else—why, conscience, man! I'll be your best friend—But ye'll mind it's a best justice with, on our town-clock says, not justice with, ye'll need that, for there's justice withness."

Mr. Owen assured him, that as matters then stood, he could not expect any one to become sorry for the actual payment of the debt, but that there was not the most distant cause for apprehending loss from his failing to prevent himself when lawfully called upon.

"I believe ye—I believe ye. Enough said—enough said. We'll see your legs loose by breakfast-time.—And now let's hear what your chamber clerk of yours has to say for themselves, or how, in the name of miracle, they got here at this time o' night."

### CHAPTER TWENTY-THIRD.

None came our prisoners at o'ns,  
And least came he,  
And there to see a man

Where a man seldom be.

"How's this now, Master?"

How's this?—ye say—

"How come this man here

Without the leave o' us?"

Our Men.

THE magistrate took the light out of the servant-maid's hand, and advanced to his morning, like Douglas in the street of Athens, lantern-in-hand, and probably with as little expectation as that of the cynic, that he was likely to encounter any special treasure in the course of his researches. The first whom he approached was my mysterious guide, who, seated on a table as I have already described him, with his eyes firmly fixed on the wall, his features arranged into the vacant inflexibility of expression, his hands folded on his breast with an air between circumspection and defiance, his head pressing against the foot of the

table, to keep close with the tone which he continued to whistle, authorized to Mr. Jarvis's investigation with an air of absolute confidence and assurance which, for a moment, placed at fault the memory and sagacity of the worst investigator.

"Ah!—Oh!—Oh!" exclaimed the Baffle. "My conscience!—it's impossible!—and yet—no!—Conscience!—it seems so!—and yet again—Dad has me, that I sold my me!—Ye robber—ye villain—ye have dared that ye see, to 't' had ends and two girls see!—and that be you!"

"I'm as ye see, Baffle," was the laconic answer.

"Conscience! if I am no clean hundreded—yes, ye clean-the-waddy wags—ye have on your vestment at the tollmouth of Glasgow!—What d'ye think's the value o' your head?"

"Wock!—why, fairly weighed, and Dutch weight, it might weigh down one penny's, four ladies', a seven-shill's, or downer, besides short-masters!"

"Ah, ye saving villain!" interrupted Mr. Jarvis. "But tell over your see, and prepare ye, for if I say the word!"

"True, Baffle," said he who was thus addressed, holding his hands behind him with the utmost docility, "but ye will never say that word."

"And why said I not, sir?" exclaimed the magistrate—"Why said I not? Answer me that—why said I not?"

"For three sufficient reasons, Baffle Jarvis.—First, for said language; second, for the sake of the said web across the fire at Stockwell-lane, that made some mixture of our blood, to my own proper shame be it spoken! that has a certain w' accounts, and your violence, and loose and shuffling, like a man mechanical power; and lastly, Baffle, because if I saw a sign o' your betraying me, I would plaster that w' with your hands on the head of man could rescue you!"

"Ye're a hard desperate villain, sir," roared the undaunted Baffle, "and ye ken that I ken ye to be so, and that I waken about a moment for my own risk."

"I ken wot," said the other, "ye ken gentle Wot in your vein, and I wot be lish to lock my six kinemen. But I'll gang out here as free as I came in, or the very wot o' Glasgow tollmouth shall tell o' these ten years to come."

"Wot, wot," said Mr. Jarvis, "blaw's thicker than water; and it flows in lish, kin, and aily, to see wot in o'ne o'ne's ear if o'ne can see them on. It wad be air now to the said



come to cold up the Glasgow bridle, and clear them o' their cold shop-wares. And, unless it just is in the pleasant way o' your duty, ye cannot see me often, Nicol, than I am disposed to be wae."

"Ye are a daring villain, Bob," answered the Bells; "and ye will be hanged, that will be seen and heard till o'; but I've nater be the ill bird and feel my seat, set apart strong necessity and the strength of duty, which no man should hear and be inoffensive. And wha the devil's this?" he continued, turning to me—"Some gilliverger that ye has fisted, I daur say. He looks as if he had a bauld heart to the highway, and a lang wayg for the gillie."

"This, good Mr. Jarvis," said Owen, who, like myself, had been strack dumb during this strange recognition, and so lost strange dialogue, which took place between these extraordinary kinsmen—"This, good Mr. Jarvis, is young Mr. Frank Obed-ishment, only child of the head of our house, who should have been taken into our firm at the time Mr. Rindolph Obed-ishment, his cousin, had the luck to be taken into it"—(Here Owen could not suppress a groan).—"See how wae!"

"Oh, I have heard of that wae," said the Scotch merchant, interrupting him; "it is he whom your principal, Nic, an obstinate wad fide, wad make a merchant o', wad be or wad be na,—and the lad turned a widdling stage-player, in pure defiance to the law as honest men should live by. Wad na, what say ye to your handiwork? Will Hamlet the Dane, or Hamlet's ghost, be good security for Mr. Owen, sir?"

"I don't deserve your heart," I replied, "though I respect your motive, and am too grateful for the sentence you have afforded Mr. Owen, to resent it. My only business here was to do what I could (it is perhaps very little) to aid Mr. Owen in the management of my father's affairs. My dislike of the commercial profession is a feeling of which I am the best and sole judge."

"I protest," said the Highlander, "I had some respect for this colliert even before I kn'd what was in him; but now I honour him for his contempt of wares and spinners, and un-like mechanical persons and their parasite."

"Ye've mad, Bob," said the Bells—"mad as a March hare,—though wherefore a hare wad be mad at March mair than at Marchness, is mair than I can wae say. Waeers! Dae! shake

ye out o' the web the weaver craft made. Spinners! ye'll spin and wind yourself a bonny pin. And this young Bogle here, that ye're buying and bounding on the shortest road to the gallows and the devil, will his stage-plays and his poetries help him here, d'ye think, my man? then your deep socks and downy dinks, ye speculate that ye are!—Will Topsy be paroled, as they say o' it, tell him where Blackleg Obedulstone is? or Blackie, and all his banners and galls-glasses, and your own to boot, Jack, procure him five thousand pounds to answer the bills which tell due ten days hence, were they o' roused at the Cross,—bachelors, Andie-Fannies, leather targets, bagpipes, brooches, and sporrans?"

"Ten days," I answered, and instinctively drew out Diana Fennan's packet; and the time being elapsed during which I was to keep the seal sacred, I hastily broke it open. A sealed letter fell from a black envelope, owing to the inspiration with which I opened the parcel. A slight current of wind, which found its way through a broken pane of the window, wafted the letter to Mr. Jarvis's feet, who lifted it, examined the address with unceremonious curiosity, and, to my astonishment, handed it to his Highland kinsman, saying, "Here's a wind has blown a letter to its right owner, though there were ten thousand chances against its coming to hand."

The Highlander, having examined the address, broke the letter open without the least ceremony. I endeavored to interrupt his proceeding.

"You must satisfy me, sir," said I, "that the letter is intended for you before I can permit you to peruse it."

"Make yourself quite easy, Mr. Obedulstone," replied the mountaineer with great composure;—"remember Justice Englewood, Clerk Johnson, Mr. Morris—above all, remember your two humble servants, Robert Oswald, and the beautiful Diana Fennan. Remember all this, and doubt no longer that the letter is for me."

I remained astonished at my own stupidity.—Through the whole night, the voice, and even the features of this man, though imperfectly seen, haunted me with recollections to which I could assign no exact local or personal associations. But now the light dawned on me at once, this man was Campbell himself. The whole particularities flashed on me at once,—the deep strong voice—the inflexible, stern, yet unobtrusive cast of features—

the Scottish brogue, with its corresponding dialect and imagery, which, although he possessed the power at times of laying them aside, returned at every moment of emotion, and gave path to his actions, or vehemence to his expostulation. Rather beneath the middle age than above it, his limbs were formed upon the very strongest model that is consistent with agility, while from the remarkable ease and freedom of his movements, you could not doubt his possessing the latter quality in a high degree of perfection. Two points in his person interfered with the rules of symmetry; his shoulders were so broad in proportion to his height, so, notwithstanding the lean and lathy appearance of his frame, gave him something the air of being too square in respect to his stature; and his arms, though round, sinewy, and strong, were so very long as to be rather a deformity. I afterwards heard that this length of arm was a circumstance on which he prided himself; that when he wore his native Highland garb, he could tie the garters of his hose without stooping; and that it gave him great advantage in the use of the broadsword, at which he was very dexterous. But certainly the want of symmetry destroyed the claim he might otherwise have set up, to be accounted a very handsome man; it gave something wild, irregular, and, as it were, uncouth, to his appearance, and recalled me accidentally of the tales which Kistal used to tell of the old Fien who ranged Northumberland in ancient times, who, according to her tradition, was a sort of half-goblin half-human being, distinguished, like this man, for courage, cunning, ferocity, the length of their arms, and the squareness of their shoulders.

When, however, I recollected the circumstances in which we formerly met, I could not doubt that the bullet was most probably designed for him. He had made a marked figure among those equivoque personages over whom Diana seemed to exercise an influence, and from whom she experienced an influence in her turn. It was painful to think that the fate of a being so amiable was involved in that of dependence of this man's description;—yet it seemed impossible to doubt it. Of what use, however, could this person be to my father's affairs?—I could think only of one. Blackbough Ochiltree had, at the instigation of Miss Vernon, certainly found means to produce Mr. Campbell when his presence was necessary to expiate me from Maria's conscience.—Was it not possible that her influ-



ness, in the manner, might prevail on Campbell to produce Farquhar? Speaking on this supposition, I requested to know where my dangerous kinsman was, and when Mr. Campbell had seen him. The answer was instant.

"It's a little mad she has gien me to play; but yet it's fair play, and I viane back her. Mr. Oshabinsone, I dwell not very far from hence—my kinsman can show you the way—Leave Mr. Owan to do the best he can in Glasgow—do you come and see me in the glen, and it's like I may pleasure you, and stead your father in his extremity. I am but a poor man; but wi's better than wealth—and, cousin" (glancing from me to address Mr. Jarvie), "if ye dare venture me muckle as to eat a dish o' Scotch collops, and a bag o' red-dye venison w' me, come ye w' this fassonach gentleman as far as Drymen or Buckfrie,—or the Chieftan o' Aberdail will be better than any o' them,—and I'll hae somebody willing to miss ye the gait to the place where I may be for the time—What say ye, man? There's my thank, I'll never begude thee."

"Fa, fa, Robin," said the canting bargher, "I seldom like to leave the Gorbals;" I have nae freedom to gang among your wild folk, Robin, and your lifted red-shanks—it chane become my place, man."

"The devil damn your place and you both!" retorted Campbell. "The only drop o' gentle blood there's in your body was our great-grand-uncle's that was justified<sup>†</sup> at Dunsbarrow, and you set yourself up to say ye wad depute frae your place to visit us! Hark thee, man—I owe thee a day in harem—I'll pay up your thousand, pound Scots, plack and lawber, ere ye'll be an honest fellow for once, and just deliver up the gait w' this fassonach."

"Hout awa' w' your gentility," replied the Baile; "carry your gentle blood to the Cross, and see what ye'll buy w't. But, if I were to come, wad ye really and soothfastly pay me the aillie?"

"I swear to ye," said the Rightwader, "upon the baldrons o' kin that sleep beneath the grey stane at Inch-Callinach!"

\* [The Gorbals or "collops" are situated on the south side of the River.]

† [Executed for treason.]

‡ Inch-Callinach is an island in Lochness, where the clan of Mac-Gregor was wont to be gathered, and where their sepulchres may still be seen. It formerly contained a monastery; hence the name of Inch-Callinach, or the Island of Old Woman.

"Say me, Robb—say me nae—We'll see what may be done. But ye mairna expect us to gang over the Highroad thae—I'll gae beyond the line at nae rate. Ye mairna expect us about Blackbirds or the Clachan of Aberfeldy,—and danna forget the needfu!"

"Nae fear—nae fear," said Campbell, "I'll be as true as the steel blade that never failed its master. But I must be boding, cooing, for the air o' Glasgow tollbooth is no that over salutory to a Highlander's constitution."

"Forth," replied the merchant, "and if my duty were to be done, ye couldna change your atmosphere, as the indicator ca's it, thus as was wile,—Ochra, that I and ever be concerned in aiding and abetting an escape frae justice! It will be a shame and disgrace to me and mine, and my very father's memory, for ever."

"Hoot hoot, man! let that flee stick in the wa'," answered his kinsman; "when the di'e's dry it will rub out—Your father, honest man, could look over a friend's fault as wae as another."

"Ye may be right, Robb," replied the Robb, after a moment's reflection; "he was a considerable man the deacon, he kin'd we had o' our failings, and he bid his friends—Ye'll no hae forgotten him, Robb?" This question he put in a softened tone, conveying as much at least of the kindness as the paternity.

"Forgotten him?" replied his kinsman—"what could aid me to forget him!—a wapping weaver he was, and wrought my first pair o' hose.—But come awa', kinsman,

Come fill up my cup, come fill up my can,  
Come saddle my horse, and coll up my man;  
Come open your gates, and let us gae free,  
I durna stay langer in bonny Dundee."

"Whicht, sir?" said the magistrate, in an authoritative tone—"Hitting and staying are near the latter end o' the Sabbath! This house may hear ye say neither toun yet—Aweel, we hae a buckledinge to answer for—Stanchell, open the door."

The jester obeyed, and we all walked forth. Stanchell looked with some surprise at the two strangers, wondering, doubtless, how they came into those premises without his knowledge; but Mr. Jarvis's "Friends o' mine, Stanchell—friends o' mine," effected all disposition to inquiry. We now descended into the lower vaults, and hallooed mair than once for Dougl, to

which summons no answer was returned; when Campbell observed with a sarcastic smile, "That if Dougal was the lad he looks like, he would never wait to get thanks for his own share of the night's work, but was in all probability on the hill next to the pass of Ballantrae."—

"And left us—and, above a', me, myself, locked up in the tolbooth a' night!" exclaimed the Basha, in ire and perturbation. "Oo' for forlornness, sledge-kissers, plashes, and cozzies; and for Dougie Yettin, the earth, an' let him ken that Basha Jarvie's shot up to the tolbooth by a Highland blackguard, whae he'll hang up as high as Haman!"—

"When ye catch him," said Campbell, gravely; "but stay—the door is surely not locked."

Indeed, on examination, we found that the door was not only left open, but that Dougal in his retreat had, by carrying off the keys along with him, taken care that no one should excuse his office of porter in a hurry.

"He has glimmerings o' common sense now, that creature Dougal," said Campbell;—"he he'd an open door might ha' served me at a pinch."

We were by this time in the street.

"I tell ye, Basha," said the magistrate, "in my private mind, if ye live the life ye do, ye wad hae mae o' your gillie door-keeper in every jail in Scotland, in case o' the want."

"Aye o' my kinsman a' hae in the burgh will just do us weel, except Nicol—ho, gude-night or gude-morning to ye; and forget not the Clerk of Aberdeen."

And without waiting for an answer, he sprang to the other side of the street, and was lost in darkness. Immediately on his disappearance, we heard him give a low whistle of peculiar modulation, which was instantly replied to.

"Hoor to the Highland deevils," said Mr. Jarvie; "they think themselves on the skirts of Balcomland already, where they may gang whoring and whirling about without minding Sunday or Saturday." Here he was interrupted by something which fell with a heavy clank on the street before us—"Gude guide to I whaith this mae a'!—Mistie, hand up the lantern—Conscience; if it bea the keys i'—Weel, that's just as weel—they cost the burgh aill, and there might ha' been some shivers about the loss o' them. O, an' Basha Cockburn were to get wad o' this night's job, it wou'd be a sur' hoot in my neck!"

As we were still but a few steps from the trifling door, we carried back these implements of office, and consigned them to the head jailer, who, in lieu of the usual mode of making good his post by housing the boys, was keeping society in the vaults till the arrival of some assistant, whom he had summoned in order to replace the Celtic fugitive Droop.

Having discharged this piece of duty to the burgh, and my road lying the same way with the honest magistrate's, I profited by the light of his lantern, and he by my arm, to find our way through the streets, which, whatever they may now be, were then dark, narrow, and ill-paved. Age is easily gratified by attentions from the young. The Bailie expressed himself interested in me, and added, "That since I was ware o' that play-acting and play-gangin' generation, whom his maad hated, he wad be glad if I wad eat a roasted haddock or a drunk herring, at breakfast w' him the morn, and meet my friend, Mr Owen, whom, by that time, he wou'd place at liberty."

"My dear sir," said I, when I had accepted of the invitation with thanks, "how could you possibly connect me with the stage?"

"I wadna," replied Mr. Jarvie;—"it was a Methuselah's pleasure-child, they say at Palmerston, that sent an order to get an order to send the order through the town for ye at straight o' day the morn. He tolt me when ye were, and how ye were sent frae your father's house because ye wadna be a doer, and that ye might disgrace your family w' panging on the stage. Ane Hazzumple, our presenter, brought him here, and and he was an wild acquaintance; but I sent them both away w' a flea in their leg for belaying me an an' around, an sic a night. But I see he's a false-creature a' Gogfines, and does mischief about ye. I like ye, man," he continued; "I like a lad that wad stand by his friends in trouble—I aye did it myself, and we did the dearest my father, and I bless him! But ye wadna keep ower much company w' Whelandmen and these wild cattle. Can a man touch pitch and no be dabbled?—aye mind that. Nae doubt, the best and wisest way is—Owen, twice, and thrice have I haddocked, man, and done three things this night—my father wadna have behaved his son if he could have looked up and seen me do them."

He was by this time arrived at the door of his own dwelling. He passed, however, on the threshold, and went on in a solemn

some of deep contrition,—“Firstly, I have thought my sin thoughts on the Sabbath—secondly, I have given anxiety for an Englishman—and, as the third and last plea, well-a-day! I have let an ill-dear escape from the place of imprisonment—But there’s help in Ghent, Mr. Ocheldestone—Katie, I can let myself in—see Mr. Ocheldestone to Lucile Flyter’s, at the corner o’ the wynd,—Mr. Ocheldestone”—in a whisper,—“ye’ll offer me matrimony to Katie—she’s an honest man’s daughter, and a near cousin o’ the Lord o’ Lincolnsfeld’s.”

## CHAPTER TWENTY-FOUR.

“Will it please your worship to accept of my poor service? I beseech that I may feed upon your bread, though it be the baremost, and drink of your drink, though it be of the smallest; for I will do your worship as much service for forty shillings as another man shall for three pence.”  
*Quarrel’s Poem.*

I notwithstanding the honest Betty’s piling charges, but did not meddle there was any impropriety in adding a kiss to the half-crown with which I remunerated Katie’s attendance;—one did her “Pis for shame, sir!” except my very deadly resentment of the affront. Repeated knocking at Mrs. Flyter’s gate awakened in due order, first, one or two stray dogs, who began to bark with all their might; next two or three night-capped heads, which were thrust out of the neighbouring windows to reproach me for disturbing the solemnity of the Sunday night by that noisy noise. While I trembled lest the windows of their wrath might dissolve in showers like that of Xanthippe, Mrs. Flyter herself awoke, and began, in a tone of obsequious and unbecoming philosophical apoplexy of Scornus, to scold one or two fellows in her kitchen, for not hastening to the door to permit a repetition of my noisy summons.

These worthies were, indeed, greatly concerned in the dream which their business continued, being no other than the faithful Mr. Falsworth, with his friend Mr. Hamscrope, and another person, whom I afterwards found to be the turn-of-the-year, who were sitting over a cog of ale, as they called it (at my expense, as my Will afterwards informed me), in order to devise the

terms and style of a proclamation to be made through the streets the next day, in order that "the unfortunate young professor," as they had the impudence to qualify me, might be restored to his friends without further delay. It may be supposed that I did not suppress my displeasure at this impudent interference with my affairs; but Andrew set up such ejaculations of transport at my arrival, so freely drew out my expressions of resentment. His raptures, perhaps, were partly political; and the tone of joy which he shed had certainly their source in that wild fountain of emotion, the tankard. However, the tankardous glass which he did, or pretended to feel, at my return, saved Andrew the broken head which I had twice destined him;—first, on account of the ecology he had held with the president on my affairs; and secondly, for the impertinent history he had thought proper to give of me to Mr. Jarvis. I however contented myself with slapping the door of my bedroom in his face as he followed me, praising Heaven for my safe return, and raising his joy with admonitions to me to take care how I walked my own ways in future. I then went to bed, resolving my first business in the morning should be to chastise this treacherous, pedantic, self-conceited conceit, who seemed so much disposed to constitute himself rather a preceptor than a domestic.

Accordingly in the morning I resumed my purpose, and calling Andrew into my apartment, requested to know his charge for guiding and attending me as far as Glasgow. Mr. Farnservice looked very blank at this demand, partly considering it as a prelude to approaching disputation.

"Your honour," he said, after some hesitation, "woud think—woud think?"—

"Speak out, you rascal, or I'll break your head," said I, as Andrew, between the double risk of being all by asking too much, or a part, by stating his demand lower than what I might be willing to pay, stood gazing in the agony of doubt and calculation.

Out it came with a halt, however, at my threat; as the kind violence of a blow on the back sometimes drives the windpipe from an intrusive noose.—"Aughtless pence sterling per diem;—that is, by the day—your honour woud think unreasonable."

"It is double what is usual, and twice what you merit,

Andrew; but there's a guinea for you, and get about your business."

"The Lord bless us! In your honour mad!" exclaimed Andrew.

"No; but I think you mean to make me so—I give you a third above your demand, and you stand staring and expostulating there as if I were cheating you. Take your money, and go about your business."

"Gods sake us!" continued Andrew, "in what way I have offended your honour! Certainly a' Slink is but as the fennel of the field; but if a' bel of enormous hark value in medicine, of a sorry the use of Andrew Fairweather to your honour is nothing less evident—it's as much as your life's worth to part w' me."

"Upon my honour," replied I, "it is difficult to say whether you are more insane or fool. Do you intend then to converse with me whether I like it or no?"

"Troth, I was a'n thinking on," replied Andrew, dogmatically; "for if your honour deems him when ye has a gude servant, I ken when I has a gude master, and the dill be in my fist ye I leave ye—and there's the brief and the lang o't;—besides I has received me regular warning to quit my place."

"Your place, sir?" said I;—"why, you are no hired servant of mine,—you are merely a gable, whose knowledge of the country I availed myself of on my road."

"I am no just a common servant, I admit, sir," remonstrated Mr. Fairweather; "but your honour bids I quit a gude place at an hour's notice, to comply w' your honour's whimsicalities. A man might make honestly, and w' a clear conscience, twenty sterling pounds per annum, well earned altho', o' the garden at Calcuttous Hall, and I woud likely to g'v up a' that for a guinea, I trow—I reasoned on, staying w' your honour to the term's end at the least o't; and I account my wages, board-wages, he and, worthit,—ay, to that length o't at the least."

"Come, come, sir," replied I, "these impudent pretensions won't serve your turn; and if I hear any more of them, I shall convince you that Squire Thorndill is not the only one of my name that can use his fingers."

While I spoke thus, the whole matter struck me as so ridiculous, that, though really angry, I had some difficulty to forbear laughing at the gravity with which Andrew supported a

plan is utterly extravagant. The racial, errors of the impression he had made on my mind, was encouraged to perseverance. He judged it safer, however, to take his pretensions a peg lower, in case of overstraining at the same time both his plan and my patience.

"Admitting that my honour could part with a faithful servant, that had served me and mine by day and night for twenty years, in a strange place, and at a moment's warning, he was well secured," he said, "it weighs in my heart, nor in the true gentleman's, to pit a poor lad like himself, that had come forty or fifty, or say a hundred miles out of his road purely to bear my honour company, and that had me heading but his pump-fry, to sit a lanching as this comes to."

I think it was you, Will, who once told me, that, to be an elaborate man, I am in certain things the most glib and confident of mortals. The fact is, that it is only consideration which makes me presumptuous, and when I do not feel myself called on to give battle to any proposition, I am always willing to grant it, rather than give myself much trouble. I knew this fellow to be a greedy, tiresome, meddling conceit; still, however, I must have some one about me as the quality of guide and domestic, and I was so much used to Andrew's humour, that on some occasions it was rather annoying. In the state of indecision to which these reflections led me, I asked Fairweather if he knew the roads, towns, etc., in the north of Scotland, to which my father's concerns with the proprietors of Highland forests were likely to lead me. I believe if I had asked him the road to the terrestrial paradise, he would have at that moment undertaken to guide me to it; so that I had reason afterwards to think myself fortunate in finding that his actual knowledge did not fall very much short of that which he asserted himself to possess. I fixed the amount of his wages, and reserved to myself the privilege of dismissing him when I chose, on paying him a week in advance. I gave him finally a severe lecture on his conduct of the preceding day, and then dismissed him rejoicing at heart, though somewhat contrite in conscience, to rehearse to his friend the preacher, who was taking his morning draught in the kitchen, the mode in which he had "oulted up the daft young English squire."

Agreeable to appointment, I went next to Belle Nicol Jarrin's, where a comfortable morning's repast was arranged in the par-



house, which served as an apartment of all hours, and almost all work, to that honest gentleman. The bustling and benevolent magistrate had been as good as his word. I found my friend Owen at liberty, and, conscious of the refreshments and purification of break and bath, was of course a very different person from Owen a prisoner, spalled, heart-broken, and hopeless. Yet the sense of pecuniary difficulties arising behind, before, and around him, had depressed his spirit, and the almost paternal embrace which the good man gave me, was substituted by a sigh of the deepest anxiety. And when he sat down, the heartiness in his eye and manner, so different from the quiet composed satisfaction which they usually exhibited, indicated that he was employing his arithmetic in mentally numbering up the days, the hours, the minutes, which yet remained as an interval between the dishonour of bills and the downfall of the great commercial establishment of Obedias and Trehear. It was left to me, therefore, to do honour to our landlord's hospitable cheer—to his tea, right from Orlins, which he got in a present from some eminent ship-brokers at Wapping—to his coffee, from a very plantation of his own, as he informed us with a wink, called *Balmorloch Grove*, in the island of Jamaica—to his English toast and ale, his Scotch dried salmon, his *Lochlin* harrags, and even to the double-damask table-cloth, "wrought by no hand, as you may guess," were that of his deceased father the worthy Deacon Jarvis.

Having concluded our good-natured host by these little attentions which are great to most men, I endeavoured in my turn to gain from him some information which might be useful for my guidance, as well as for the satisfaction of my curiosity. We had not hitherto made the least allusion to the transactions of the preceding night, a circumstance which made my question sound somewhat abrupt, when, without any previous introduction of the subject, I took advantage of a pause when the history of the table-cloth ended, and that of the hospices was about to commence, to inquire, "Pray, by the by, Mr. Jarvis, who may this Mr. Robert Campbell be, whom we met with last night?"

The interrogatory seemed to strike the honest magistrate, to use the vulgar phrase, "all of a heap," and instead of answering, he returned the question—"What's Mr. Robert Campbell?—ahem! ahem! What's Mr. Robert Campbell, qu' he?"

"Yes," said I, "I mean who and what he be?"

"Why, he's—ahy i—he's—ahem i—Where did ye meet with Mr. Robert Campbell, as ye ca' him?"

"I met him by chance," I replied, "some months ago in the north of England."

"Oa then, Mr. Galsworthy," said the Duke, sagaciously, "ye'll ken as much about him as I do."

"I should suppose not, Mr. Jarvis," I replied;—"you are his relation, it seems, and his friend."

"There is some connection between us, doubtless," said the Duke reluctantly; "but we has seen little o' the other since Bob gae up the cat's-paw o' dealing, poor fellow! he was hardly guided by them night has used him better—and they haves made their plack a barrow o' wisdom. There's mony are that they wad rather they had never shared pair Bob's fate than the Cross o' Glasgow—there's mony are wad rather see him again at the tail o' three hundred lyles, than at the head o' thirty wear cattle."

"All this explains nothing to me, Mr. Jarvis, of Mr. Campbell's mark, habits of life, and means of subsistence," I replied.

"Mark!" said Mr. Jarvis; "he's a Hibernian gentleman, no doubt—better mark need name to be,—and for habit, I judge he wears the Hibernian habit among the hills, though he has broken on when he comes to Glasgow;—and as for his subsistence, what needs we care about his subsistence, as long as he ails nothing frae us, ye ken! But I has no time for chattering about him a's now, because we must look into your father's concerns w' all speed."

So saying, he put on his spectacles, and sat down to examine Mr. Owen's states, which the other thought it most prudent to communicate to him without reserve. I knew enough of business to be aware that nothing could be more acute and sagacious than the views which Mr. Jarvis entertained of the matters submitted to his examination; and, to do him justice, it was marked by much fairness, and even liberality. He scratched his ear indeed repeatedly on observing the balance which stood at the debit of Galsworthy and Truskian in account with himself personally.

"It may be a dead loss," he observed; "and, consequently, whatever one o' your Lombard Street goldensticks may say to it, it's a well one in the Sack-Market<sup>a</sup> o' Glasgow. It will be a

<sup>a</sup> [The Sackmarket. The ancient street, situated in the heart of Glasgow, has of late been almost entirely reconstructed.]

heavy deficit—a staff out of my basket, I trow. But what then?—I trust the house wench catch the crime for s' tha'n's come and gone yet, and if it does, I'll never bear see him a mind as these corks in the Gallowsgate—as I am to lose by ye, I've ne'er deny I has won by ye money a fair pound sterling—See, as it seems to the want, I've e'en lay the head of the sow to the tail of the pig."<sup>\*</sup>

I did not altogether understand the proverbial arrangement with which Mr. Jarvis consoled himself, but I could easily see that he took a kind and friendly interest in the arrangement of my father's affairs, suggested several expedients, approved several plans proposed by Owen, and by his countenance and counsel greatly aided the gloom upon the brow of that afflicted delegate of my father's establishment.

As I was an idle spectator on this occasion, and, perhaps, as I showed some inclination more than once to return to the prohibited, and apparently the passing subject of Mr. Campbell, Mr. Jarvis dismissed me with little formality, with an advice to "gang up the gate to the college, where I wad find some scholars could speak Greek and Latin wad—at least they got plenty o' allies for doing oad have else, if their allies do that; and where I might read a spell o' the worthy Mr. Zachary Boyd's translation o' the Scriptures—better poetry need nae to be, as he had been tell'd by them that ken'd or could hae ken'd about sic things." But he conveyed this dismissal with a kind and hospitable invitation "to come back and take part o' his family-shack at een presently—there wad be a leg o' mutton, and, it might be, a tur's head, for they were in season;" but above all, I was to return at "one o'clock presently—it was the hour he and the deacons his father aye dined at—they put it off for something now for somebody."

<sup>\*</sup> *Anyhow, the head of the sow is the tail of the pig.*

## CHAPTER TWENTY-FIFTH.

He stands the Thracian herdsman with his spear  
 Full in the gap, and looks the hunted deer ;  
 And hares him in the rustling wood, and sees  
 His arrow at distance by the bounding deer,  
 And thence-illustrious comes my martial story,  
 And either he must fall in fight, or I

PERICLES AND ALCIBIADES.

I took the route towards the college, as recommended by Mr. Jarvis, but with the intention of seeking for my object of interest or amusement, than to arrange my own ideas, and maintain as my future conduct. I wandered from one quadrangle of old-fashioned buildings to another, and from thence to the College-yards, or walking ground, where, pleased with the solitude of the place, most of the students being engaged in their classes, I took several turns, pondering on the waywardness of my own destiny.

I could not doubt, from the circumstances attending my first meeting with this person Campbell, that he was engaged in some strange or desperate career ; and the reluctance with which Mr. Jarvis alluded to his person or pursuits, as well as all the scenes of the preceding night, tended to confirm these suspicions. Yet to this man Deane Vernon had not, it would seem, hesitated to address himself in my behalf, and the conduct of the magistrate himself towards him showed an odd mixture of kindness, and even respect, with pity and censure. Something there must be uncommon in Campbell's situation and character ; and what was still more extraordinary, it seemed that his fate was doomed to have influence over, and connection with, my own. I resolved to bring Mr. Jarvis to close quarters on the first proper opportunity, and learn as much as was possible on the subject of this mysterious person, in order that I might judge whether it was possible for me, without prejudice to my reputation, to hold that degree of further correspondence with him to which he seemed to invite.

While I was musing on these subjects, my attention was attracted by three persons who appeared at the upper end of the walk through which I was wandering, seemingly engaged

in very earnest conversation. That intuitive impression which announces to us the approach of whomsoever we love or hate with intense enthusiasm, long before a mere indifferent eye can recognise their person, flashed upon my mind the sure conviction that the richest of these three men was Rastleigh (Edith's father). To address him was my first impulse ;—my second was, to watch him until he was alone, or at least to reconnoitre his companions before confronting him. The party was still at such distance, and engaged in such deep discourse, that I had time to step unobserved to the other side of a small bridge, which imperceptibly screened the alley in which I was walking.

It was at this period the fashion of the young and gay to wear, in their morning walks, a scarlet cloak, often lined and embroidered, above their other dress, and it was the trick of the time for gallants occasionally to dispose it so as to gaffe a part of the face. The imitating this fashion, with the degree of shelter which I received from the hedge, enabled me to meet my cousin, unobserved by him or the others, except perhaps as a passing stranger. I was not a little startled at recognising in his companions that very Morris on whose account I had been summoned before Justice Ingleswood, and Mr. MacVitie the merchant, from whose staid and severe aspect I had recoiled on the preceding day.

A more anxious conjecture to my own affairs, and those of my father, could scarce have been formed. I remembered Morris's false accusation against me, which he might be as easily induced to recede as he had been intimidated to withdraw ; I recollected the insidious influence of MacVitie over my father's affairs, testified by the imprisonment of Owen ;—and I now saw both these men combined with one, whose talent for mischief I deemed little inferior to those of the great author of all ill, and my abhorrence of whom almost amounted to dread.

When they had passed me for some paces, I turned and followed them unobserved. At the end of the walk they separated, Morris and MacVitie leaving the garden, and Rastleigh returning alone through the walks. I was now determined to confront him, and demand reparation for the injuries he had done my father, though in what form redress was likely to be rendered remained to be known. Thus, however, I treated to chance ; and flinging back the cloak in which I was veiled, I passed through a gap of the low hedge, and

presented myself before Rushleigh, as, in a deep reverie, he stared down the street.

Rushleigh was so much to be surprised or thrown off his guard by sudden encounter. Yet he did not find me thus close to him, wearing radiantly in my face the marks of that indignation which was glowing in my bosom, without valdly starting at an apparition so sudden and menacing.

"You are well met, sir," was my commencement; "I was about to take a long and doubtful journey in quest of you."

"You know little of him you sought then," replied Rushleigh, with his usual unshaken composure. "I am easily found by my friends—still more easily by my foes;—your manner compels me to ask in which class I must rank Mr. Thomas Goldstone?"

"In that of your foes, sir," I answered—"in that of your mortal foes, unless you instantly do justice to your brother, my father, by accounting for his property."

"And to whom, Mr. Goldstone," answered Rushleigh, "am I, a member of your father's commercial establishment, to be compelled to give any account of my proceedings in those concerns, which are in every respect identified with my own?—Surely not to a young gentleman whose ardent taste for literature would render such discussions disgusting and untellable."

"Your answer, sir, is an answer; I will not part with you until I have full satisfaction concerning the fraud you meditate—you shall go with me before a magistrate."

"Be it so," said Rushleigh, and made a step or two as if to accompany me; then pausing, proceeded—"Were I inclined to do so as you would have me, you should soon feel which of us had most reason to dread the presence of a magistrate. But I have no wish to accelerate your fate. Go, young man! amuse yourself in your world of poetical imaginations, and leave the business of life to those who understand and can conduct it."

His intention, I believe, was to provoke me, and he succeeded. "Mr. Goldstone," I said, "this tale of calumny and base shall not avail you. You ought to be aware that the name we both bear never submitted to insult, and shall not in my person be exposed to it."

"You scolded me," said Rushleigh, with one of his blackest looks, "that it was dishonoured in my person!—and you scolded

me also by whom! Do you think I have forgotten the evening at Obedience Hall when you cheaply and with impunity played the bully at my expense! For that matter—never to be washed out but by blood!—for the various times you have crossed my path, and always to my prejudice—for the pondering folly with which you seek to reverse actions, the importance of which you neither know nor are capable of estimating—for all these, sir, you owe me a long account, for which there shall come an early day of reckoning."

"Let it come when it will," I replied, "I shall be willing and ready to meet it. Yet you seem to have forgotten the earliest article—that I had the pleasure to aid Miss Vernon's good sense and virtuous feeling in extricating her from your infamous toils."

I think his dark eyes flashed actual fire at this home-thrust, and yet his voice retained the same calm expressive tone with which he had hitherto conducted the conversation.

"I had other views with respect to you, young man," was his answer: "less hazardous for you, and more suitable to my present character and former education. But I see you will draw on yourself the personal chastisement your boyish insolence as well merits. Follow me to a more remote spot, where we are less likely to be interrupted."

I followed him accordingly, keeping a strict eye on his motions, for I believed him capable of the very worst actions. We reached an open spot in a sort of wilderness, laid out in the Dutch taste, with clipped hedges, and one or two stables. I was on my guard, and it was well with me that I was so; for Radleigh's sword was out and at my breast and I could thrust down my cloak, or get my weapons unfastened, so that I only saved my life by springing a pace or two backwards. He had some advantage in the difference of our weapons; for his sword, as I recollect, was longer than mine, and had one of those bayonet or three-cornered blades which are now generally worn; whereas mine was what we then called a *barren blade*—narrow, flat, and two-edged, and scarcely as manageable as that of my enemy. In other respects we were pretty equally matched—for what advantage I might possess in superior address and agility, was fully counterbalanced by Radleigh's great strength and coolness. He fought, indeed, more like a fiend than a man—with concentrated spite and desire of blood, only allayed

by that cool consideration which made his worst actions appear yet worse from the air of deliberate premeditation which seemed to accompany them. His obvious malignity of purpose never for a moment threw him off his guard, and he exhausted every feat and stratagem proper to the science of defence, while, at the same time, he mediated the most desperate catastrophe to our encounter.

On my part, the combat was at first sustained with more moderation. My passions, though hasty, were not malevolent; and the walk of two or three minutes' space gave me time to reflect that Beakleigh was my father's nephew, the son of an uncle, who after his father had been kind to me, and that his falling by my hand could not but occasion much family distress. My first resolution, therefore, was to attempt to disarm my antagonist—a manoeuvre in which, confiding in my superiority of skill and position, I anticipated little difficulty. I failed, however, I had met my match; and one or two falls which I received, and from the consequences of which I narrowly escaped, obliged me to observe more caution in my mode of fighting. By degrees I became transported at the manner with which Beakleigh sought my life, and returned his parries with an intemperancy resembling in some degree his own; so that the combat had all the appearance of being destined to have a tragic issue. That hour had nearly taken place at my expense. My foot slipped in a fall lounge which I made at my adversary, and I could not so far recover myself as completely to parry the thrust with which my pass was repaid. Yet it took but partial effect, running through my waistcoat, grazing my ribs, and passing through my coat behind. The hit of Beakleigh's sword, so great was the vigour of his thrust, struck against my breast with such force as to give me great pain, and confirm me in the momentary belief that I was mortally wounded. Rage for revenge, I grappled with my enemy, using with my left hand the hilt of his sword, and shortening my own with the purpose of running him through the body. Our death-grapple was interrupted by a man who bravely threw himself between us, and pulling us separate from each other, exclaimed, in a loud and commanding voice, "What! the sons of those fathers who ended the same breast shedding each other's blood as if were strangers!—By the hand of my father, I will swear to be the first that strikes another stroke!"



I looked up in astonishment. The speaker was no other than Campbell. He had a basket-filled handkerchief driven in his hand, which he made to whistle around his head as he spoke, as if for the purpose of confining his modulation. Rushleigh and I stared in silence at this unexpected intruder, who proceeded to exhort us alternately :—"Do you, Master Francis, opine that ye will re-establish your father's credit by cutting your kinsman's throats, or getting your own market instead thereof in the College-yards of Glasgow?—Or do you, Mr. Rushleigh, think men will lose their lives and fortunes w<sup>t</sup> see, that, when in point of trust and in point of confidence w<sup>t</sup> a great political interest, gangs about howling like a drunken gillie?—Nay, never look gawk or grin at me, man—if ye're angry, ye has how to turn the handle o' your belt behind you."

"You presume on my present situation," replied Rushleigh, "or you would have hardly dared to interfere where my honour is concerned."

"Hout! hout! hout!—Presume! And what fir should it be presuming?—Ye may be the richer man, Mr. Cathedralstone, as a man likely; and ye may be the more learned man, which I dispute not; but I reckon ye are neither a prettier man nor a better gentleman than myself—and it will be some to me when I hear ye are so glib. And does too! Much! during there about th—I trow, here I stand, that has dashed as hot a baggie as any o' the two o' ye, and thought na waukie o' my morning's walk when it was done. If my feet were on the heather as it's on the mossy, or the piddle ground, that's little better, I has been waur martyred than if I were set to gie ye both your sayin' o'."

Rushleigh had by this time recovered his temper completely. "My kinsman," he said, "will acknowledge he forced his ground on me. It was some of my seeking. I am glad ye are interrupted before I chastised his forwardness more severely."

"Are ye hurt, lad?" inquired Campbell of me, with some appearance of interest.

"A very slight scratch," I answered, "which my kind cousin would not long have boasted of had not you come between us."

"In both, and that's true, Master Rushleigh," said Campbell; "for the could one and your hot blood were like to has become soopied when I mastered Mr. Frank's right hand. But never look like a cow playing upon a trumpet for the love o'

that, man—come and walk w<sup>th</sup> me. I has news to tell ye, and ye'll need and come to yourself, like MacGibbon's crew, when he set it out at the window-bell."

"Pardon me, sir," said I. "Your intentions have seemed friendly to me on more occasions than one; but I must not, and will not, quit sight of this person until he yields up to me those means of doing justice to my father's engagements, of which he has treacherously possessed himself."

"Ye're daft, man," replied Campbell; "it will serve ye something to follow us down; ye has just now o' us man—and ye bring two on your hand, and might hale quiet!"

"Twenty," I replied, "if it be necessary."

I had my hand on Rushleigh's collar, who made no resistance, but said, with a sort of scornful smile, "You hear him, MacGregor! he rushes on his fate—will it be my task if he falls into it?—The warrants are by this time ready, and all is prepared."

The Scotchman was obviously embarrassed. He looked around, and before, and behind him, and then said—"The wae's a bit w<sup>th</sup> I yield my consent to his being disguised for standing up for the father that got him—and I gie God's mairies and mine to a' sort o' magistrates, justices, bailies, sheriffs, sheriff-officers, constables, and sic-like black mitls, that has been the plague o' poor auld Scotland this hundred year;—it was a wae'sy world when every man held his ain gear w<sup>th</sup> his ain grip, and when the country side wae'se fished w<sup>th</sup> warrants and proceedings and appraisings, and o' that charity craft. And now ma' I say it, my conscience wae'se see this gear thoughtless had ill-guided, and especially w<sup>th</sup> that sort o' trade. I wad rather ye fill it's again, and brought it out like down honest men."

"Your conscience, MacGregor!" said Rushleigh; "you forget how long you and I have known each other."

"Ye, my conscience," retorted Campbell, or MacGregor, or whatever was his name; "I has such a thing about me, Master Cuckoldstone; and thae's it may wae'se chance that I has the better o' you. As to our knowledge of each other,—if ye ken what I am, ye has what wae'se it was made me what I am, and, whatever you may think, I woud not change status w<sup>th</sup> the proudlest of the oppressors that has driven me to tak the leather-buck for a hold. What ye are, Maister Rushleigh,

and what chance ye has for being what ye are, is between your ain heart and the lang day.—And now, Master Francis, let go his collar; for he says truly, that ye are in mair danger from a magistrate than he is, and wae's your cause as straight as an arrow, he wad find a way to put ye wrong.—So let go his collar, as I was saying."

He screwed his words with an effort so sudden and unexpected, that he freed Baskilgh from my hold, and securing me, notwithstanding my struggles, in his own Herculean gripe, he called out—"Take the hint, Mr. Baskilgh—Make as pair o' legs worth twa pair o' hands; ye has done that before now."

"You may thank this gentleman, Maister," said Baskilgh, "if I leave any part of my debt to you unpaid; and if I quit ye now, it is only in the hope we shall soon meet again without the possibility of interruption."

He took up his sword, wiped it, sheathed it, and was lost among the bushes.

The Scotchman, partly by force, partly by remonstrance, prevented my following him; indeed I began to be of opinion my doing so would be to little purpose.

"As I live by bread," said Campbell, when, after one or two struggles in which he used much determination towards me, he persuaded me belated to stand quiet, "I never saw one daft a collant! I wad has gien the best man in the country the breadth o' his back gin he had gien me sic a kemping as ye has done. What wad ye do?—Wad ye follow the wad to kin dee? I tell ye, man, he has the sild trap set for ye—He has got the collector-cum-cure Morris to bring up o' the sild story again, and ye mair look for me help than me here, as ye got at Justice Ingleswood's;—it's time, good for my health to come in the gate o' the whiggamore battle bodie. Now gang your ways hame, like a guid bairn—yeat and let the jaw gang by—Keep out o' sight o' Baskilgh, and Morris, and that Mac?rie animal—Mind the Chieftain o' Aberfeld, as I said before, and by the word o' a gentleman, I wares see ye wranght. But keep a mile augh till we meet again—I mair see and get Baskilgh out o' the town afore wae comes o't, for the wad o' kin's arrow out o' mischief—Mind the Chieftain o' Aberfeld."

He turned upon his heel, and left me to meditate on the singular events which had befallen me. My first care was to adjust my dress and rearrange my cloak, desiring it to be so to con-

cool the blood which flowed down my right side. I had scarcely accomplished this, when, the classes of the college being dismissed, the gardens began to be filled with parties of the students. I therefore left them as soon as possible, and on my way towards Mr. Jarvis's, whose dinner hour was now approaching, I stopped at a small supererogatory shop, the sign of which intimated the individual to be Christopher Yallahs, surgeon and apothecary. I requested of a little boy who was pounding some stuff in a mortar, that he would procure me an evidence of this learned pharmacopœist. He opened the door of the back shop, where I found a lively elderly man, who shook his head incredulously at some idle account I gave him of having been wounded accidentally by the bottom breaking off my antagonist's fall while I was engaged in a fencing match. When he had applied some lint and somewhat else he thought proper to the trifling wound I had received, he observed—"There never was bottom on the fall that made this hurt. Ah! young blood! young blood!—But we surgeons are a secret generation—If it were for hot blood and ill blood, what would become of the two learned faculties?"

With which moral reflection he dismissed me; and I experienced very little pain or inconvenience afterwards from the scratch I had received.

## CHAPTER TWENTY-SIXTH.

As soon as the mountain-dells maintain,  
Pier to the garden grove of the plain.

The white their rusty ramparts round they see,  
The rough shade of wood and thicket,  
As broken ferns from accident will grow,  
Smell the plenty of the vale below.

GRAY.

"WHAT made ye so late?" said Mr. Jarvis, as I entered the dining-parlour of that honest gentleman; "It is chapped and the best deck o' five minutes by-gone. Whistle has been twice at the door wif the dinner, and wail for ye it was a tay's head, for that morn suffer by delay. A sleepy head over muskles boiled

is rank poison, as my worthy father used to say—he liked the lag o' ane weel, honest man."

I made a suitable apology for my breach of punctuality, and was soon seated at table, where Mr. Jarvis presided with great grace and hospitality, compelling, however, Owen and myself to do rather more justice to the Scottish dietaries with which his board was charged, than was quite agreeable to our southern palates. I escaped pretty well, from having those habits of society which enable one to slide this species of well-meant procreation. But it was ridiculous enough to see Owen, whose ideas of politeness were more rigorous and formal, and who was willing, in all acts of laudible complaisance, to witness his respect for the friend of the firm, eating with rustic complaisance morsels after morsels of staped wool, and personating it excellent, in a tone in which disgust almost overpowered avidity.

When the cloth was removed, Mr. Jarvis compounded with his own hands a very small bowl of brandy-ponch, the first which I had ever the fortune to see.

"The liquor," he assured us, "were from his own little *den* *spanter-ave*" (indicating the West Indies with a knowing shrug of his shoulders), "and he had learned the art of composing the liquor from old Captain Coffinory, who acquired it," he added in a whisper, "as might full thought, among the Buccaneers. But it's excellent liquor," said he, helping us round; "and good wine has often come from a wicked market. And as for Captain Coffinory, he was a decent man when I knew him, only he used to swear awfully—but he's dead, and gone to his account, and I trust he's accepted—I trust he's accepted."

We found the liquor exceedingly palatable, and it led to a long conversation between Owen and our host on the opening which the Union had afforded to trade between Glasgow and the British Colonies in America and the West Indies, and on the facilities which Glasgow possessed of making up certain cargoes for that market. Mr. Jarvis answered some objection which Owen made on the difficulty of sorting a cargo for America, without buying from England, with vehemence and volubility.

"Na, na, na, we stand on our six bottom—we pickle in our ain port-wine—We hae our Biffin cargo, Marseborough stuff, Aberdeen hams, Edinburgh shillings, and the like, for our wadlers or woaded goods—and we hae brains o' a' kinds better

and cheaper than you see in London itself—and we can buy your north o' England wares, as Manchester wares, Sheffield wares, and Newcastle northwares, as cheap as you can at Liverpool—and we are making a fair spell at cottons and muslins—Na, na! let every herring hang by its ain head, and every sheep by its ain shank, and ye'll find, an, as Glasgow folk sae us for about but what we may follow.—This is but poor entertainment for you, Mr. Cobalidation" (observing that I had been for some time silent); "but ye hae naught mair apt to be speaking about east-middle."

I apologised, alleging the painful circumstances of my own situation, and the singular adventures of the morning, as the cause of my abstraction and absence of mind. In this manner I gained what I sought—an opportunity of telling my story distinctly and without interruption. I only omitted mentioning the wound I had received, which I did not think worthy of notice. Mr. Jarvis listened with great attention and apparent interest, twinkling his little gray eyes, taking snuff, and only interrupting me by brief interjections. When I came to the account of the rencounter, at which Owen folded his hands and cast up his eyes to Heaven, the very image of woful surprise, Mr. Jarvis broke in upon the narration with "Wrong now—dane wrong—to draw a sword on your kinsman is inhibited by the laws o' God and man; and to draw a sword on the streets of a royal burgh is punishable by fine and imprisonment—and the College-parks are no better privileged—they should be a place of peace and quietness, I trow. The College didn't get paid £400 a year out o' bishops' rents (scowle to the breed o' bishops and their rents too!), nor yet a loan o' the archbishops o' Glasgow the mill o't, that they could let folk tinkle in their parks, or the wild collants looke there wif mair-ba't as they willea do, that when Mattie and I gae through, we are fain to make a back and a bow, or run the risk o' our horns being knocked out—it could be looked to."—But come awa' wif your tale—what fell next?"

On my mentioning the appearance of Mr. Campbell, Jarvis

\* The boys in Scotland used formerly to make a sort of *historiola* in a conversation, by telling passages with *more-balls*. But these appear to have everywhere been dropped from it on the very possibility of a ball (*cow-bag*) being a female, or a bow from a man. It was only the refractory who underwent the storm.

arose in great surprise, and paced the room, exclaiming, "Robin again!—Robert's son!—dear, well, and well—Rob will be hanged, and disgrace of his kindred, and that will be seen and heard tell of. My father the doctor brought him his first love—Oh, I am thinking Deacon Throble, the rope-splainer, will be twisting his last word. Ay, ay, poor Robin is in a fair way of being hanged—But come awe', come awe'—let's hear the love st."

I told the whole story as pointedly as I could, but Mr Jarvis still found something lacking to make it clear, until I went back, though with considerable reluctance, on the whole story of Morris, and of my meeting with Campbell at the house of Justice Inglewood. Mr Jarvis inclined a serious ear to all this, and remained silent for some time after I had finished my narrative.

"Upon all these matters I am now to ask your advice, Mr Jarvis, which, I have no doubt, will point out the best way to act for my father's advantage and my own honour."

"Ye're right, young man—ye're right," said the Bodle. "Aye take the counsel of them who are wiser and wiser than yourself, and hence like the gallows Rakestraw, who took the advice of a whole beardless village, neglecting the wail counsel which had come at the feet of his father Solomon, and, as it was well put by Mr. Rakestraw, in his lecture on the chapter, were doubtless partakers of his expense. But I mean hear nothing about honour—we hear nothing here but about credit. Honour is a horsehide and a bloodspiller, that goes about making frays in the street; but Credit is a devout honest man, that sits at home and makes the pot play."

"Assuredly, Mr. Jarvis," said our friend Owen, "credit is the sum total; and if we can but save that, at whatever discount"—

"To be right, Mr. Owen—ye are right; ye speak well and wisely; and I trust bowls will see right, though they are a wee sgle d'vise. But touching Robin, I am of opinion he will bestow this young man if it is in his power. He has a good heart, good Robin; and though I had a matter of seven hundred pounds w' his former engagements, and hence would expectation ever to see back my thousand pounds doots that he promises me d'vise, yet I will never say but what Robin means fair by a' man."

"I am then to consider him," I replied, "as an honest man?"

"Nough!" replied Jarvis, with a precautionary sort of cough—"Ay, he has a kind o' Richard's honesty—he's honest after a sort, as they say. My father the deacon used age to laugh when he told me how that by-word came up. Ann Capteen Costello was cracking crosses about his loyalty to King Charles, and Clerk Pettigrew (ye'll have heard many a tale about him) asked him after what manner he served the king, when he was fighting again him at Worcester in Cromwell's army; and Captain Costello was a ready body, and said that he served him after a sort. My honest father used to laugh well at that sport—and see the by-word come up."

"But do you think," I said, "that this man will be able to serve me after a sort, or should I trust myself to this place of confidence which he has given me?"

"Possibly and fairly, it's worth trying. Ye see yourself there's some risk in your staying here. This fat body Morris has gotten a custom-house place down at Greenwich—that's a post on the Firth down by here; and tho' o' the world here him to be but a two-legged creature, wif a goose's head and a hen's heart, that goes about on the quay plaguing folk about permits, and receipts, and dockets, and o' that venemous trade, yet if he lodge an information—on, no doubt a man in magisterial duty never aimed to it, and ye might come to be dropped up between four w's, which wad be ill-consequence to your father's affairs."

"True," I observed, "yet what service am I likely to render him by leaving Glasgow, which, it is probable, will be the principal scene of Buchanan's machinations, and committing myself to the doubtful faith of a man o' whom I know little but that he dares justice, and has doubtless good reasons for doing so; and that, for some secret, and probably dangerous purpose, he is in close league and alliance with the very person who is like to be the author of our ruin?"

"Ah, but ye judge him hardly," said the Bailie, "ye judge him hardly, poor child, and the truth is, that ye has nothing about our hill country, or Highlands, as we ca' them. They are close another set frae the like o' here;—there's nae belle-courts among them—no neighbours that dress hear the sword in vain. The the worthy deacons their eyes, and, I may say, like myself



and other present necessities in this city—But it's just the bird's ownness, and the less means 'oup; and the never another law has they but the length o' their dirks—the broader co'ts pusses, or plumes, as yon Englishers ca' it, and the target or defender, the stoutest head bears longest out;—and there's a Highland plan for ye."

Glen groined deeply; and I allow that the description did not greatly increase my desire to trust myself in a country as lawless as he described these Scottish mountains.

"Now, an," said Jarvis, "we speak little o' these things, because they are familiar to ourselves; and where's the use o' rattling one's country, and bragging a discomfit on one's kin, before neighbours and strangers? It's an ill bird that flies for an'oot."

"Well, sir, but as it is an imperious curiosity of mine, and not necessity, that obliges me to make these inquiries, I hope you will not be offended at my pressing for a little further information. I have to deal, on my father's account, with several gentlemen of these wild countries, and I must trust your good sense and experience for the requisite lights upon the subject."

This little morsel of history was not thrown out in vain.

"Experience!" said the Baron—"I have had experience, no doubt, and I have made some calculations—As, and to speak quietly among ourselves, I have made some perquisitions through Andrew Wyllie, my said clerk; he's w' MacVaine & Co. now—but he whistles drinks a gill on the Saturday afternoons w' his said master. And since ye say ye are willing to be guided by the Glasgow wannerbody's advice, I am so the man that will refuse it to the son of an said correspondent, and my father the deacon was near six shillings. I have whine thought o' letting my lights burn before the Duke of Argyll, or his brother Lord Hay (for wharsoever should they be hidden under a bushell), but the like o' these gill men wadna mind the like o' me, a pair wannerbody—they think mair o' who says a thing, than o' what the thing is that's said. The mair's the pity—the mair's the pity. Not that I wad speak any ill of this MacVaine House—'Glen's not the rich in your household,' said the son of Strach, 'for a bird of the air shall carry the letter, and post-boys has long legs.'"

I interrupted these prolegomena, in which Mr. Jarvis was apt

to be somewhat diffident, by pressing him to rely upon Mr. Owen and myself as perfectly secret and safe confidants.

"It's so for that," he replied, "for I fear one man—what for will I?—I suspect one treason.—Only those Bushmen have long grips, and I wishes gang a wit hit up the glens to see some odd kinsfolk, and I wishes willingly be in bad looks w' any o' their clan. However, to proceed—ye wana understand I found my remarks on figures, whilst as Mr. Owen here wad hae, is the only true demonstrable root of human knowledge."

Owen readily assented to a proposition so much in his own way, and our order proceeded.

"These Highlands of ours, as we an' them, gentlemen, are but a wild kind of wauld by themselves, full o' heights and loches, woods, caerns, lachs, rivers, and mountains, that is wad tire the very devil's wings to flee to the top o' them. And in this country, and in the isles, which are little better, or, to speak the truth, rather wear than the mainland, there are about two hundred and thirty parishes, including the Orkneys, where, whether they speak Gaelic or no I wotna, but they are an uncivilized people. Now, sir, I will head the parishes at the moderate estimate of eight hundred arable persons, deducting children under nine years of age, and then adding one-fifth to stand for heirs of nine years old, and under, the whole population will reach to the sum of—let us add one-fifth to 500 to be the multiplier, and 120 being the multiplicand"—

"The product," said Mr. Owen, who smiled delightedly into Gene's countenance of Mr. Jervis, "will be 120,000."

"Right, sir—perfectly right; and the military array of this Highland country, were it the mean-link between engineers and fifty-six brought out that would bear arms, would come wad short of fifty-seven thousand five hundred men. Now, sir, it's a sad and sad auld' truth, that there is neither work, nor the very shadow nor appearance of work, for the two half of these poor creatures; that is to say, that the agriculturists, the pasturage, the fisheries, and every species of honest industry about the country, cannot employ the one moiety of the population, let them work as hard as they like, and they do work as if a plough or a spade burnt their fingers. Aweel, sir, this moiety of unemployed bodes, amounting to"—

"To one hundred and fifteen thousand souls," said Owen, "being the half of the above product."

"Ye ha'n't, Mr. Owen—ye ha'n't—whereof there may be twenty-eight thousand seven hundred stib-bell'd gillies fit to bear arms, and that do bear arms, and will touch or look at no honest means of livelihood even if they could get it—which, lack-a-day! they cannot."

"But is it possible," said I, "Mr. Jarvis, that this can be a just picture of so large a portion of the island of Britain?"

"Sir, I'll make it as plain as Peter Parley's pike-staff. I will allow that the parsonage, on an average, employs fifty ploughs, which is a good proportion to the miserable soil on these creatures has to labour, and that there may be pasture enough for plough-horses, and oxen, and forty or fifty cows; now, to take care of the ploughs and cattle, we've allow already-five families of six lives in the family, and we've add fifty more to make even numbers, and ye has five hundred souls, the two half of the population, employed and maintained in a sort of idleness, w' some chance of cow-milk and crock-doo, but I wud be glad to loss what the other five hundred are to do!"

"In the name of God!" said I, "what do they do, Mr. Jarvis? It makes me shudder to think of their situation."

"Sir," replied the Bala, "ye wud maybe shudder more if ye were living near hand them. For, admitting that the two half of them may make some little thing for themselves honestly in the lowlands by shearing or hant, drawing, hay-making, and the like; ye has still many hundreds and thousands of hap-legged Highland gillies that will neither work nor want, and moun gang thiggling and scroung<sup>\*</sup> about on their acquaintance, or live by doing the laird's bidding, be't right or be't wrong. And mair especially, many hundreds of them come down to the borders of the low country, where there's gear to grip, and live by stealing, riving, lifting coals, and the like dependance—a thing deplorable in any Christian country!—the mair especially, that they take pride in it, and reckon driving a speugh<sup>†</sup> (which is, in plain Scotch, stealing a load of straw) a gallant, manly action, and mair belittling of peppy<sup>‡</sup> men (as the natives wud

\* Thiggling and scroung was a kind of general begging, or rather something between begging and robbing, by which the poor, in Scotland used to earn their little, or the means of subsistence, from those who had any to give.

† The word speugh is or was used in Scotch, in the sense of the German *speich*, and meant a gallant, stout fellow, peppy and ready at his weapons.

en' themselves), then to win a day's wage by any honest shift. And the birds are as bad as the bees; for if they drive bid them gas vive and hurry, the deil a bit they ferried there, and they shelter them, or let them shelter themselves, in their woods and mountains, and stragglehills, whenever the King's duns. And every one o' them will maintain as many o' his own bees, or his duns, as we say, as he can rap and mend money for; or, whilk's the same thing, as many as can in any fashion, till as food, maintain themselves. And there they are wi' guns and pistol, dirk and dagger, ready to disturb the peace o' the country whenever the bird likes, and that's the grievance o' the Highlands, whilk are, and has been for this thousand years by-past, a like o' the most lawless undisciplined kinna that ever disturbed a dune, quiet, God-fearing neighbourhood, like this o' ours in the west here."

"And this kinsman o' yours, and friend o' mine, is he one o' these great proprietors who maintain the household troops you speak o'?" I inquired.

"Na, na," said Bolla Jarvis; "he's none o' your great grandees o' dirls, as they ca' them, neither. Though he is well born, and lineally descended frae auld Glenaroe—I ken his lineage—indeed he is a near kinsman, and, as I said, o' gude gentle Richard blude, though ye may think wad that I can bide about that nonsense—it's o' nonsense in water—wate threads and durns, as we say.—But I could show ye letters frae his father, that was the third a' Glenaroe, to my father Deacon Jarvis (peace be wi' his memory!) beginning, Dear Deacon, and ending, your loving kinsman to command,—they are aunes o' about hundred a'ler, are the gude deacon, that's dead and gane, kept them as documents and criteria.—He was a curd's man."

"But if he is not," I resumed, "one o' their chiefs or patriarchal leaders, whom I have heard my father talk o', this kinsman o' yours too, at least, much to say in the Highlands, I perceive?"

"Ye may say that—one name better ha'd between the Lowland and Highlands. Robin was once a wool-dung, game-taking dune, as ye wad see among the dunes.—It was a pleasure to see him in his belted plaid and breeches, wi' his target at his back, and claymore and dirk at his belt, following a hundred Highland wots, and a dune o' the gillies, as rough

and rapped on the bench they share. And he was both civil and just in his dealings; and if he thought his customer had made a hard bargain, he wad gie him a back-genny to the meads. I has han't him gie back five shillings out o' the pound sterling."

"Twenty-five per cent," said Owen—"a heavy discount."

"He wad gie it though, sir, as I tell ye; more especially if he thought the buyer was a poor man, and couldn't stand by a loss. But the times was hard, and Rob was venturesome. It wadna my fault—it wadna my fault; he came wye me—I aye wadl him o't—and the creditors, mair especially some gien neighbours o' his, gripped to his living and land; and they say his wife was turned out o' the house to the left-side, and was consigned to the work. *Shamefu' shamefu'!*—I am a poorso' man and a magisterial, but if any man had grieved me muckle as my servant quess, Mattie, as it's like they guidl Rob's wife, I think it wad hae set the shubble\* that my father the deacon had at Bathwell brig a-walking again. Wad, Rob ever haue, and had desolation, God pity us! where he left plenty; he looked east, west, south, north, and saw naither hand nor hope—naither bield nor shelter; see he aye p'dl the housest over his knee, belted the innkeeper to his side, took to the inn-side, and became a broken man."†

The voice of the good citizen was broken by his contending feelings. He obviously, while he professed to condemn the pedigree of his Highland kinsman, attached a secret feeling of sympathy to the connection, and he spoke of his friend in his prosperity with an overflow of affection, which deepened his sympathy for his misfortunes, and his regret for their consequences.

"Thus tempted and urged by despair," said I, seeing Mr. Jarvie did not proceed in his narrative, "I suppose poor kinsman became one of those deprecaters you have described to us?"

"No man bad as that," said the Glasgowian,—"no a'thaegither and outright me bad as that; but he became a lover of black-mail, wiler and bolder than ever it was raised in our day, t' through the Lanes and Manaketh, and up to the gates o' Stirling Castle."

"Black-mail?—I do not understand the phrase," I remarked.

\* Quillan.

† An officer.

"On, ye see, Rob soon gathered an wroo band o' black-bonnets at his back, for he comes o' a rough name when he's kenn'd by his ain, and a name that's held its ain for many a lang year, both agra hing and parliament, and kirk too, for aught I ken—an auld and honourable name, for as airt as it has been wanted and haddin down and oppress'd. My mother was a MacGilliver—I mean who knew it—And Rob had soon a gallant band, and as it grieved him (he said) to see the landship and waste and depredation to the south o' the Hieland line, why, if any landlord or farmer wad pay him four pounds Scots out of each hundred pounds of valued rent, whiles was doubtless a moderate consideration, Rob engag'd to keep them outlaws;—let them send to him if they had any trouble as a single sheet by darning, and Rob engag'd to get them again, or pay the value—and he aye kept his word—I mean say that he kept his word—a' men allow Rob keeps his word."

"That is a very singular contract of insurance," said Mr. Owen.

"It's aye again our statute law, that must be erud," said Jarvie, "claw again law; the buying and the paying black-moat are both punishable: but if the law means protect my here and here, whether said I no engage w' a Hieland gentleman that can answer me that."

"But," said I, "Mr. Jarvie, is this contract of black-moat, as you call it, completely voluntary on the part of the landlord or farmer who pays the insurance? or what usually happens, in case any one refuse payment of this tribute?"

"Aha, ha!" said the Sheriff, laughing, and putting his finger to his nose, "ye think ye has me there. Toth, I wad advise my friends o' mine to gae w' Rob; for, waele, as they like, and do what they like, they are airt apt to be hurried" when the lang rights come on. Some o' the Grahams and Colsons gentry stand out; but what then?—they lost their head stock the first winter; and waele folks now think it best to come into Rob's terms. It's easy w' a' body that will be easy w' him, but if ye throw him, ye had better shure the devil."

"And by his exploits in these ventures," I continued, "I suppose he has rendered himself amenable to the laws of the country?"

"Amenable?—ye may say that; his only wad has the weight

\* Presumed.

o' his brother if they could get heard o' Rob. But he has gude friends among the gyt folk, and I could tell ye o' an gyt society that keeps him up as far as they decently can, to be a thorn in the side o' another. And then he's sic an odd-ferm, long-headed chack as never took up the trade o' cotton in on time; mair a daff rick he has played—made them wad ill a look, and a queer one it wad be—as gude as Robert Hood, or William Wallace—o' fit o' venturouse chack and escapes, sic as folk tell ower at a winter night in the daff days. It's a queer thing o' me, gentlemen, that on a man o' peace myself, and a peace's' man's son—for the dearest my father quarrelled wi' none out o' the town-council—it's a queer thing, I say, but I think the Hieland blake o' me worse as these daff tubs, and whiles I like better to have them than a word o' profit, gude keeps me! But they are vanities—daff vanities—and, moreover, again the statute law—again the statute and gospel law."

I now followed up my investigation, by ascertaining what names of influence this Mr. Robert Campbell could possibly possess over my affairs, or those of my father.

"Why, ye are to understand," said Mr. Jarvis in a very subdued tone—"I speak among friends, and under the rose—Ye are to understand, that the Hielands has been kept quiet since the year eighty-nine—that was Kilsourkine year. But how has they been kept quiet, thank ye? By aill, Mr. Owen—by aill, Mr. Ochiltree. King William crossed Iredale's distributis twenty thousand gude pounds sterling among them, and he said the aill Hieland had kept a lang lag o't in his sin sporn. And then Queen Anne, that's dead, ga the chink bit o' pensions, ane they had wherewith to support their gyles and expenses that wark nae wark, as I said aill; and they lag by quiet enough, saving some speeches on the Lowlands, whilk is their use and wont, and some setting o' thoughts among themselves, that are civilised body here or some captiousment—Well, but there's a new world come up wi' this King George (I say, God bless him, for aye)—there's aillor like to be aillor our penfere gane among them; they haen the means o' maintaining the chink that set them up, as ye may guess frae what I said before; their credit's gane in the Lowlands; and a man that can whistle ye up a thousand or fifteen hundred linking lads to do his will, wad hardly get fifty pounds on the bank at the Cross o' Glasgow—This cannot stand lang—

there will be an outbreak for the Stuarts—there will be an outbreak—they will come down on the low country like a flood, as they did in the waste' wars o' Marston, and that will be seen and heard tell o' ere a twelvemonth goes round."

"Yet still," I said, "I do not see how this concerns Mr. Campbell, much less my father's affairs."

"Rob can levy five hundred men, ah, and therefore war will concern him as much as a market folk," replied the Duke; "for it is a faculty that is far less profitable in time o' peace. Then, to tell ye the truth, I doubt he has been the prime agent between some o' our Highland chiefs and the gentlemen in the north o' England. We've heard o' the public money that was torn from the child Morris somewhere about the St o' Glenzie by Rob and one o' the Obedstone boys; and, to tell ye the truth, word goes that it was yourself, Mr. Francis,—and sorry was I that your father's son wad han been to sic practices—No, ye needna say a word about it—I see wad I was mistaken; but I wad believe naething o' a stage-player, while I concluded ye to be. But now, I doubtna, it has been Fiddiegh himself or some other o' your comrades—they are a' turned up the same stick—mak Jacobites and poppets, and wad think the government siller and government papers worth' price. And the creature Morris is sic a cowardly cut-throat, that to this hour he daurna say that it was Rob took the portmanteau off him; and took he's right, for your custom-house and excise cut-throats are ill shot on o' sides, and Rob might get a back-handed look at him, before the Board, as they ca't, could help him."

"I have long suspected this, Mr. Jarvis," said I, "and perfectly agree with you. But as to my father's affairs"—

"Suspected it?—it's certain—it's certain—I know them that saw some o' the papers that were torn off Morris—it's needless to say where. But to your father's affairs—Ye mair think that in these twenty years by-gone, some o' the Highland lords and chiefs has come to some end some o' their an interest—your father and others has bought the woods o' Glen-Dunrobin, Glen Kilsack, Tobar-na-Kepack, and many mair besides, and your father's house has granted large bills in payment,—and as the credit o' Obedstone and Treahan was gone—for I'll say before Mr. Owen's day, as I wad behind his back, that, being misfortune o' the Lord's sending, our men could be mair honourable in business—the Highland gentlemen, holders o'



these bills, has spent credit in Glasgow and Edinburgh—(I might almost say in Glasgow wholly, for it's little the practice Edinburgh left in as real business)—for all, or the greater part of the contents of these bills. So that—Alas! dye see me now?"

I confessed I could not quite follow his drift.

"Why," said he, "if these bills are not paid, the Glasgow merchant comes on the Highland banks, what has dail a bodill o' ailler, and will like ti to spaw up what is them o' spent—They will turn desperate—five hundred will rue that night has siten at home—the dail will gae over Josh Webster—and the stopping of your father's house will hasten the outbreak that's been too long biding us."

"You think, then," said I, surprised at this singular view of the case, "that Raskleigh Gabeldstone has done this injury to my father, merely to accelerate a rising in the Highlands, by detouring the gentlemen to whom these bills were originally granted?"

"Devotion—devotion—it has been one main motive, Mr. Gabeldstone. I doubt not what the ready money he raised off us has might be another. But that makes comparatively but a small part o' your father's loss, though it might make the most part o' Raskleigh's direct gain. The assets he raised off are of use near use to him than if he were to light his pipe wi' them. He trust if MacVicar & Co. wad gie him offer on them—that I loss by Andre Wyllie—but they were ower auld cude to draw that stress after them—they kept off, and gie fair words. Raskleigh Gabeldstone is better ken'd than trusted in Glasgow, for he was here about some political papistical looking in sevenpence hundred and seven, and left dail ailler him. Na, na—he mair get off the paper here; folk will undoe him how he come by it. Na, na—he'll hae the staff ends at some o' their heads in the Highlands, and I dour say my cousin Rob could get at it gie he liked."

"But would he be disposed to serve us in this pinch, Mr. Jarvie?" said I. "You have described him as an agent of the Jacobite party, and deeply connected in their intrigues; will he be disposed for my sake, or, if you please, for the sake of justice, to make an act of restitution, which, supposing it to be proved, would, according to your view of the case, materially interfere with their plans?"

"I cannot possibly speak to that: the grounds stating them are doubtful of Rob, and he's doubtful of them.—And he's been well treated w<sup>th</sup> the Angley family, who stand for the present model of government. If he was freed of his borings and captives, he would rather be an Angley's aide than be on Druschbantz's, for there's solid ill-will between the Bradshaws family and his kin and mine. The truth is, that Rob is for his ain hand, as Henry Wynd fought\*—he'll take the side that suits him best; if the deal was hard, Rob wad be for being beaunt; and ye cannot blame him, poor fellow, considering his circumstances. But there's na thing air again ye—Rob has a grey mare in his stable at home."

"A grey mare?" said I. "What is that to the purpose?"

"The wife, man—the wife,—an awfu' wife she is. She downa bide the sight of a kindly floot, if he come frae the Lowlands, for loss of an Englisher, and she'll be keen for a' that can set up King James, and ding down King George."

"It is very singular," I replied, "that the mercantile transactions of London citizens should become involved with revolutions and rebellions."

"Not at a', man—not at a'," returned Mr. Jarvis; "there's a' your silly perceptions. I read w<sup>hile</sup> in the lang dark nights, and I hae read in Baker's Chronicle† that the merchants of London could get the Bank of Geneva break their promise to advance a mighty sum to the King of Spain, whereby the ending of the Grand Spanish Armada was put off for a head year—What think ye of that, sir?"

"That the merchants did their country policy service, which ought to be honourably remembered in our histories."

"I think nae too, and they wad do weel, and deserve weel both of the state and of humanity, that wad save three or four

\* Two great close fought out a quarrel with thirty men of a side, in presence of the king, on the North bank of Perth, on or about the year 1582, a man was sinking on one side, whose name was filled by a little hand-plugged officer of Perth. This rebellion, Henry Wynd—as, in the Highlanders called him, Glen Chroon, that is, the hand-plugged gentleman—fought well, and contributed greatly to the fate of the battle, without knowing which side he fought on,—as, "Ye fight for your own hand, like Henry Wynd," passed into a proverb. [This incident forms a conspicuous part of the subsequent novel, "The Fair Maid of Perth."]

† [The Chronicle of the Kings of England, by Sir Richard Baker, with continuations, passed through several editions between 1644 and 1711. Whether any of them contain the passage alluded to is doubtful.]

honest Highland gentlemen has hanging heads over hocks into destruction, wif a' their poor suckless\* followers, just because they canna pay back the ailler they had reason to count upon as their an—and move your father's credit—and my an gae ailler that Calabishness and Trochus were me into the bargain. I say, if ane could manage a' this, I think it wold be done and send unto him, even if he were a pair o'-the shuttle body, as unto one whom the king delighteth to honour."

"I cannot pretend to estimate the extent of public gratitude," I replied; "but our own thankfulness, Mr. Jarvis, wold be commensurate with the extent of the obligation."

"Which," added Mr. Owen, "we wold endeavour to balance with a poor service, the instant our Mr. Calabishness returns from Holland."

"I doubtin.—I doubtin.—he is a very worthy gentleman, and a sponser, and wif some o' my lights might be made business in Scotland—Wool, sir, if these assets could be redeemed out o' the hands o' the Philistines, they are gaele paper—they are the right stuff when they are in the right hands, and that's yours, Mr. Owen. And I've bid ye three men in Glasgow, for as little as ye may think o' us, Mr. Owen—that's Bannie Stewart in the Trade's-Land, and John Fife in Cambridge, and another that will be nameless at the present, will advance what sums are sufficient to secure the credit o' your house, and seek me better security."

Owen's eyes sparkled at the prospect of extrication; but his countenance instantly fell on reflecting how improbable it was that the recovery of the assets, as he technically called them, should be successfully achieved.

"Dinna despair, sir—dinna despair," said Mr. Jarvis; "I ha'e been me muckle concern wif your affairs already, that it means na to be ever shown over hocks wif me now. I am just like my father the Deacon (praise be wif him!) I canna meddle wif a friend's business, but I aye and wif making it my ain—hae, I'll s'ow pit on my boots the morn, and be joggin' over Drymen Blair wif Mr. Frank here; and if I canna mak Rob hear reason, and his wife too, I dinna ha'e the an—I ha'e been a head freed to them afore now, to my nootin' o' over-looking him last night, when naming his name wold ha'e set him his life—I'll be hearing o' this in the council maybe frae Baille Graham."

\* Suckless, that is, without.

and MacVitie, and some o' them. They has count up my landed, to Rob to me already—set up their neighbours! I toud them I wad vindicate our men's feelings; but set apart what he had done again the law o' the country, and the hardship o' the Lexow, and the misfortune o' some folk having Rn by him, he was an bousader man than stood on any o' their shanks!—and whatfor wald I mind their shanks? If Rob is an outlaw, to himself he it said—there is nae lawe now about mair o' inter-commaned persons, as there was in the ill times o' the last Straits—I trow I hae a Scotch tongue in my head—if they speak, I'm mairver."

It was with great pleasure that I saw the Bells gradually surround the business of caution, under the united influence of public spirit and good-natured interest in our affairs, together with his natural wish to avoid loss and acquire gain, and not a little baroness vanity. Through the combined operation of those motives, he at length arrived at the dauntless resolution of taking the field in person, to aid in the recovery of my father's property. His whole information led me to believe, that if the papers were in possession of this Highland adventurer, it might be possible to induce him to surrender what he could not keep with any prospect of personal advantage; and I was conscious that the presence of his kinsman was likely to have considerable weight with him. I therefore cheerfully acquiesced in Mr. Jarvie's proposal that we should set out early next morning.

That honest gentleman was indeed as vindictive and alert in preparing to carry his purpose into execution, as he had been slow and cautious in forming it. He roared to Mattie to "sit his triest-ree, to have his pack-hacks grazed and eat before the kitchen fire all night, and to see that his beast be curried, and o' his riding gear in order." Having agreed to meet him at five o'clock next morning, and having settled that Owen, whose presence could be of no use to us upon this expedition, should await our return at Glasgow, we took a kind farewell of this unexpectedly valiant friend. I installed Owen in an apartment in my lodgings, contiguous to my own, and, giving orders to Andrew Palmerlee to attend me next morning at the hour appointed, I retired to rest with better hopes than it had lately been my fortune to entertain.

## CHAPTER TWENTY-SEVENTH.

Fit as the eye could reach no tree was seen,  
 Both, clad in velvet, covered the lively green ;  
 No birds, except in flocks of passage there ;  
 No bee was heard to hum, no dove to coo ;  
 The stream, no softer murmur—in softer place,  
 Were seen to glide, or heard to murmur here.

Description of Fountains.

It was in the breathing atmosphere of a harvest morning, that I met by appointment Farmerson, with the horses, at the door of Mr. Jarvis's house, which was but little space distant from Miss Flyter's back. The first matter which caught my attention was, that whatever were the deficiencies of the pony which Mr. Farmerson's legal adviser, Clerk Tootslop, generously bestowed upon him in exchange for Thornfield's mare, he had contrived to part with it, and procure in its stead an animal with so curious and complete a likeness, that it seemed only to make use of three legs for the purpose of progression, while the fourth appeared as if meant to be floated in the air by way of accompaniment. "What do you mean by bringing such a creature as that here, sir? and where is the pony you rode to Glasgow upon?" were my very natural and impatient inquiries.

"I sell it, sir. It was a stick horse, and wed has rode its head off, standing at Luckie Flyter's at Ewry. And I has bought this on your honour's account. It's a grand bargain—cost but a pound sterling the last—that's four a'dingstien. The stringhalt will gae off when it's gae a mile, it's a week-end's gae; they call it Sougie Tam."

"On my soul, sir," said I, "you will never rest till my apple-jack and your shoulder become equalized. If you do not go instantly and procure the other horse, you shall pay the penalty of your ingratitude."

Andree, notwithstanding my threats, continued to hittle the point, as he said it would cost him a guinea of run-bagpels to the man who had bought his pony, before he could get it back again. Like a true Englishman, though sometime I was duped by the nasal, I was about to pay his exaction rather than lose time, when forth called Mr. Jarvis, doctored, mangled, hooded,

and looked, as if for a Russian winter, while two apprentices, under the immediate direction of Martin, led forth the dearest working steed which had the honour on such occasions to support the person of the Glasgow magistrate. Ere he "doublet to the saddle," an expression more descriptive of the Russian mode of mounting than that of the knight-errant to whom Spenser applies it, he inquired the name of the dispute betwixt my servant and me. Having learned the nature of honest Andrew's manoeuvre, he instantly cut short all debate, by promising, that if Fawcett did not forthwith return the three-legged palfrey, and produce the more useful quadruped which he had discarded, he would send him to prison, and answer him in half his wages. "Mr. Cockburn," said he, "contested for the service of both your horse and you—two losses at once—ye understand this rural?—but I've lookt well after you during this January."

"It will be nonsense doing me," said Andrew, laughingly, "that horse a grey grant to pay a fine wi'—it's ill taking the bracks off a Highlandman."

"If ye has nae power to fine, ye has clack to pike," replied the Bailie, "and I will look well to ye getting your deserts the one way or the other."

To the commands of Mr. Jarvie, therefore, Andrew was compelled to submit, only muttering between his teeth, "Over many masters,—over many masters, as the peddler said to the harrow, when every tooth gets her a tag."

Apparently he found no difficulty in getting rid of Supple Tam, and recovering possession of his finger Runcible, for he accomplished the exchange without being many minutes absent; nor did I hear further of his having paid any money for breach of wages.

We now set forward, but had not reached the top of the street in which Mr. Jarvie dwelt, when a loud hallooing and breathless yell of "Stop, stop!" was heard behind us. We stopped accordingly, and were overtaken by Mr. Jarvie's two lads, who bore two party tokens of Martin's care for his master. The first was conveyed in the form of a voluminous silk handkerchief, like the manual of one of his own West-Indiamen, which Mrs. Martin particularly desired he would put about his neck, and which, thus decorated, he added to his other integuments. The second youngster brought only a verbal charge (I

thought I saw the negro disposed to laugh as he delivered it) on the part of the housekeeper, that her master would take care of the writers. "Pooh! pooh! silly lunny," answered Mr. Jarvis; but added, turning to me, "it shows a kind heart, though—it shows a kind heart in me young a quene—Mistle's a carole' luv." So speaking, he pricked the sides of his palfrey, and we left the town without further interruption.

While we paced easily forward, by a road which conducted us north-eastward from the town, I had an opportunity to estimate and admire the good qualities of my new friend. Although, like my father, he considered commercial transactions the most important objects of human life, he was not wedded to them as to undertake more general knowledge. On the contrary, with much ability and vulgarity of manner,—with a vanity which he made much more ridiculous by disguising it now and then under a thin veil of humility, and devoted as he was of all the advantages of a learned education, Mr. Jarvis's conversation showed traces of a shrewd, discerning, liberal, and, to the extent of his opportunities, a well-improved mind. He was a good local antiquary, and entertained me, as we passed along, with an account of remarkable events which had formerly taken place in the scenes through which we passed. And as he was well acquainted with the ancient history of his district, he saw with the prospective eye of an enlightened patriot, the loss of many of those future advantages which have only blossomed and ripened within these few years. I remarked also, and with great pleasure, that although a true Scotsman, and abundantly zealous for the honour of his country, he was disposed to think liberally of the sister kingdom. When Andrew Fairweather (whom, by the way, the Duke could not abide) dares to dispute the ascendancy of one of the houses casting his vote to the deteriorating influence of the Union, he incurred a severe rebuke from Mr. Jarvis.

"Whist, sir!—whist! We Glasgow tongues like yours, that make mischief aroon neighbourhoods and nations. There's something we gude on this side o' them but it might hae been better, and that may be said o' the Union. Hae we been against it then the Glasgow folk, w' their sabbings and their mungs, and their mugs, as they ca' them now-a-days. But it's as if wind blows westerly gale.—Let the sea come the ford as they find it—I say let Glasgow flourish! whist is jaddisomely and elegantly puttin round the town's affairs, by way of by-word.—Naw, naw

St. Mungo noticed hearings in the Clyde, what was ever like to put us Scotch like the sugar and tobacco trade? Will anybody tell me that, and grumble at the treaty that opened us a road west-ward? yonder?"

Andrew Fairweather was far from appealing in those arguments of supposition, and even ventured to enter a grumbling protest, "That it was an unco change to have Scotland's laws made in England; and that, for his share, he waken for o' the herring-bush in Glasgow, and o' the tobacco-stake to boot, has gien up the ruling o' the Scots Parliament, or sent awa' our crown, and our sword, and our sceptre, and Mass Meg,\* to be kept by these English jack-potlugs in the Tower o' London. What wad Sir William Wallace, or auld David Lindsay, ha'e said to the Duke, or those that made it?"

The road which we travelled, while diverging the way with these discussions, had become wild and open, as soon as we had left Glasgow a mile or two behind us, and was growing more dreary as we advanced. Huge continuous banks spread before, behind, and around us, in hopeless barrenness—now level and interspersed with crags, green with tenacious mosses, or white with turf, or, as they call them in Scotland, peat-hags,—and now swelling into huge heavy mounds, which wasted the dignity and form of hills, while they were still more tedious to the passenger. There were neither trees nor bushes to relieve the eye from the massed dreary of absolute sterility. The very level was of that stunted imperfect kind which has little or no cover, and affords the constant and moment craving, which, as far as my experience enables me to judge, neither Earth is ever exempted to. Living thing we saw none, except occasionally a few struggling sheep of a strange diversity of colours, or black, bluish, and orange. The white was predominant, however, in their faces and legs. The very birds seemed to shun these wastes, and we wonder, since they had an easy method of escaping from them:—at least I only heard the monotonous and plaintive cries of the lapping and curlew, which my companions designated the plover and whaup.

At dinner, however, which we took about noon, at a most miserable dilapidated inn, we had the good fortune to find that these tinamous servants of the moor were not the only substitutes of the moor. The goodwife told us, that "the galloway had

\* Mass Meg. See G.



been at the bill;" and well for us that he had, been so, for we enjoyed the produce of his dinner in the shape of some invited *amalgams*,—a dish which gallantly did out the cream-salt cheese, dried salmon, and oaten bread, being all besides that the house afforded. Some very indifferent two-penny ale, and a glass of excellent brandy, covered our repast; and as our horses had, in the meantime, discussed their corn, we resumed our journey with renewed vigour.

I had need of all the spirits a good dinner could give, to resist the agitation which crept incessantly on my mind, when I combined the strange uncertainty of my errand with the disconcerting aspect of the country through which it was leading me. Our road continued to be, if possible, more waste and wild than that we had travelled in the forenoon. The few miserable hovels that showed some marks of human habitation, were now of still rarer occurrence; and at length, as we began to ascend an uninterrupted swell of moorland, they totally disappeared. The only scenes which my imagination needed was, when some particular turn of the road gave us a partial view, to the left, of a large assemblage of dark-blue mountains stretching to the north and north-west, which seemed to include within their recesses a country as wild perhaps, but certainly differing greatly in point of interest, from that which we now traversed. The peaks of this screen of mountains were as wildly varied and distinguished, as the hills which we had seen on the right were tame and homely; and while I gazed on this Alpine region, I felt a longing to explore its recesses, though accompanied with toil and danger, similar to that which a sailor feels when he values for the sake and animation of a bottle or a gale, in exchange for the insupportable monotony of a protected calm. I made various inquiries of my friend Mr. Jarvis respecting the names and positions of these remarkable mountains, but it was a subject on which he had no information, or did not choose to be communicative. "They're the Hieland hills—the Hieland hills—Ye'll see and hear enough about them before ye see Glasgow Cross again—I doona look at them—I never see them but they ga'e me gear. It's no the fear—no for fear, but just for glee, for the pair blinded half-starved creatures that blabber them—but say me mair about it—It's ill speaking o' Hielandmen ane near the fire. I hae heard mair an honest man waken his ventured this length

without he had made his last will and testament—Mattie had ill-will to see me set ower on this side, and good will, the other side; but it's no mair fault to see a woman greet than to see a poor man gae his life."

I next attempted to lead the discourse on the character and history of the person whom we were going to visit; but on this topic Mr. Jarvie was totally inaccessible, owing perhaps in part to the attendance of Mr. Andrew Fairweather, who chose to keep as close in our rear that his ears could not fail to catch every word which was spoken, while his tongue assumed the freedom of mingling in our conversation as often as he saw an opportunity. For this he occasionally incurred Mr. Jarvie's reproof.

"Keep back, sir, as best ye can," said the Bodie, as Andrew pressed forward to catch the answer to some question I had asked about Campbell;—"ye wad fine ride the fore-horse, as ye wad here.—That child's age for being out of the diem-hat he was reeked in.—Now, as for your questions, Mr. Gosh-ditions, now that child's out of ear-shot, I'll just tell you it's free to you to speak, and it's free to me to answer, or no.—Gude I mean my muckle o' Rob, poor child; all I wince my o' him, for, forby that he's my cousin, we're coming near his ain country, and there may be some o' his gillies chide every when-bush, for what I hear.—And if ye'll be guided by my advice, the less ye speak about him, or where we are gae, or what we are gae to do, we'll be the mair likely to spend us in our errand. For it's like we may fit in w' some o' his adversaries—there are d'ye ever many o' them about—and he honest sit even on his knee yet for o' that; but I doubt they'd be uglier w' Rob at the last—sir day or late day, the fire's hids fads are the flying knife."

"I will certainly," I replied, "be entirely guided by your experience."

"Right, Mr. Gosh-ditions—right. But I mean speak to this gadding skye too, for hearns and fairs speak at the Cross what they hear at the high-roads.—D'ye hear, you, Andrew—what's your name?—Fairweather?"

Andrew, who at the last rebuff had fallen a good way behind, did not choose to acknowledge the summons.

"Andrew, ye reeked!" repeated Mr. Jarvie; "here, sir! here!"

"Here is for the dog," said Andrew, coming up sulkily.

"I'll gie ye dog's wages, yeascal, if ye dinna attend to what I say tye—We are gaein into the Highlands a bit"——

"I judged as much," said Andrew.

"Haud your peace, ye knave, and hear what I have to say till ye—We are gaein a bit into the Highlands"——

"Ye tauld me so already," replied the incorrigible Andrew.

"I'll break your head," said the Dells, rising in wrath, "if ye dinna heed your tongue."

"A babbler tongue," replied Andrew, "makes a shibberel mouth."

It was now necessary I should interfere, which I did by commanding Andrew, with an authoritative tone, to be silent at his peril.

"I am silent," said Andrew. "I'm do a' your laird's bidding without a say-say. My pake mother used aye to tell me,

Be it better, be it worse,  
Be ruled by him that has the power.

See ye may s'm speak as lang as ye like, bairn the lass and the filly o' ye, for Andrew."

Mr Jarvis took the advantage of his stopping after quoting the above proverb, to give him the requisite instructions.

"Now, ah, it's as muchle as your life's worth—that wad be dear o' little offer, to be sure—but it is as muchle as a' our lives are worth, if ye dinna heed what I say to ye. In this publick what we are gaein to, and what it is like we may hae to stay a' night, three o' a' days and nights—Halsed and Lawland—tak up their quarters—And whiles there are mair duns duns than upon Bibles among them, when the wappolough gets upmost. See ye neither muchle nor much, nor gie me affair; w' that claverin tongue o' yours, but keep a calm tongue, and let the rock fight his own battle."

"Muchle needs to tell me that," said Andrew, contemptuously, "as if I had never seen a Highlandman before, and he'd no how to manage them. Nae man alive can cuff up Donald better than myself—I hae fought w' them, wauld w' them, roun w' them, drucken w' them"——

"Did ye ever fight w' them?" said Mr. Jarvis.

"Na, na," answered Andrew, "I took care o' that: it wad ill hae set me, that was an ardent and half a scholar to my trade, to be fighting among a whorl killed lasses that dinna loze the

name of a single herb or flower in Gaelic Scots, let alone in the Latin tongue."

"Then," said Mr. Jarvie, "as ye wad keep either your tongue in your mouth, or your legs in your head (and ye might want them, for as many mouths as they are), I charge ye to say na word, gude or bad, that ye can wad get by, to anybody that may be in the Clackan. And ye'll specially understand that ye're no to be blessing and blathering about your master's name and mine, or saying that this is Mr. Ruffie Stod Jarvie o' the East Market, son o' the worthy Deacon Stod Jarvie, that a' body has heard about; and this is Mr. Frank Ochiltree, son o' the managing partner o' the great house o' Ochiltrees and Trehan, in the City."

"English said," answered Andrew—"much said. What need ye thank I wad be speaking about your names for?—I has many things o' mair importance to speak about, I trow."

"It's these very things o' importance that I am feared for, ye blathering goose; ye mair speak any thing, gude or bad, that ye can by any possibility help."

"If ye think me fit," replied Andrew, in a huff, "to speak like that till, gie me my wages and my board-wages, and I've gae back to Glasgow—There's mair snow at our parking, as the gill men said to the broken cart."

Finding Andrew's persistence again rising to a point which threatened to commence me inconvenience, I was under the necessity of explaining to him, that he might return if he thought proper, but that in that case I would not pay him a single farthing for his past services. The argument of convenience, as it has been called by jocular logicians, has weight with the greater part of mankind, and Andrew was in that particular far from affecting any trick of singularity. He "drew in his horns," to use the Balker's phrase, on the instant, professed no intention whatever to dispute, and a resolution to be guided by my commands, whatever they might be.

Concord being thus happily restored to our small party, we continued to pursue our journey. The road, which had succeeded for six or seven English miles, began now to descend for about the same space, through a country which seldom is fertility our interest could boast any advantages over that which we had passed already, and which afforded no variety, unless when some tremendous peak of a Highland mountain appeared at a

distance. We continued, however, to ride on without pause ; and even when night fell and overshadowed the desolate wilds which we traversed, we were, as I understood from Mr. Jarvis, still three miles and a half distant from the place where we were to spend the night.

## CHAPTER TWENTY-EIGHTH.

*Passes of Barflete,  
May the Lord and drive ye,  
And o' to please the ye,  
For looking at a town,*

*When there's neither house nor, nor man's hand, nor a stone  
to be seen.*

*Barflete, Barflete, Barflete, of a man's hand.*

THE night was pleasant, and the moon afforded us good light for our journey. Under her rays, the ground over which we passed assumed a more interesting appearance than during the broad daylight, which discovered the extent of its vastness. The mingled light and shadow gave it an interest which naturally did not belong to it, and, like the effect of a veil hung over a plain woman, excited our curiosity on a subject which had in itself nothing gratifying.

The descent, however, still continued, turned, winded, left the more open heaths, and got into deeper ravines, which promised soon to lead us to the banks of some brook or river, and ultimately made good their promise. We found ourselves at length on the bank of a stream, which rather resembled one of my native English rivers than those I had hitherto seen in Scotland. It was narrow, deep, still, and silent, although the imperfect light, as it glanced on its placid waters, showed also that we were now among the jolly mountains which formed its cradle. "Thank the Firth," said the Reindeer, with an air of serenity, which I have observed the Scotch usually pay to their distinguished rivers. The Clyde, the Tweed, the Firth, the Spey, are usually named by those who dwell on their banks with a sort of respect and pride, and I have known cheeks coloured by my word of disparagement. I cannot say I have the least quarrel with this sort of barrenness of sentiment. I received my friend's compensation with the importance which

he seemed to think appointed to it. In that, I was not a little pleased, after so long and dull a journey, to approach a region which promised to engage the imagination. My faithful square, Andrew, did not seem to be quite of the same opinion, for he received the welcome information, "That is the Forth," with a "Uumph!"—as he had said! that's the public-house, it must have been made to the purpose."

The Forth, however, as far as the imperfect light permitted me to judge, seemed to merit the admiration of those who claimed an interest in its stream. A beautiful union of the most regular round shape, and clothed with superwood of hazel, mountain-ash, and dwarf-oak, intermixed with a few magnificent old trees, which, rising above the underwood, exposed their forked and hoary branches to the silver mountain, seemed to protect the source from which the river sprang. If I could trust the tale of my companion, which, while professing to disbelieve every word of it, he told under his breath, and with an air of something like intonation, this hill, so regularly formed, so nobly varied, and garlanded with such a beautiful variety of ancient trees and flowering superwood, was held by the neighbourhood in esteem, while its various caverns, the palaces of the faeries—a race of very beings, who formed an intermediate class between men and demons, and who, if not positively malignant to humanity, were yet to be avoided and feared, on account of their capricious, vindictive, and unstable disposition.\*

"They of them," said Mr. Jarvie, in a whisper, "Dunrobin Robb,—with equities, as I understand, men of power; meaning thereby to make their galewile. And we may o'm as well ca' them that us, Mr. Cuckoldom, for there's nae guile in speaking ill o' the laird within his own bounds." But he added presently after, on seeing one or two lights which twinkled before us, "We doubt o' Robb, after a', and I fear to say it—do we are near the manse now, and yonder are the lights in the Clochan of Abbot!"

I was I was well pleased at the circumstances in which Mr. Jarvie alluded; not so much that it set his tongue at liberty, in his opinion, with all safety to declare his real sentiments with respect to the Dunrobin Robb, or faeries, as that it promised some hours' repose to ourselves and our horses, of which, after a ride of fifty miles and upwards, both stood in some need.

\* *See H. Fairy Superstition.*

We crossed the infant Forth by an old-fashioned stone bridge, very high and very narrow. My conductor, however, informed me, that to get through this deep and important stream, and to clear all its tributary dependences, the general pass from the Highlands to the southward lay by what was called the Forth of Fyvie, at all times deep and difficult of passage, and often altogether unobtainable. Remark these words, there was no pass of general resort until so far east as the bridge of Stirling; so that the near of Forth forms a defensible line between the Highlands and Lowlands of Scotland, from its sources nearly to the Forth, or inlet of the ocean, in which it terminates. The subsequent events which we witnessed led me to recall with attention what the shrewdness of Baldo Jarvie suggested in his proverbial expression, that "Forth bridges the wild Highlands."

About half a mile's riding, after we crossed the bridge, placed us at the door of the public-house where we were to pass the evening. It was a hotel rather worse than better than that in which we had dined; but the little windows were lighted up, voices were heard from within, and all intimated a prospect of food and shelter, to which we were by no means indifferent. Andrew was the first to observe that there was a peaked willow-ward placed across the half-open door of the little inn. He hung back and advised us not to enter. "For," said Andrew, "some of their clack and grit men are biding at the tapscourge to be by there, and drama want to be disturbed; and the least we'll get, if we gang mair than is us there, will be a broken head, to hurt us better harrings, if we dream come by the length of a cold sick in our veins, whilk is just as Ruddy."

I looked at the Baldo, who acknowledged, in a whisper, "that the gawk had some reason for singing, nae in the year."

Meanwhile a staring belch'd wench or two came out of the inn and the neighbouring cottages, on hearing the sound of our horses' feet. No one bade us welcome, nor did any one offer to take our horses, from which we had alighted; and to our various inquiries, the hopeless response of "Ha aye! Soomach," was the only answer we could extract. The Baldo, however, found (in his experience) a way to make them speak English. "If I ga ye a hewee," said he to an wench of about ten years old, with a fragment of a tattered plaid about him, "will you understand Soomach?"

"Ay, ay, that will I," replied the host, in very decent English.

"Then gang and tell your manny, my man, there's two Scotchmen gairmen come to speak w' her."

The landlady presently appeared, with a lighted piece of split fir blazing in her hand. The tapetino in this species of torch (which is generally dug from out the tur-lugs) makes it blue and sparkle nobbly, so that it is often used in the Highlands in lieu of candles. On this occasion such a torch illuminated the wild and anxious features of a female, pale, thin, and rather above the usual size, whose soiled and ragged dress, though aided by a plaid or tartan screen, barely served the purposes of decency, and certainly not those of comfort. Her black hair, which escaped in uncombed cllocks from under her cap, as well as the strange and embrowned look with which she regarded us, gave us the idea of a witch disturbed in the midst of her infernal rites. She plainly refused to admit us into the house. We remonstrated seriously, and pleaded the length of our journey, the state of our horses, and the certainty that there was not another place where we could be received nearer than Callander, which the Baille stated to be seven Scots miles distant. How many these may exactly amount to in English measurement, I have never been able to ascertain, but I think the double mile may be pretty safely taken as a medium computation. The obstinate hostess treated our representations with contempt. "Dont gang further than this waer," she said, speaking the Scottish Lowland dialect, and being indeed a native of the Lomax district—"Her house was torn up of these wales like to be intruded on w' strangers. She didna ken who micht be there—red-coats, it micht be, frae the garrison." (These last words she spoke under her breath, and with very strong emphasis.) "The night," she said, "was fair above land—a night among the heather wad callie our bloods—we micht sleep in our duns, as mairy a gude blade does in the stableyard—there wass crackle downies in the shaw, if we took up our quarters right, and we micht gi' up our horses to the hill, nobody wad ay anything against it."

"But, my good woman," said I, while the Baille groaned and scratched uncomfortably, "it is six hours since we dined, and we have not taken a morsel since. I am positively dying with hunger, and I have no taste for taking up my abode anywhere among these mountains of yours. I positively must enter; and make



the best apology you can to your guests for adding a stranger or two to their number. And now, you will see the horses put up."

The Huns looked at me with surprise, and then, glancing — "A wifie' man will lose his way,—them that will to Capar mean to Capar!—To see those English belly-gods! he has had as it' neral the day already, and he'll venture his soul and liberty, rather than he'll want a hot supper! Set roasted beef and pudding on the opposite side o' the pit o' Tophet, and an Englishman will seek a spring at it—But I wash my hands o' it—Follow me sir" (to Andrew), "and I'll show ye where to get the horse."

I even I was somewhat dismayed at my host's expressions, which seemed to be ominous of some approaching danger. I did not, however, choose to shrink back after having declared my resolution, and accordingly I boldly entered the house; and after narrowly escaping breaking my shins over a turf back and a sailing tub, which stood on either side of the narrow exterior passage, I opened a creaky half-decayed door, constructed not of plank, but of wicker, and, followed by the Huns, entered into the principal apartment of this Scottish curlewery.

The interior presented a view which seemed singular enough to southern eyes. The fire, fed with blazing turf and branches of dried wood, blazed merrily in the centre; but the smoke, having no means to escape but through a hole in the roof, edged round the rafters of the cottage, and hung in white folds at the height of about five feet from the floor. The space beneath was kept pretty clear by innumerable currents of air which rushed towards the fire from the broken panel of basket-work which served as a door—from two square holes, designed as ostensible windows, through one of which was thrust a plaid, and through the other a tattered green-coat—and moreover, through various less distinguishable apertures in the walls of the room, which, being built of round stones and turf, connected by mud, let in the atmosphere at innumerable points.

At an old oaken table, adjoining to the fire, sat three men, guests apparently, whom it was reasonable to regard with indifference. Two were in the Highland dress; the one, a little dark-complexioned man, with a lively, quick, and lively expression of features, wore the bree, or close pantaloons were

out of a sort of chapered stocking stuff. The Duke whispered me, that "he believed to be a man of some consequence, for that nobody but their Irishmen were the town—they were all to waste exactly to their Highland pleasure."

The other mountaineer was a very tall, strong man, with a quantity of reddish hair, freckled face, high cheek-bones, and long thin—a sort of indication of the national features of Scotland. The tartan which he wore differed from that of his companion, as it had much more scarlet in it, whereas the shades of black and dark-green predominated in the dress of the other. The third, who sat at the same table, was in the Scotch dress,—a bold, stock-looking man, with a coat of military drab in his eye and manner, his riding-dress sharply and profusely laced, and his cocked hat of formidable dimensions. His bagpipes and a pair of pistols lay on the table before him. Each of the Highlanders had their naked dirks stuck upright in the board beside him,—an evidence, I was afterwards informed, but surely a strange one, that their conversation was not to be interrupted by any brawl. A mighty power of nature, consisting about an English quart of superheated, a liquor nearly as strong as brandy, which the Highlanders call *doon* malt, and drink undiluted in excessive quantities, was placed before these warriors. A broken glass, with a wooden foot, served as a drinking cup to the whole party, and circulated with a rapidity, which, considering the potency of the liquor, seemed absolutely marvellous. These men spoke loudly and eagerly together, sometimes in Gaelic, at other times in English. Another Highlander, wrapt in his plaid, reclined on the floor, his head resting on a stone, from which it was only separated by a wisp of straw, and slept or seemed to sleep, without attending to what was going on around him. He also was probably a stranger, for he lay in full dress, and accounted with the sword and target, the usual arms of his countrymen when on a journey. Other there were of different dimensions beside the walls, formed, some of fractured boards, some of shattered water-work or plaited boughs, in which dwelt the family of the house, men, women, and children, their places of repose only concealed by the dusky wreaths of vapour which arose above, below, and around them.

Our entrance was made so quietly, and the carmeners I have described were so eagerly engaged in their discussions, that we

escaped their notice for a minute or two. But I observed the Highlander who lay beside the fire lean himself on his elbow as we entered, and, drawing his plaid over the lower part of his face, fix his look on us for a few seconds, after which he resumed his pre-occupied posture, and seemed again to betake himself to the repose which our entrance had interrupted.

We advanced to the fire, which was an agreeable spectacle after our late ride, during the chilliness of an autumn evening among the mountains, and first attracted the attention of the guests who had preceded us, by calling for the landlady. She approached, looking doubtfully and timidly, now at us, now at the other party, and returned a hesitating and doubtful answer to our request to have something to eat.

"She shies less," she said, "she wunna care there was naething 'in the house," and then modified her refusal with the qualification—"that is, anything fit for the likes of us."

I assured her we were indifferent to the quality of our supper, and looking round for the means of accommodation, which were not easily to be found, I arranged an old hen-coop as a seat for Mr. Jarvis, and turned down a broken tub to serve for my own. Andrew Fairweather entered presently afterwards, and took a place in silence behind our backs. The natives, as I may call them, continued staring at us with an air as if confounded by our entrance, and we, at least I myself, dignified as well as we could, under an appearance of indifference, any secret anxiety we might feel concerning the mode in which we were to be received by those whose privacy we had disturbed.

At length, the laird's Highlander, addressing himself to me said, in very good English, and in a tone of great largeness, "Ye make yourself at home, sir, I see."

"I usually do so," I replied, "when I come into a house of public entertainment."

"And did she na see," said the taller man, "by the white woad at the door, that gentlemen had taken up the public-house on their own business?"

"I do not pretend to understand the customs of this country; but I am yet to learn," I replied, "how these persons should be entitled to exclude all other travellers from the only place of shelter and refreshment for miles round."

"There's na reason for't, gentlemen," said the taller; "we mean na offence—but there's naither law nor reason for't, but

as far as a stoop o' gude brandy wad make up the quarrel, we, being peaceable folk, wad be willing."

"Durn your brandy, sir!" said the Lowlander, adjusting his necker but thereby upon his head:—"we desire neither your brandy nor your company," and up he rose from his seat. His companions also arose, muttering to each other, drawing up their heads, and snorting and snuffing the air after the manner of their countrymen when working themselves into a passion.

"I tauld ye what wad come, gentlemen," said the landlady, "an ye wad hae been tauld;—ye see! w' ye get o' my house, and make me disturbance here—there's nae gentlemen be disturbed at Jennie Macquinn's an the can lander. A whome ails English loons, gae about the country under cloak o' night, and disturbing honest peaceable gentlemen that are drinking their drap drink at the fire-side!"

At another time I should have thought of the old Latin adage,

"*Qui vocat, vocat, vocat vocem alioquin*;"—

But I had not any time for classical quotation, for there was obviously a fog about to come, at which, feeling myself indignant at the inhospitable manner with which I was treated, I was totally indifferent, unless on the Bailie's account, whose power and qualities were ill qualified for such an adventure. I started up, however, on seeing the others rise, and dropped my cloak from my shoulders, that I might be ready to stand on the defence.

"We are three to three," said the lower Highlander, glancing his eyes at our party:—"if ye be pretty men, draw!" and unsheathing his broadsword, he advanced on me. I put myself in a posture of defence, and aware of the superiority of my weapon, a rapier or small-sword, was little afraid of the issue of the contest. The Bailie behaved with unexpected meekness. As he saw the gigantic Highlander confront him with his weapon drawn, he tagged for a second or two at the hilt of his shield, as he called it; but finding it both to gild the sheath, to which it had long been secured by rust and decay, he seized, as a substitute, on the red-hot counter of a plough which had been employed in arranging the fire by way of a poker, and brandished it with such effect, that at the first pass he set the Highlander's shield on fire, and compelled him to keep a

respectful distance till he could get it extinguished. Andrew, on the contrary, who ought to have found the Lowland champagne bad, I give to say it, vomited at the very commencement of the fray. But his antagonist, crying, "Fair play, fair play!" sprang heartily disposed to take no share in the scuffle. Thus we commenced our encounter on far terms as to numbers. My own aim was, to possess myself, if possible, of my antagonist's weapon; but I was deterred from doing, for fear of the dirk which he held in his left hand, and used in parrying the thrusts of my rapier. Meanwhile the Balfie, notwithstanding the success of his first onset, was sorely tested. The weight of his weapon, the corpulence of his person, the very effluviations of his own passions, were rapidly exhausting both his strength and his breath, and he was almost at the mercy of his antagonist, when up-started the sleeping Highlander from the floor on which he reposed, with his naked sword and target in his hand, and threw himself between the discomfited nightwatch and his assailant, exclaiming, "Her name'll see mine the town guard at the Cross o' Glasgow, and ye her both shall fight for Balfie Sharvie at the Clackie o' Aberdeen—but will she s'ye!" And seconding his words with deeds, this respected auxiliary made his sword whistle about the ears of his tall countryman, who, nothing abashed, returned his blows with interest. But being both armed with round targets made of wood, studded with brass, and covered with leather, with which they readily parried each other's strokes, their combat was attended with much more noise and clutter than serious risk of damage. It appeared, indeed, that there was more of blunder than of serious attempt to do us any injury: for the Lowland gentleman, who, as I mentioned, had stood aside for want of an antagonist when the brawl commenced, was now pleased to act the part of mediator and peacemaker.

"Stand your heads! head your heads!—enough done!—enough done! the quarrel's no mortal. The strange gentleman have shown themselves men of honour, and give reasonable satisfaction. I'll stand on mine honour as little as any man, but I hate unnecessary bloodshed."

It was not, of course, my wish to protect the fray—my adversary seemed equally disposed to sheathe his sword—the Balfie, galling for breath, might be considered as *hors de combat*, and our two sword-and-buckler men gave up their contest with as much indifference as they had entered into it.

"And now," said the worthy gentleman, who acted as umpire, "let us drink and greet his honest fellows.—The house will heed us o' I propose that this good little gentleman, that seems wae forgiwless, as I may say, in this matter, shall send for a hae o' beerly and I'll pay for another, by way o' amends," and then we'll let our harbours o' sound about, like brethren."

"And it's to pay my new ponnie plaid," said the larger Highlander, "w' a hole burnt in't ene might put a nail-pot through! Saw ever anybody a decent gentleman fight w' a deuced before!"

"Let that be our hindrance," said the Bala, who had now recovered his breath, and was at once disposed to enjoy the triumph of having behaved with spirit, and avoid the necessity of again resorting to such hard and doubtful arbitrament;—"Gin I hae broken the head," he said, "I will find the plaiden. A new plaid will ye hae, and o' the best—your ain clack-colours, man,—an ye will tell me where it can be sent tye frae Glasgow."

"I needna name my clan—I am o' a king's clan, as is wae beid," said the Highlander, "but ye may tak a bit o' the plaid—high! she smells like a singt sheep's head!—and that'll burn ye the wae—and a gentleman, that's a credit o' my ain, that carries eggs down frae Glasgow, will co' her's about North-man, an ye will tell her where ye bid. But, honest gentlemen, wae thus ye fight, an ye hae any respect for your adversary, let it be w' your sword, man, since ye wear one, and no w' time let colliers and firebrands, like a wild Indian."

"Circumstances!" replied the Bala, "every man must do as he does. My sword hanna seen the light since Rothwell Brigg, when my father that's dead and gone, wore it; and I hanna used it it was forthcoming than either, for the battle was o' the highest—At my rate, it's glad to the soldier now beyond my power to part them; and, finding that, I ran guppit at the first thing I could make a find w'. I trow my fighting days is done, though I like ill to take the score, for a' that.—But whae's the honest lad that took my quarrel on himself ane frankly!—I've hantow a gill o' aqua-vite on him, an I will never co' the matter."

\* *Kaildrew*, of unknown derivation, signifies a peace-offering.

The champion for whom he looked around was, however, no longer to be seen. He had escaped unobserved by the Bachel, immediately when the house was seized, yet not before I had recognised, in his wild features and shaggy red hair, our acquaintance Dougal, the fugitive turnkey of the Glasgow Jail. I communicated this observation in a whisper to the Bachel, who murmured in the same tone, "Weel, weel,—I see that kilt that ye ken o' wad very right; there is some glimmering o' common sense about that creature Dougal; I mean we need think o' something will do him some good."

Thus saying, he sat down, and fetching one or two deep aspirations, by way of recovering his breath, called to the landlady—"I think, Landie, now that I find that there's nae hole in my waist, while I had muckle reason to doubt that the design o' your house, I wad be the better o' something to get built."

The dame, who was all officiousness to assist us the storm had blown over, immediately undertook to lend something comfortable for our supper. Indeed, nothing surprised me more, in the course of the whole matter, than the extreme calmness with which she and her household seemed to regard the marvellous trouble that had taken place. The good woman was only heard to call to some of her assistants—"Shink the door! shink the door! kilt or be killed, let nobody pass out till they has paid the lairds." And as for the chamberers in those hours by the wall, which served the family for beds, they only raised their shivering bodies to look at the flag, ejaculated, "Ogh! ogh!" in the tone suitable to their respective sex and age, and were, I believe, fast asleep again, as our steeds were well returned to their stables.

Our landlady, however, now made a great bustle to get some victuals ready, and, in my surprise, very soon began to prepare for us in the hyppogon a savory soup of venison collops, which she served in a manner that might well satisfy hungry men, if not epicures. In the meantime the brandy was placed on the table, to which the Highlanders, however partial to their native strong waters, showed no objection, but much the contrary; and the Lowland gentlemen, after the first cup had passed round, became desirous to know our professions, and the object of our journey.

"We are hie o' Glasgow bodies, if it please your honour,"

said the Balto, with an affection of great humility, "travelling to Starling to get to some other that is owing us."

I was so silly as to feel a little disconcerted at the amazing account which he chose to give of us; but I recollected my promise to be silent, and allow the Balto to manage the matter his own way. And really, when I recollected, Will, that I had not only brought the honest man a long journey from home, which even in itself had been some misadventure (if I were to judge from the obvious pain and reluctance with which he took his seat, or arose from it), but had also put him within a hair's-breadth of the loss of his life, I could hardly refuse him such a compliment. The spokesman of the other party, stuffing up his breath through his nose, repeated the words with a sort of sneer:—"You Glasgow tradeslike has nothing to do but to gang frae the one end o' the west o' Scotland to the other, to plague honest folk that may chance to be aye aicht the laird, like us."

"If our children were a' sic honest gentlemen as I believe you to be, Garschettachie," replied the Balto, "sometimes I wad nae care to send a labourer for they wad come to seek us."

"Eh! what! how!" exclaimed the person whom he had addressed,—*"as I shall live by bread (not beggins beef and brandy), it's my auld friend Nicol Jarvie, the best man that ever wanted dear mairks on a head till a distressed gentleman. Were ye na coming up my way!—were ye na coming up the Roadie to Garschettachie?"*

"Truth so, Maister Garschett," replied the Balto, "I had other eggs on the spit—and I thought ye wad be saying I cam to look about the annual rent that's due on the bly hertable head that's between us."

"Dinna the annual rent!" said the laird, with an appearance of great heartiness—"Dell a word o' business wi' ye or I speak, now that ye're so near my country. To see how a trock-ow and a Joseph can disguise a man—that I widge. But my auld bal friend the deacon!"

"The Balto, if ye please," resumed my companion, "but I ken what gars ye mistake—the laird was granted to my father that's happy, and he was deacon; but his name was Nicol as well as mine. I dinna mind this there's been a payment of principal sum or annual rent on it in my day, and doubtless that has made the mistake."



"Well, the devil take the mistake and all that concerned it!" replied Mr. Gallowith. "But I am glad ye are a bairn. Gentlemen, fill a brimmer—this is my excellent friend, Baulie Nicol Jarvie's health—I ken'd him and his father thae twenty years. Are ye a' cleared kelpy off?—Fill another. Here's to his being more present—I say present—Lord Potent Baulie Jarvie!—and them that affirms there's a man walks the High-street o' Glasgow that's fitter for the office, they will do well not to let me, Duncan Gallowith o' Garschottachide, hear them say nae—that's all." And therewith Duncan Gallowith martially cocked his hat, and placed it on one side of his head with an air of defiance.

The brandy was probably the best recommendation of these complimentary toasts to the two Highlanders, who drank them without appearing anxious to comprehend their purport. They commenced a conversation with Mr. Gallowith in Gaelic, which he talked with perfect fluency, being, as I afterwards learned, a near neighbour to the Highlanders.

"I ken'd that Baulie-o'-grace wad enough frae the very outset," said the Baulie, in a whisper to me; "but when Nick was wane, and swords were out at my side, who knew what way he might hae thought o' paying his debts? It will be lang or he does it in some o'ner form. But he's an honest lad, and has a warm heart too; he does come often to the Cross o' Glasgow, but mairy a luck and blackcock he sends us down frae the hills. And I can wait my aillie well enough. My father the laird had a great regard for the family o' Garschottachide."

Supper being now nearly ready, I looked round for Andrew Falcarrick; but that trusty follower had not been seen by any one since the beginning of the nocturnal. The hostess, however, said that she believed our servant had gone into the stable, and offered to light me to the place, saying that "no adventures of the house or here could make him give any answer; and that truly she wanted to gang into the stable herself at that hour. She was a lone woman, and it was well ken'd how the Bannan o' Ben-yegash guided the gallowith o' Achnagrasa; and it was aye judged there was a Bannan in our stable, which was just what wad' me gie over keeping an hostess."

As, however, she lighted me towards the miserable hovel into which they had crammed our unlucky steeds, to regale themselves on hay, every fibre of which was as thick as an

ordinary goose-quill, she plainly showed me that she had another reason for drawing me aside from the company than that which her words implied. "Read that," she said, slipping a piece of paper into my hand, as we arrived at the door of the stable; "I bless God I am rid o' it. Between cogers and Scauncs, and cuterans and cuttle-lifters, and humpin' and blanchin', an honest woman wad f're quieter in hell than on the Highland hea."

So saying, she put the pipe-bowk into my hand, and returned into the house.

## CHAPTER TWENTY-SIXTH.

*Bagpipes, not lyres, the Highland hills adorn,  
Macdonald's loud harp, and MacGregor's horn.*

*JOHN CAMPBELL'S EPILOGUE TO ALLAN RAMSAY.*

I arrived in the entrance of the stable, if indeed a place be entitled to that name where horses were stored away along with goats, poultry, pigs, and cows, under the same roof with the mannikin-house; although, by a degree of refinement unknown to the rest of the hamlet, and which I afterwards heard was imputed to an overpride on the part of Jeanie Macalpine, my landlady, the apartment was accommodated with an entrance different from that used by her hired customers. By the light of my torch, I deciphered the following billet, written on a wet, crumpled, and dirty piece of paper, and addressed—"For the honoured hands of Mr. F. Q., a Scotch young gentleman—Thine." The contents were as follows:—

"Sir,

"There are night-bowks stored, so that I cannot give you and my respected kinsman, B. H. J., the meeting at the Church of Aberfeld, which was my purpose. I pray you to avoid unnecessary communication with those you may find there, as it may give intense trouble. The person who gives you this is faithful and may be trusted, and will guide you to a place where, God willing, I may safely give you the meeting, when I trust my kinsman and you will visit my poor house, where, in despite

of my enemies, I can still promise as clear as one Highlandman may get his friends, and where we will drink a solemn health to a certain D. V., and look to certain affairs which I hope to be your witness in; and I rest, as is wont among gentlemen, your servant to command,

R. M. O."

I was a good deal mortified at the purport of this letter, which seemed to adjourn to a more distant place and date the service which I had hoped to receive from this man Campbell. Still, however, it was some comfort to know that he continued to be in my interest, since without him I could have no hope of recovering my father's papers. I resolved, therefore, to obey his instructions, and, observing all notice before the guests, to take the first good opportunity I could find to procure from the landlady directions how I was to obtain a meeting with this mysterious person.

My next business was to seek out Andrew Farnerville, whom I called several times by name, without receiving any answer, watching the stable all round, at the same time, not without risk of setting the premises on fire, and not the quantity of wet straw and mud so greatly unbalanced two or three bundles of straw and hay. At length my repeated cries of "Andrew Farnerville! Andrew! hel!--an! where are you?" produced a doleful "Here," in a growling tone, which might have been that of the brute itself. Glided by this sound, I advanced to the corner of a shed, where, enclosed in the angle of the wall, behind a barrel full of the feathers of all the fowls which had died in the case of the public for a month past, I faced the muffled Andrew; and partly by force, partly by command and exhortation, compelled him forth into the open air. The first words he spoke were, "I am an honest hel, ar."

"Who the devil questions your honesty?" said I, "or what have we to do with that at present? I desire you to come and sit down as at supper."

"Yes," returned Andrew, without apparently understanding what I said to him, "I am an honest hel, whatever the Devils may say to the contrary. I grant the world and the world's gear are ever near my heart-which, as it does to many a one--But I am an honest hel; and, though I speak o' having ye in the snare, yet God knows it was for the true my purpose, but just like like things folk says when they're driving a bargain, to get

it as far to their ain side as they can.—And I like your honour want the man young a lad, and I waken part wif ye lightly.”

“What the deuce are you driving at now?” I replied. “Has not everything been settled again and again to your satisfaction? And are you to talk of leaving me every hour, without either rhyme or reason?”

“Ay,—but I was only making fashion before,” replied Andrew; “but it’s come on ye in our earnest now—Lose or win, I daur gang nae farther wif your honour; and if ye’ll tak my foolish advice, ye’ll bide by a broken sceptre, rather than gang forward yourself. I hae a shoon regard for ye, and I’m sure ye’ll be a credit to your friends if ye live to see our young wild side, and get some mair sense and steadiness.—But I can follow ye no farther, even if ye wuld lumber and jerk from the way for lack of guidance and counsel. To gang into Rob Roy’s country is a mere tempting o’ Providence.”

“Rob Roy?” said I, in some surprise; “I know no such person. What new trick is this, Andrew?”

“It’s hard,” said Andrew,—“very hard, that a man canna be believed when he speaks Heaven’s truth, just because he’s wiles overween, and tells him a little when there is necessary occasion. Ye needna ask what Rob Roy is, the morning after that he is.—God dings me! I hope nobody hears us—when ye hae a letter frae him in your pouch. I heard one o’ his gillies tel that wuld riden head o’ a gale-wale gie ye that. They thought I’d be undaunted their gibberish; but, though I canna speak it muckle, I can gie a gude guess at what I hear them say.—I never thought to hae tauld ye that, but in a flight o’ things come out that wuld be kept in. O, Master Frank! if your uncle’s father, and o’ your cousin’s grander, were anything to this! Drink down my out, like Sir Hildbrand; begin the blessed morning with brandy-axe, like Squire Peery; swagger, like Squire Thumbliff; rin wad among the ladies, like Squire John; gambol, like Richard; win wads to the Pope and the dawit, like Raskinigh; rye, rye, break the Sabbath, and do the Pope’s bidding, like them o’ pet doggies.—But, married Providence! take care o’ your young blood, and gang nae near Rob Roy!”

Andrew’s alarm was too sincere to permit me to suppose he contradicted. I contented myself, however, with telling him, that I meant to remain at the abbey that night, and desired

to leave the horses well looked after. As to the rest, I charged him to observe the strictest silence upon the subject of his share, and he might rely upon it I would not incur any serious danger without due precaution. He followed out with a dejected air into the house, observing between his teeth, "Man could be served above board—I haena had a word in my mouth, but the rough legs o' that widdie neck, that hell! Mased day."

The harmony of the company seemed to have suffered some interruption since my departure, for I found Mr. Galloway and my friend the Duke high in dispute.

"I'll hae nae sic language," said Mr. Jarvis, as I entered, "respecting the Duke o' Argyle and the name o' Campbell. Hae a worthy public-spirited nobleman, and a credit to the country, and a friend and benefactor to the trade o' Glasgow."

"I'll nae say naething against MacCollum Mow and the Black-and-Tanned," said the laird Highland, laughing. "I live on the wrong side o' Glasgow to quarrel wi' Iverness."

"Our look aye see the Cornal lymphade!"\* said the bigger Highlander. "She'll speak her mind and fear naebody—the down takes a Cornal snail as a Cornal, and ye may tell MacCollum Mow that Ailie Iverness said nae—It's a far cry to Lochow!"†

Mr. Galloway, on whom the repeated pledges which he had granted had produced some influence, stopped his hand on the table with great force, and said, in a stern voice, "There's a bloody debt due by that family, and they will pay it one day—The bones o' a loyal and a gallant Graham hae lang rattled in their coffin for vengeance on this Duke o' Galloway and Lords for Loth. There nae war was treason in Scotland but a Cornal was at the bottom o' it; and now that the wrong side's apartment, wha but the Cornals for keeping down the right! But this world wins nae lang, and it will be time to sharp the madden; for drawing o' swords and throggles. I hope to see the widdie rusty hae looking at a bloody haxe again."

"For shame, Galloway!" exclaimed the Duke; "fy for shame, sir! Wad ye say sic things before a magistrate, and

\* *Lymphade*. The policy which the family of Argyle and others of the Gles. Campbell carry on their arms.

† Lochow and the adjacent districts formed the original seat of the Campbells. The expression of a "far cry to Lochow" was proverbial.

‡ A rule kind of gallows formerly used in Scotland.

bring yersell into trouble!—Now if ye think to maintain your family and safely your creditors (yoursel and others), if ye gang on in that wild way, which cannot but bring you under the law, to the prejudice of a' debts connected wif ye?"

"D—n my creditors!" retorted the glibest Galbraith, "and ye if ye be one o' them! I say there will be a new world come—And we shall hae nae Covenants cooking their hottest ale-bib, and bounding their dogs where they deserve some themselves, nor protecting thieves, nor murderers, and oppressors, to harry and spoil better men and their loyal clans than themselves."

The Dicks had a great mind to have continued the dispute, when the serious vapour of the heated venison, which our head-brother now placed before us, proved so powerful a moderator, that he betook himself to his tenderer with great eagerness, leaving the strangers to carry on the dispute among themselves.

"And tak's tree," said the taller Highlander—whose name I found was Stewart—"for we seldom be plagued and worried here wif meetings to pit down Bob Boy, if the Covenants didna gie him notice. I was one o' thirty o' my ain name—poor Glenficken, and poor men that came down frae Ayrshire. We showed the MacGregors as ye wad show me-doer, till we came into Glenkiln's country, and the Covenants rose, and wadna let us pursue nae farther, and aa we lost our labour; but her wad ga free and a plank to be as near Bob as she was that day."

It seemed to happen very unfortunately, that in every topic of discourse which these worthy gentlemen introduced, my friend the Duke drew some matter of offence. "Ye'll forgive me speaking my mind, an'; but ye wad maybe hae gien the last barri to your houses to hae been as far awa' frae Bob as ye are aen now—Od! my hat plough-cutter wad hae been naething to hae displeased."

"She had better speak aa nae about her gaiter, or, by G—! her wif ga her out her words, and twa handfals o' could steel to drive them over wif!" And, with a most insinuating and menacing look, the mountaineer laid his hand on his dagger.

"We'll hae nae quarrelling, Allan," said his shorter companion; "and if the Glasgow gentleman has any regard for Bob Boy, he'll maybe see him to cauld iron the night, and playing tricks on a tow the more; for this country has been ever lang plagued

wt him, and his man is near-hand yet—And I'll tane, Albee, we were pranging to our hole."

"Hoot awa, Irvanahalloch," said Gallowath;—"Mind On erid awa, man—It's a bauld moon, quoth Bannagrab—another pluk, quoth Lealey;—we'll no start for another chappin."

"I hae had chappins enough," said Irvanahalloch; "I'll drink my quart of neepabough or brandy wt my kindest fellows, but the deil a drop mair when I hae work to do in the morning. And, as my yelt thinking, Gamschattachin, ye had better be thanking to bring up your horsemen to the Clachan before day, that we may a' start fair."

"What the deevil are ye in sic a hurry for?" said Gamschattachin; "man and man never blackened work. An it had been my directing, deil a bit o' me wad hae failed ye to come down the glen to help us. The gairden and our ain horse could hae man Rob Roy easily enough. There's the head," he said, holding up his own, "should be him on the green, and never ask a Hielandman o' ye o' for his help."

"Ye might hae jock us hole still where we were, then," said Irvanahalloch. "I didna come sixty miles without being sent for. But as ye'll hae my opinion, I wad ye keep your march better steady, if ye hope to speed. Shaved folk live lang, and we may hae ye ken o'. The way to catch a bird is no to flag your banner at her. And aye the gentlemen hae heard some things they wadna hae heard, an the brandy haeen been over head for your heads, Major Gallowath. Ye needna cock your hat and bally wt me, man, for I will not bear it."

"I hae said it," said Gallowath, with a solemn air of drunken gravity, "that I will quarrel no more this night either with broadsword or tartan. When I am off duty I'll quarrel with you or any man in the Hielands or Lowlands, but not on duty—no—no. I wish we heard o' these red-coats, If it had been to do anything against King James, we wad hae seen them lang yae—but when it's to keep the peace o' the country they can be as loud as their neighbours."

As he spoke we heard the muffled footsteps of a body of infantry on the march; and an officer, followed by two or three files of soldiers, entered the apartment. He spoke in an English accent, which was very pleasant to my ears, now so long accustomed to the varying organs of the Highland and Lowland Scotch.—You see, I suppose, Major Gallowath, of the squadron

of Lanes Mills, and these are the two Highland gentlemen with whom I was appointed to meet in this place?"

They assented, and invited the officer to take some refreshment, which he declined.—"I have been too late, gentlemen, and am anxious to make up time. I have orders to search for and arrest two persons guilty of treasonable practices."

"We'll wash our hands o' that," said Ironsides. "I came here w' my men to fight against the red MacGregor that killed my uncle, seven times removed, Duncan MacLaren, in Invernessy?" but I will have nothing to do touching honest gentlemen that may be gone through the country on their air business."

"Nor I neither," said Ironsides.

Major Galbraith took up the matter more solemnly, and, promising his custom with a blessing, spoke to the following purpose:—

"I shall say nothing against King George, Captain, because, as it happens, my commission may die in his name—but one commission being good, sir, does not make another bad, and some think that James may be just as good a name as George. There's the king that is—and there's the king that said of right be—I say, no honest man may and will be loyal to them both, Captain. But I am of the Lord Lieutenant's opinion for the time, as it becomes a militia officer and a deputy-lieutenant—and about treason and all that, it's lost time to speak of it—least said is soonest mended."

"I am sorry to see how you have been employing your time, sir," replied the English officer—as indeed the honest gentleman's reasoning had a strong tincture of the liquor he had been drinking—"and I could wish, sir, it had been otherwise on an occasion of this consequence. I would recommend to you to try to sleep for an hour.—Do these gentlemen belong to your party?"—looking at the Bells and me, who, engaged in making our supper, had paid little attention to the officer on his entrance.

"Travelers, sir," said Galbraith—"lawful travelers by sea and land, as the prayer-book hath it."

"My instructions," said the Captain, taking a light to survey

\* This, as appears from the introductory notice to this Tale, is an anachronism. The slaughter of MacLaren, a remnant of the chief of Appleton, by the MacGregors, did not take place till after Rob Roy's death, since it happened in 1718.



in closer," are to place under arrest an elderly and a young person—and I think these gentlemen answer nearly the description."

"Take care what you say, sir," said Mr. Jarvis, "it shall not be your red coat nor your broad hat shall protect you, if you put any affront on me. I've crossed ye both in an action of scandal and false imprisonment—I am a free burgess and a magistrate of Glasgow; Ned Jarvis is my name, and was my father's afore me—I am a halberd, be praised for the honour, and my father was a deacon."

"He was a prick-eared cur," said Major Gelbwith, "and fought agane the Krag at Bothwell Bridge."

"He paid what he ought and what he bought, Mr. Gelbwith," said the Belle, "and was an honestier man than ever shate on your shanks."

"I have no time to attend to all this," said the officer; "I must positively detain you, gentlemen, unless you can produce some respectable security that you are legal subjects."

"I desire to be carried before some civil magistrate," said the Belle—"the sheriff or the judge of the bonds;—I am not obliged to answer every red-coat that opens questions at me."

"Well, sir, I shall know how to manage you if you are silent—And you, sir" (to me), "what may your name be?"

"Francis Osbaldistone, sir."

"What, a son of Sir Hilbbrand Osbaldistone of Northumberland?"

"No, sir," interrupted the Belle; "a son of the great William Osbaldistone of the House of Osbaldistone and Trubham, Cornhill, London."

"I am afraid, sir," said the officer, "your name only increases the suspicions against you, and lays me under the necessity of requesting that you will give up what papers you have in charge."

I observed the Highlanders look anxiously at each other when this proposal was made.

"I had none," I replied, "to surrender."

The officer commanded me to be disarmed and searched. To have resisted would have been madness. I accordingly gave up my arms, and submitted to a search, which was conducted as skillfully as an operation of the kind well could. They found

nothing except the note which I had received that night through the hand of the landlady.

"This is different from what I expected," said the officer; "but it affords us good grounds for detaining you. Here I find you in written communication with the outlawed robber, Robert MacGregor Campbell, who has been so long the plague of this district—How do you account for that?"

"Spies of Rob!" said Llewellyn. "We need serve them right to strap them up till the walt too."

"We are going to see after some gear o' our ain, gentlemen," said the Ballo, "that's fit'n into his hands by accident—there's no law agin a man looking after his ain, I hope!"

"How did you come by this letter?" said the officer, addressing himself to me.

I could not think of betraying the poor woman who had given it to me, and remained silent.

"Do you know anything of it, fellow?" said the officer, looking at Andrew, whose jaws were clattering like a pair of castanets at the threats thrown out by the Highlander.

"O ay, I ken o' about it—it was a Highland laddie gied the letter to that long-tongued jaud the gallowits there, I'd be sworn my master ken'd something about it. But he's widd' to gang up the hills and speak wi' Rob; and oh, ay, it wad be a charity just to send a wheen o' your red-coats to see him safe back to Glasgow again whether he will or no—And ye can keep Mr Jarvis as long as ye like—He's responsible enough for aye fine ye may lay on him—and aye my master for that matter; for me, I'm just a pair garbier lad, and no worth your stopping."

"I believe," said the officer, "the best thing I can do is to send these persons to the garrison under an escort. They seem to be in immediate correspondence with the enemy, and I shall be in no respect answerable for suffering them to be at liberty. Gentlemen, you will consider yourselves as my prisoners. So soon as dawn approaches, I will send you to a place of security. If you be the persons you describe yourselves, it will soon appear, and you will sustain no great inconvenience from being detained a day or two. I can hear no remonstrances," he continued, turning away from the Ballo, whose mouth was open to address him; "the service I am on gives me no time for idle discussions."

"Awed, awed, sir," said the Butler, "you're welcome to a tree on your six shillings; but see if I don't get ye down left afore a's down."

An anxious consultation now took place between the officer and the Highlander, but carried on in so low a tone, that it was impossible to catch the words. So soon as it was concluded they all left the house. At their departure, the Butler then expressed himself—"These Highlanders are o' the worsted class, and just as light-headed as their neighbours, an' a' takes he sees, and yet ye see they has brought them frae the head o' Argyleshire to make war w' pair Rob for some said it-will that they has at him and his sword. And there's the Ouchmans, and the Douchmans, and the Lennan gentry, o' married and in order—it's wad ha'd their quarrel, and I don't blame them—nobody likes to lose his eye. And then there's soldiers, pair things, holed out frae the garrison at a' body's bidding—Pair Rob will see his hands d' by the time the sun comes over the hill. Wad—it's wrong for a magistrate to be wading anything against the course o' justice, but ded o' me an I wad break my heart to hear that Rob had gien them a' their pains!"

## CHAPTER THIRTIETH.

—O—O—O—O—O—O—

Here we, and wait we well, and look upon me  
Directly in my face—my woman's face—  
For if you fear, the shadow of a brow,  
The picture there appears, but from my eyes,  
To lay hold on your murder.

ROBERT.

We were permitted to slumber out the remainder of the night in the best manner that the miserable accommodations of the almshouse permitted. The Butler, fatigued with his journey and the subsequent scenes—less interested also in the event of our arrest, which to him could only be a matter of temporary inconvenience—perhaps less nice than habit had rendered me about the despatching or delivery of his coach,—tumbled himself into one of the cells which I have already described, and soon was

heard to snore soundly. A broken sleep, marked by intervals, while I rested my head upon the table, was my only refreshment. In the course of the night I had occasion to observe that there seemed to be some doubt and hesitation in the motions of the soldiers. Men were sent out, as if to obtain intelligence, and returned apparently without bringing any satisfactory information to their commanding officer. He was obviously eager and anxious, and again despatched small parties of two or three men, some of whom, as I could understand from what the others whispered to each other, did not return again to the Clackan.

The morning had broken, when a corporal and two men rushed into the hut, dragging after them, in a sort of triumph, a Highlander, whom I immediately recognised as my acquaintance the yesterday. The Balie, who started up at the noise with which they entered, immediately made the same discovery, and exclaimed—"Marry on us! they has gripped the pair creature Dougal,—Captain, I will put in bail—sufficient bail, for that Dougal creature."

To this offer, dictated undoubtedly by a grateful recollection of the late interference of the Highlander in his behalf, the Captain only answered by requesting Mr. Jarrie to "stand his own affairs, and remember that he was himself for the present a prisoner."

"I take you to witness, Mr. Gebaldstone," said the Balie, who was probably better acquainted with the process in civil than in military cases, "that he has refused sufficient bail. It's my opinion that the creature Dougal will have a good action of wrongous imprisonment and damages agin him, under the Act seven-and-twenty hundred and one, and I'll see the creature righted."

The officer, whose name I understood was Thomson, paying no attention to the Balie's threats or expostulations, instituted a very close inquiry into Dougal's life and conversation, and compelled him to admit, though with apparent reluctance, the successive facts,—that he knew Rob Roy MacGregor—that he had seen him within those twelve months—within those six months—within the month—within the week; in fact, that he had parted from him only an hour ago. All this detail came like drops of blood from the prisoner, and was, to all appearance, only extorted by the threat of a halter and the next tree, which

Captain Thornton assured him should be his doom, if he did not give direct and special information.

"And now, my friend," said the officer, "you will please inform me how many men your master has with him at present."

Doagel looked in every direction except at the gaoler, and began to answer, "She means just be sure about that."

"Look at me, you Highland dog," said the officer, "and remember your life depends on your answer. How many rogues had that villainous scoundrel with him when you left him?"

"Oh, no above six rogues when I was gone."

"And where are the rest of his bandits?"

"Gone wif the Lieutenant again to westward coasts."

"Against the westward coast?" said the Captain. "Doagel—that is likely enough; and what rogues's arms were you dispatched upon?"

"Just to see what your honour and its gentlemen red-coats were doing down here at its Clackan."

"The creature will prove false-hearted, after a'," said the Belle, who by this time had planted herself close behind me; "it's lucky I didna get myself to exposure against him."

"And now, my friend," said the Captain, "let us understand each other. You have confessed yourself a spy, and should hang up to the next tree—But none, if you will do me one good turn, I will do you another. You, Doagel—you shall just, in the way of kindness, carry me and a small party to the place where you left your master, as I wish to speak a few words with him on serious affairs; and I'll let you go about your business, and give you five guineas to boot."

"Ogh! ogh!" exclaimed Doagel, in the extremity of distress and perplexity; "she means do tat—she means do tat; she'll rather be hanged."

"Doagel, then, you shall be, my friend," said the officer; "and your blood be upon your own head. Corporal Gramp, do you play *Foxtrot-Marched*—away with him!"

The corporal had confronted poor Doagel for some time, ostentatiously holding a piece of cord which he had found in the house into the form of a halter. He now threw it about the culprit's neck, and, with the assistance of two soldiers, had dragged Doagel as far as the door, where, overcome with the

terror of immediate death, he exclaimed, "Executioners, stop—stop! She'll do his honour's bidding—stop!"

"And wot the creature!" said the Belle, "he deserves hanging near now than ever; and wot him, corporal. Why dinn't ye tak him awa'?"

"It's my belief and opinion, honest gentleman," said the corporal, "that if you were going to be hanged yourself, you would be in no such d—d hurry."

This hy-dologue prevented my hearing what passed between the prisoner and Captain Thornton; but I heard the former snivel out, in a very subdued tone, "And ye'll ask her to gang awa' further than just to show ye where the MacGregor is!—Oho! oho!"

"Silence your howling, you rascal—No; I give you my word I will ask you to go no farther.—Corporal, make the men fall in, in front of the house. Out out those gentlemen's houses; we must carry them with us. I cannot spare any men to guard these here. Come, my lads, get under arms."

The soldiers marched ahead, and were ready to move. We were led out, along with Douglas, in the capacity of prisoners. As we left the boat, I heard our companion in captivity remark the Captain of "in false colours."

"Here they are for you," said the officer, putting gold into his hand; "but observe, that if you attempt to mislead me, I will blow your brains out with my own hand."

"The creature," said the Belle, "is waur than I judged him—it is a waurly and a perfidious creature. O the filthy lusts of gain that make gien themselves up to! My father the deuce used to say, the penny wiler does mair waur than the richest sword-swallower."

The landlady now approached, and demanded payment of her reckoning, including all that had been quaffed by Major Gallowath and his Highland friends. The English officer remonstrated, but Mrs. Macdelpine declared, if "she hadna trusted to his honour's name being used in their company, she wad never ha' drawn them a drop o' liquor; for Sir Gallowath, she might see him again, or she might no, but wad dill she wot she had some chance of seeing her aften—and she was a pair wiler, had naething but her custom to rely on."

Captain Thornton put a stop to her remonstrances by paying the charge, which was only a few English shillings, though the

count seemed very formidable in Scottish dimensions. The generous offer would have included Mr. Jarvis and me in the general acquittance; but the Duke, disregarding an intimation from the hostess to "make as much of the Englishers as we could, for they were sure to give us plague enough," went into a forced accounting respecting our share of the reckoning, and paid it accordingly. The Captain took the opportunity to make us some slight apology for detaining us. "If we were loyal and peaceable subjects," he said, "we would not expect being kept for a day, when it was essential to the king's service; if otherwise, he was acting according to his duty."

We were compelled to accept an apology which it would have served no purpose to refuse, and we called out to attend him on his march.

I shall never forget the delightful sensation with which I exchanged the dark, smoky, smothering atmosphere of the Highland hut, in which we had passed the night so uncomfortably, for the refreshing fragrance of the morning air, and the glorious hues of the rising sun, which, from a tabernacle of purple and golden clouds, were darted full on such a scene of natural romance and beauty as had never before greeted my eyes. To the left lay the valley, down which the Forth wandered on its westerly course, surrounding the beautiful detached hill, with all its garden of woods. On the right, amid a profusion of thickets, knolls, and crags, lay the bed of a broad mountain lake, lightly veiled into they were by the breath of the morning breeze, each glittering in its course under the influence of the sunbeams. High hills, rocks, and heaths, waving with natural forests of birch and oak, formed the borders of this exhaustring sheet of water; and, as their leaves rustled to the wind and twinkled in the sun, gave to the depth of solitude a sort of life and vivacity. Man alone seemed to be placed in a state of inferiority, in a scene where all the ordinary features of nature were raised and exalted. The miserable little houses, as the Duke termed them, of which about a dozen formed the village called the Clochan of Aberfoyle, were composed of loose stones, cemented by clay instead of mortar, and finished by bark, laid neatly upon rafters formed of native and unburnt timbers and poles from the woods around. The rocks approached the ground so nearly, that Andrew Fairmeace observed we might have ridden over the village the night before,

and never found out we were near it, unless our horses' feet had "gone through the rigglet."

From all we could see, Mrs. MacAlpine's house, miserable as were the quarters it afforded, was still by far the best in the hamlet; and I dare say (if my description gives you any curiosity to see it) you will hardly find it much improved at the present day, for the Scotch are not a people who speedily admit innovation, even when it comes in the shape of improvement.\*

The inhabitants of these miserable dwellings were disturbed by the noise of our departure; and as our party of about twenty soldiers drew up in rank before marching off, we were reassured by many a boldness from the half-opened door of her cottage. As these sturdy thrust forth their grey heads, imperfectly covered with close caps of fannel, and showed their shrivelled brows, and long shaggy arms, with various gestures, shrugs, and muttered expressions in Gaelic addressed to each other, my imagination returned to the witches of Elchbeth, and I imagined I read in the features of these moors the malevolence of the weird women. The little children also, who began to crawl forth, some quite naked, and others very imperfectly covered with tatters of tartan stuff, clapped their tiny hands, and grinned at the English soldiers, with an expression of national hate and malignity which seemed beyond their years. I remarked particularly that there were no men, nor so much as a boy of ten or twelve years old, to be seen among the inhabitants of a village which seemed populous in proportion to its extent; and the idea certainly occurred to me, that we were likely to receive from them, in the course of our journey, more official tokens of ill-will than those which flowed on the ramparts, and dictated the murmurs, of the women and children.

It was not until we commenced our march that the malignity of the older portion of the community broke forth into open avowal. The last file of men had left the village, to pursue a small broken track, formed by the sledges in which the natives transported their goods and tools, and which led through the woods that flinged the lower end of the lake, when a shrill sound of female exclamation broke forth, mixed with the screams of children, the whooping of boys, and the clapping of hands, with which the Highland dames relieve their notes,

\* Note I. *Chronicle of Aberdeen.*



whether of rage or lamentation. I asked Andrew, who looked as pale as death, what all this meant.

"I don't we'll see that over now," said he. "Hence! It means that the Highland wives are cawing and bawling the red-coats, and wishing ill-luck to them, and the one that ever spoke the Gaelic tongue. I have heard wives flyte in England and Scotland—it's no marvel to hear them flyte my gate; but sic ill-scrapt tongue as the Highland outlaws!—and sic grievous vices, that men should be slaughtered like sheep—and that they may hepper their hands to the slaughter in their heart's blude—and that they wald see the death of Walter Coming of Garryoch,\* who hader an airtle o' his left together as wald support a woman-bag—sic awsome language as that I na'er heard out o' a human thapple;—and, unless the God wad rise among them to gie them a lesson, I thinkna that their talent at swearing could be amended. The worst o' it is, they bid us eye gae up the lock, and see what we'll head ra."

Adding Andrew's information to what I had myself observed, I could scarce doubt that some attack was meditated upon our party. The road, as we advanced, seemed to offer every facility for such an unpleasant interruption. At first it wound apart from the lake through marshy meadow ground, overgrown with reedwood, now traversing dark and close thickets which would have admitted an ambushade to be shattered within a few yards of our line of march, and frequently crossing rough mountain innards, some of which took the soldiers up to the knee, and ran with such violence, that their force could only be stemmed by the strength of two or three men holding fast by each other's arms. It certainly appeared to me, though altogether unacquainted with military affairs, that a sort of half-savage warfare, as I had heard the Highlanders asserted to be, might, in such places as these, attack a party of regular forces with great advantage. The Balfour's good sense and shrewd observation had led him to the same conclusion, as I understood from his replying to speak with the captain, whom he addressed nearly in the following terms:—"Captain, it's no to seek my favour out o' ye, for I werra it—and it's under protest that I

\* A great feudal oppressor, who, riding on some great pegasus through the forest of Garryoch, was thrown from his horse, and his foot being caught in the stirrup, was dragged along by the pegasus until till he was torn to pieces. The expression, "Wife of Garryoch's man," is proverbial.

reserve my action and place of apprehension and vengeance inexpressible merit;—but, being a friend to King George and his army, I take the liberty to speak—Dinna ye think ye might tak a better time to gang up this glen? If ye are seeking Rob Roy, he's br'd to be better than half a hundred men strong when he's at the fence; an if he brings in the Glengyle folk, and the Glenshains and Balgukilder lads, he may come to gie you your hail through the neck; and it's my sincere advice, as a king's friend, ye had better tak back again to the Clachan, for these women at Aberfeldy are like the warls and scampers at the Cambray—there's aye their warbler follows their shirling."

"Make yourself easy, sir," replied Captain Thornton; "I am in the execution of my orders. And as you say you are a friend to King George, you will be glad to learn that it is impossible that the gang of ruffians, whose looms has disturbed the country so long, can escape the measures now taken to suppress them. The horse squadron of militia, commanded by Major Gallinard, is already joined by two or more troops of cavalry, which will occupy all the lower passes of this wild country; three hundred Highlanders, under the two gentlemen you saw at the inn, are in possession of the upper part, and various strong parties from the garrison are scouring the hills and glens in different directions. Our last accounts of Rob Roy correspond with what this fellow has confessed, that, finding himself surrounded on all sides, he had dismissed the greater part of his followers, with the purpose either of lying concealed, or of making his escape through his superior knowledge of the pass."

"I dinna ken," said the Bailie; "there's mair brandy than brose in Garschattachin's head this mornin'.—And I waken, as I wate you, Captain, put my main dependence on the Highlanders—bawls waken jills out hawks' een. They may quarrel among themselves, and gie lik their ill names, and maybe a dash w' a dagger; but they are sure to jibe in the long run, against a' drilled folk, that wear brose on their kinder ends, and hae pusses in their pockets."

Apparently these observations were not altogether thrown away on Captain Thornton. He reformed his line of march, commanded his militia to trailing their firelocks and fix their bayonets, and formed an advanced and rear-guard, each consisting of a non-commissioned officer and two soldiers, who

received strict orders to keep an alert look-out. Dongal underwent another and very close examination, in which he steadfastly asserted the truth of what he had before affirmed; and being satisfied on account of the suspicious and dangerous appearance of the route by which he was guiding them, he answered with a sort of testiness that seemed very natural, "Her mistress *didn't* ask to *sway*; an *shendimane* like *good* roads, she *will* *has* *put* at *Glamo*."

All this passed off well enough, and we resumed our progress.

Our route, though leading towards the lake, had hitherto been so much shaded by wood, that we only from time to time obtained a glimpse of that beautiful sheet of water. But the road now suddenly emerged from the forest ground, and, winding close by the margin of the lake, afforded us a full view of its spacious mirror, which now, the leaves having totally subsided, reflected in still magnificence the high dark leafy mountains, huge grey rocks, and shaggy banks, by which it is enclosed. The lake now sunk on its margin so closely, and was so broken and precipitous, as to afford no passage except just upon the narrow line of the track which we occupied, and which was crisscrossing with rocks, from which we might have been destroyed merely by rolling down stones, without much possibility of offering resistance. Add to this, that, as the road wound round every promontory and bay which indented the lake, there was rarely a possibility of seeing a hundred yards before us. Our commander appeared to take some alarm at the nature of the pass in which he was engaged, which displayed itself in repeated orders to his soldiers to be on the alert, and in many threats of instant death to Dongal, if he should be found to have led them into danger. Dongal received these threats with an air of stupid imperturbability, which might arise either from conscious innocence, or from dogged resolution.

"If *shendimane* were seeking to *Red* *Gregorach*," he said, "to be sure they couldn't expect to find her without some *was* danger."

Just as the Highlander uttered these words, a halt was made by the corporal commanding the advance, who sent back one of the file who formed it, to tell the Captain that the path in front was occupied by Highlanders, stationed on a commanding point of particular difficulty. Almost at the same instant a soldier

from the rear came to say, that they heard the sound of a baggage in the woods through which we had just passed. Captain Thornton, a man of conduct as well as courage, instantly resolved to force the pass in front, without waiting till he was assailed from the rear; and, warning his soldiers that the baggages which they heard were those of the friendly Highlanders who were advancing to their assistance, he stated to them the importance of advancing and securing Rob Roy, if possible, before these auxiliaries should come up to divide with them the booty, as well as the reward which was placed on the head of this celebrated freebooter. He therefore ordered the rear-guard to join the centre, and both to close up to the advance, doubling his line so as to occupy with his columns the whole practicable part of the road, and to present such a front as its breadth admitted. Duguid, to whom he said in a whisper, "You dog, if you have deceived me, you shall die for it" was placed in the centre, between two grenadiers, with positive orders to shoot him if he attempted an escape. The same situation was assigned to us, as being the safest, and Captain Thornton, taking his half-pike from the soldier who carried it, placed himself at the head of his little detachment, and gave the word to march forward.

The party advanced with the firmness of English soldiers. Not so Andrew Fairweather, who was frightened out of his wits, and not so, if truth must be told, either the Bells or I myself, who, without feeling the same degree of trepidation, could not with stoical indifference see our lives exposed to hazard in a quarrel with which we had no concern. But there was neither time for remonstrance nor remedy.

We approached within about twenty paces of the spot where the advanced guard had seen some appearance of an enemy. It was one of those promontories which run into the lake, and round the base of which the road had hitherto winded in the manner I have described. In the present case, however, the path, instead of keeping the water's edge, scaled the promontory by one or two rapid ascents, carried in a broken track along the precipitous face of a dark gray rock, which would otherwise have been absolutely inaccessible. On the top of this rock, only to be approached by a road so broken, so narrow, and so precarious, the corporal declared he had seen the bonnets and long-barrelled guns of several mountaineers, apparently coached

among the long heath and brushwood which crested the mountains. Captain Thornton ordered him to move forward with three files, to dislodge the supposed outlaws, while, at a more slow but steady pace, he advanced to his support with the rest of his party.

The attack which he meditated was prevented by the unexpected appearance of a female upon the summit of the rock. "Stand!" she said, with a commanding tone, "and tell me what ye seek in MacGregor's country!"

I have seldom seen a finer or more commanding form than this woman. She might be between the terms of forty and fifty years, and had a countenance which must once have been of a masculine cast of beauty; though now, insipidated with deep lines by exposure to rough weather, and perhaps by the wasting influence of grief and passion, its features were only strong, hard, and expressive. She wore her plaid, not drawn around her head and shoulders, as is the fashion of the women in Scotland, but disposed around her body as the Highland soldiers wear theirs. She had a man's bonnet, with a feather in it, an unsheathed sword in her hand, and a pair of pistols at her girdle.

"It's Helen Campbell, Rob's wife," said the British, in a whisper of considerable alarm; "and there will be broken heads among us or it's long."

"What seek ye here?" she asked again of Captain Thornton, who had himself advanced to reconnoitre.

"We seek the outlaw, Rob Roy MacGregor Campbell," answered the officer, "and make no war on women; therefore offer us van opposition to the king's troops, and receive punishment of our treatment."

"Ay," retorted the Amazon, "I am no stranger to your tender marches. Ye have left me neither arms nor home—my mother's bones will detect me in their grave when mine are laid beside them—Ye have left me neither home nor hold, blanket nor bedding, saddle to feed us, or flock to clothe us—Ye have taken from us all—all!—The very name of our ancestors have ye taken away, and now ye come for our lives."

"I seek no man's life," replied the Captain; "I only execute my orders. If you are alone, good woman, you have taught us first—if there are any with you so much as to offer useless resistance, their own blood be on their own heads. Move forward, sergeant."

"Forward! march!" said the non-commissioned officer. "Heave, my boys, for Red Roy's head and a purse of gold."

He quivered his pass into a run, followed by the six soldiers; but as they attained the first traverse of the ascent, the dash of a down of bullets from various parts of the pass ported in quick succession and deliberate aim. The corporal, shot through the body, still struggled to gain the ascent, reared himself by his hands to clamber up the face of the rock, but relaxed his grasp, after a desperate effort, and falling, rolled from the foot of the cliff into the deep lake, where he perished. Of the soldiers, three fell, slain or disabled; the others retreated on their main body, all more or less wounded.

"Grenadiers, to the front!" said Captain Thornton.—You are to recollect, that in those days this description of soldiers actually carried that destructive species of firework from which they derive their name. The four grenadiers moved to the front accordingly. The officer commanded the rest of the party to be ready to support them, and only saying to me, "Look to your safety, gentlemen," gave, in rapid succession, the word to the grenadiers—"Open your pouches—handle your grenades—blow your matches—fill on."

The whole advanced with a shout, headed by Captain Thornton,—the grenadiers preparing to throw their grenades among the bushes where the ambushade lay, and the musketeers to support them by an instant and close assault. Dashed, forgotten in the scuffle, wisely crept into the thicket which overhung that part of the road where we had first halted, which he ascended with the activity of a wild cat. I followed his example, instinctively concluding that the fire of the Highlanders would sweep the open track. I clambered until out of breath, for a continued spluttering fire, in which every shot was multiplied by a thousand others, the banging of the kindled fuses of the grenades, and the successive explosion of those missiles, mingled with the hurrahs of the soldiers, and the yell and cry of their Highland antagonists, formed a confusion which added—I do not shame to own it—wings to my desire to reach a place of safety. The difficulty of the ascent soon increased so much, that I despaired of reaching Dargol, who seemed to swing himself from rock to rock, and stamp to stamp, with the facility of a squirrel, and I turned down my eyes to see what had

because of my other companions. Both were brought to a very universal stand-still.

The Ballo, to whom I suppose fear had given a temporary share of agility, had ascended about twenty feet from the path, when his foot slipping, as he straddled from one large fragment of rock to another, he would have slumbered with his father the demon, whose acts and words he was so fond of quoting, but for a projecting branch of a ragged thorn, which, catching hold of the skirts of his riding-coat, supported him in mid-air, where he dangled not unlike to the sign of the Golden Plover over the door of a manor in the Tringale of his native city.

As for Andrew Fairbrother, he had advanced with better success, until he had attained the top of a bare cliff, which, rising above the wood, exposed him, at least in his own opinion, to all the dangers of the neighbouring skirmish, while, at the same time, it was of such a precipitous and impenetrable nature, that he dared neither to advance nor retreat. Posting it up and down upon the narrow space which the top of the cliff afforded (very like a fellow at a country-dance dancing upon a treader), he wavered for money in Gaelic and English alternately, according to the side on which the scale of victory seemed to predominate, while his exclamations were only answered by the grunts of the Ballo, who suffered much, not only from apprehension, but from the painful posture in which he long suspended by the knee.

On perceiving the Ballo's precarious situation, my first idea was to attempt to render him assistance; but this was impossible without the concurrence of Andrew, whose mother sign, nor entreaty, nor command, nor expostulation, could inspire with courage to adventure the descent from his painful elevation, where, like an unskilful and obstinate minister of state, unable to escape from the assistance to which he had presumptuously ascended, he continued to pour forth piteous prayers for mercy, which no one heard, and to skip to and fro, writhing his body into all possible antic shapes to avoid the balls which he conceived to be whistling around him.

In a few minutes this cause of terror ceased, for the fire, at first so well sustained, now broke at once—a sure sign that the conflict was concluded. To gain some spot from which I could see how the day had gone was now my object, in order to appeal to the mercy of the victors, who, I trusted (whitherso-

this might be gained), would not suffer the honest Galle to remain suspended, like the coffin of Mahomet, between heaven and earth, without lending a hand to disengage him. At length, by dint of scrambling, I found a spot which commanded a view of the field of battle. It was indeed ended; and, as my mind already suggested, from the place and circumstances attending the contest, it had terminated in the defeat of Captain Thomson. I saw a party of Highlanders in the act of disarming that officer, and the scanty remainder of his party. They consisted of about twelve men, most of whom were wounded, who, surrounded by triple their number, and without the power either to advance or retreat, exposed to a merciless and well-aimed fire, which they had no means of returning with effect, had at length laid down their arms by the order of their officers, when he saw that the road in his rear was occupied, and that protracted resistance would be only wasting the lives of his brave followers. By the Highlanders, who fought under cover, the victory was cheaply bought, at the expense of one man slain and two wounded by the grenades. All this I learned afterwards. At present I only comprehended the general result of the day, from seeing the English officer, whose face was covered with blood, stripped of his hat and arms, and his men, with silent and dejected countenances which marked their deep regret, retiring from the wild and martial figures who surrounded them, the severe measures to which the laws of war subject the vanquished for security of the victors.

## CHAPTER THIRTY-FIRST.

"Was to the vanquished I" was stern Bonnet's word,  
 When each proud steed beneath the Galle roared—  
 "Was to the vanquished I" when his manly limbs  
 Drove down the male against her rouser's weight;  
 And on the field of battle, battle still,  
 Was known to Galle men the victor's will.

THE GALLANT.

I anxiously endeavored to distinguish Douglass among the victors. I had little doubt that the part he had played was assumed, on purpose to lead the English officer into the Galle, and



I could not help admiring the address with which the ignorant, and apparently half-brutal savage, had veiled his purpose, and the affected reluctance with which he had suffered to be extracted from him the false information which it must have been his purpose from the beginning to communicate. I suppose we should have some danger on approaching the victims in the first flush of their success, which was not unshared with cruelty, for one or two of the soldiers, whose wounds prevented them from running, were startled by the victims, or rather by some ragged Highland boys who had mingled with them. I concluded, therefore, it would be unsafe to present ourselves without some mediator; and as Campbell, whom I now could not but identify with the celebrated footscooter Bob Roy, was nowhere to be seen, I resolved to claim the protection of his solitary, Dugald.

After going everywhere in vain, I at length retraced my steps to see what assistance I could individually render to my unlucky friend, whom, to my great joy, I saw his James delivered from his state of suspension; and though very black in the face, and much damaged in the garments, safely seated beneath the rock, in front of which he had been so lately suspended. I hastened to join him and offer my congratulations, which he was at first far from receiving in the spirit of cordiality with which they were offered. A heavy fit of coughing scarce permitted him breath enough to express the broken words which he threw out against my sincerity.

"Uh! uh! uh! uh!—they say a friend—uh! uh!—a friend stickler closer than a brother—uh! uh! uh! When I came up here, Master Obakillstone, to this country, earned of God and man—uh! uh!—Eeaven forgive me for swearing—on me man's word but you're, I've think it was him—uh! uh! uh!—to leave me, first, to be shot or drowned across red-wal Highlands and red-wal; and next to be hang up between heaves and earth, like an wild potato-bogle, without see me like as trying—uh! uh!—see me like as trying to relieve me!"

I made a thousand apologies, and laboured hard to represent the impossibility of my offering him relief by my own unassisted exertions, that at length I succeeded, and the Ballo, who was as pliable as lead in his temper, extended his favour to me on more. I next took the liberty of asking him how he had contrived to extricate himself.

"Me extricate! I might have hang there till the day of judg-

most or I could have helped myself, wif my head bling down on the table, and my back on the father, like the yam-scales in the weigh-house. It was the creature Dougal that extracted me, as he did yestreen; he cutt off the tails o' my coat wif his dirk, and another gife and him set me on my legs as cleverly as if I had never been off them. But to see what a thing gude bridd clalk is! Had I been in any o' your rotten French camlets now, or your dash-de-berries, it would have unravelled like an addug wif de a wright as mine. But this is the weaver that wrought the waf o't—I wrong and belittled youder as much as a gabhart! That's mowed by a three-ply cable at the Escorialiere."

I now inquired what had become of his prisoner.

"The creature," so he continued to call the Highlander, "continued to let me know there wad be danger to gae near the lobby till he came back, and bade me stay here. I am o' the mind," he continued, "that he's seeking after you—it's a considerable creature—and truth, I wad swear he was right about the lobby, as he ca's her, too—Helen Campbell was near o' the main, down maister, nor meeter when neither, and folk say that Rob Kinzell stands in awe o' her. I doubt she wames her me, for it's many years since we met—I am clear for writing for the Dougal creature or we gang near her."

I signified my acquiescence in this reasoning; but it was not the will of fate that day that the Ballie's presence should profit himself or any one else.

Andrew Fairweather, though he had seemed to eaper on the pinnacle upon the cessation of the firing, which had given occasion for his whimsical exercise, continued, as perched on the top of an exposed cliff, too conspicuous an object to escape the sharp eyes of the Highlanders, when they had time to look a little round them. "We were apprised he was discovered, by a wild and loud halloo set up among the assembled veterans, three or four of whom instantly plunged into the exposed road, and ascended the rocky side of the hill in different directions towards the place where they had discovered this whimsical apparition.

Those who arrived first within gunshot of poor Andrew, did not trouble themselves to offer him any assistance in the ticklish posture of his affairs, but levelling their long Spanish-browed guns, gave him to understand, by signs which admitted of no

\* A kind of lighter used in the river Clyde,—probably from the French *alouette*.

misadventure, that he must contrive to come down and submit himself to their mercy, or to be marked at from beneath, like a regimental target set up for ball-practice. With such a formidable hint for venturesome exertion, Andrew Fairfaxes could no longer hesitate; the more imminent peril overcame his sense of that which seemed less inevitable, and he began to descend the cliff at all risks, clutching to the cry and oak stumps, and projecting fragments of rock, with an almost feverish anxiety, and never failing, as circumstances left him a hand at liberty, to extend it to the plumed gentry below in an attitude of supplication, as if to deprecate the discharge of their levelled firearms. In a word, the fellow, under the influence of a counteracting motive for terror, achieved a safe descent from his perilous eminence, which, I verily believe, nothing but the fear of instant death could have moved him to attempt. The awkward mode of Andrew's descent greatly amused the Highlanders below, who fired a shot or two while he was engaged in it, without the purpose of wounding him, as I believe, but merely to enhance the amusement they derived from his extreme terror, and the exasperating exertions of agility to which it excited him.

At length he attained firm and comparatively level ground—or rather, to speak more correctly, his feet slipping at the last point of descent, he fell on the earth at his full length, and was raised by the assistance of the Highlanders, who stood to receive him, and who, ere he gained his legs, stripped him not only of the whole contents of his pockets, but of pelting, hat, coat, doublet, stockings, and shoes, performing the feat with such admirable celerity, that, although he fell on his back a well-dressed and decent burgher-looking serving-man, he arose a faded, unarmed, bald-pated, beggarly-looking scoundrel. Without respect to the pain which his undefended skin experienced from the sharp encounter of the rocks over which they hurried him, those who had detected Andrew proceeded to drag him downwards towards the road through all the intervening obstacles.

In the course of their descent, Mr. Jarvis and I became exposed to their long-queued observation, and instantly half-a-dozen of armed Highlanders thronged around us, with drawn dirks and swords pointed at our faces and throats, and cocked pistols presented against our bodies. To have offered resistance would have been madness, especially as we had no weapons capable of

supporting such a demonstration. We therefore submitted to our fate; and with great resignation on the part of those who assisted at our tortures, were in the act of being reduced to an uncomplacental state (to use King Lear's phrase) as the planelike Sped Andrew Fairweather, who stood shivering between fear and cold at a few yards' distance. Good chance, however, saved us from the extremity of wretchedness; for, just as I had yielded up my sword (a smart Steadick, by the way, and dandy hood), and the Bullie had been disrobed of the fragments of his riding-coat—enter Dougal, and the scene was changed. By a high tone of expostulation, mixed with snells and threats, as far as I could conjecture the tenor of his language from the violence of his gestures, he compelled the planelike, however reluctant, not only to give up their further depredations on our property, but to restore the spoil they had already appropriated. He snatched my sword from the fellow who had seized it, and twisted it (in the end of his restoration) around my neck with such rattling energy as made me think that he had not only been, during his residence at Glasgow, a substitute of the judge, but must moreover have taken lessons as an apprentice of the hangman. Hoisting the tattered remnants of Mr. Jarvie's coat around his shoulders, and as more Highlanders began to flock towards us from the high road, he led the way downwards, directing and commanding the others to attend us, but particularly the Bullie, the assistance necessary to our descending with comparative ease and safety. It was, however, in vain that Andrew Fairweather employed his lungs in observing a share of Dougal's protection, or at least his interference to procure restoration of his share.

"Na, na," said Dougal in reply, "she's nae gentle body, I trow; her petticoat has gauged purfoot, or she's made mair mair." And, leaving Andrew to follow at his leisure, or rather at such leisure as the surrounding crowd were pleased to indulge him with, he hurried us down to the pathway in which the stragglers had been caught, and hastened to present us as additional captives to the female leader of his band.

We were dragged before her accordingly, Dougal fighting, struggling, screaming, as if he were the party most apprehensive of harm, and repelling, by threats and efforts, all those who attempted to take a nearer interest in our captives than he seemed to do himself. At length we were placed before the heroine of the day, whose appearance, as well as those of the

strong, manly, yet martial figure who approached us, struck me, to own the truth, with considerable apprehension. I do not know if Helen MacGregor had personally mingled in the fray, and indeed I was afterwards given to understand the contrary; but the specks of blood on her brow, her hands and naked arms, as well as on the blade of her sword which she continued to hold in her hand—her flushed countenance, and the disordered state of the massy locks which escaped from under the red helmet and plume that formed her head-dress, seemed all to intimate that she had taken an immediate share in the conflict. Her keen black eyes and features expressed an imagination inflamed by the deeds of gallant warfare, and the triumph of victory. Yet there was nothing positively sanguinary, or cruel, in her deportment; and she reminded me, when the immediate storm of the interview was over, of some of the paintings I had seen of the inspired heroines in the Catholic churches of France. She was not, indeed, sufficiently beautiful for a Judith, nor had she the inspired expression of features which painters have given to Deborah, or to the wife of Habel the Kente, at whose feet the strong oppressor of Israel, who dwelt in Hazor, of the Gosselin, bowed down, fell, and lay a dead man. Nevertheless, the enthusiasm by which she was agitated gave her countenance and deportment, widely changed in themselves, an air which made her approach nearly to the ideas of those wonderful artists who gave to the eye the hardness of Scripture history.

I was uncertain in what terms to accord a passage so uncommon, when Mr. Jarvis, breaking the ice with a preparatory cough (for the speed with which he had been brought into her presence had again impeded his respiration), addressed her as follows:—"Uh! uh! doo-do. I am very happy to have this joyful opportunity" (a quaver in his voice strongly belied the emphasis which he studiously laid on the word *joyful*)—"this joyful occasion," he resumed, trying to give the adjective a more suitable association, "to wish my kinsman Robin's wife a very good morning—Uh! uh!—How's a' w' ye?" (by this time he had talked himself into his usual jag-trot manner, which admitted a mixture of familiarity and self-importance)—"How's a' w' ye this long time? Ye'll bea forgotten me, Mrs. Mac-Gregor Campbell, as your cousin—uh! uh!—but ye'll mind my father, Dooms Nod Jarvis, in the

East Market o' Glasgow!—an honest man he was, and a respectable, and respectt' ye and yours. But, as I said before, I am right glad to see you, Mrs MacGregor Campbell, as my kinsman's wife. I wad cross the liberty o' a kinsman to advise you, but that your gillies keep such a doleful' fast head o' my arms, and, to speak Heaven's truth and a soughtrair's, ye wad be the wae o' a night o' water before ye welcomed your friends."

There was something in the familiarity of this introduction which ill suited the exalted state of temper of the person to whom it was addressed, then busied with distributing dozens of death, and wren from conquest in a perilous encounter.

"What fellow are you," she said, "that dare to claim kindred with the MacGregor, and neither wear his dress nor speak his language!—What are you, that have the tongue and the habits of the bond, and yet seek to lie down with the dear?"

"I dinna ken," said the undaunted Baily, "if the kindred has ever been wad told out to you yet, cousin—but it's ken'd, and can be prov'd. My mother, Elsie MacFarlane, was the wife of my father, Deacon Nicol Jarvis—pease be w' them both!—and Elsie was the daughter o' Farlane MacFarlane, at the Shoking o' Loch Rye. Now, the Farlane MacFarlane, as has surviving daughter Meggy MacFarlane, also MacNab, who married Deacon MacNab o' Stockermulchan, can testify, stand as near to your goodness, Robert MacGregor, as is the fourth degree of kindred, for"—

The rings leaped the genealogical tree, by demanding haughtily, "If a stream of rushing water acknowledged any relation with the portion withdrawn from it for the more domestic uses of those who dwell on its banks?"

"Yea true, kinswoman," said the Baily; "but for a' that, the bairn wad be glad to hae the milldam back again in shower, when the drook-stones are white as the sun. I ken wad enough you Hieland folk head as Glasgow people fight and chop for our language and our claes;—but everybody speaks their native tongue that they learned in infancy; and it wad be a doft-like thing to see us w' my fat wame in a short Hieland coat, and my pale short loughs gathered below the knee, like me o' your long-legged gillies. Now by take, kinswoman," he continued, in defiance of various intimations by which Dougal seemed to recommend silence, as well as of the

marks of impatience which the Amazon noticed at his loquacity, "I wad hae ye to mind that the king's sword wikes cooies in the ruler's gate, and that, for as high as ye may think o' the goddess, as it's right every wife should honour her husband—there's Scripture warrant for that—yet as high as ye haud him, as I was saying, I hae been serviceable to Rob as a nurse;—doubtless a set o' pointers I sent poor wif when ye was gae to be married, and when Rob was an honest well-doing drover, and man o' this unwarld's work, wif fighting and fashin, and fashin, disturbing the king's peace and dishonouring his soldiers."

She had apparently trusted on a key which his Kiewman could not break. She drew herself up to her full height, and betrayed the acuteness of her feelings by a laugh of mingled scorn and bitterness.

"Ye," she said, "ye, and such as ye, might claim a relation to us, when we stooped to be the pithy watchmen fit to exist under your dominion, as your farmers of wood and drawers of water—to find cattle for your banquets, and subjects for your laws to oppress and trample on. But now we are free—free by the very act which left us neither house nor hearth, food nor covering—which bereaved me o' all—o' all—and makes me groan when I think I must still wander the earth for other purposes than those of vengeance. And I will carry on the work this day has so well commenced, by a deed that shall break all bands between MacGregor and the Lowland chieftain. Hae Allan—Dungel—bind these Samson's neck and hand together, and throw them into the Highland Loch to seek for their Highland kinfolk."

The Echo, charmed at this mandate, was commencing an expostulation, which probably would have only inflamed the violent passions of the person whom he addressed, when Dungel threw himself between them, and in his own language, which he spiced with a flowery and rapidly strongly contrasted by the slow, imperfect, and idiot-like manner in which he expressed himself in English, poured forth what I don't not was a very animated pleading in our behalf.

His criticism implied to him, or rather cut short his harangue, by announcing in English (as if determined to make us taste in anticipation the full bitterness of death).—"Base dog, and ewe o' a dog, do ye dispute my commands? Should I tell ye to

cut out their tongues and put them into each other's throats, to try which would there best keep Scotland, or to tear out their hearts and put them into each other's breasts, to see which would there best plot treason against the MacGregors—and such things have been done of old in the day of wrong, when our fathers had wrongs to redress—Should I counsel you to do this, would it be your part to dispute my orders?"

"To be sure, to be sure," Douglas replied, with accents of profound submission; "her pleasure could be done—tell'st thou reason; but as it were—tell us, as it could be thought the same to her to creep the ill-famed loon of 'a red-coat Captain, and him corporal Gramp, and ten three of the red-coats, into the lock, barrel and butt of' wadde mair great satisfaction than to hurt to honest civil abhorrence as were friends to the Gregorach, and come up on the Chief's assistance, and not to do no treason, as herself could testify."

The lady was about to reply, when a few wild strains of a pibroch were heard advancing up the road from Alford, the same probably which had reached the ears of Captain Thornton's out-guard, and deterred him to form his way onward rather than return to the village, on finding the pass occupied. The skirmish being of very short duration, the armed men who followed this martial melody, had not, although quickening their march when they heard the firing, been able to arrive in time sufficient to take any share in the encounter. The victory, therefore, was complete without them, and they now arrived only to share in the triumph of their countrymen.

There was a marked difference between the appearance of these new comers and that of the party by which our escort had been defeated—and it was greatly in favour of the former. Among the Highlanders who surrounded the Chieftainess, if I may presume to call her so without offence to grammar, were men in the extremity of age, boys scarce able to bear a sword, and even women—all, in short, whom she had scarcely begun to take up arms; and it added a shade of better shame to the dejection which clouded Thornton's manly countenance, when he found that the numbers and position of a few, otherwise as disciplined, had enabled them to conquer his brave veterans. But the thirty or forty Highlanders who now joined the others, were all men in the prime of youth or manhood, active chieftain's followers, whose short hose and belted plaid set out their



slender limbs to the best advantage. Their arms were as supple as those of the first party to their dress and appearance. The followers of the female Chief had axes, spears, and other antique weapons, in stead of their guns; and some had only clubs, daggers, and long knives. But of the second party, most had pistols at the belt, and almost all had dirks hanging at the girdles which they wore in front. Each had a good gun in his hand, and a broadsword by his side, besides a stout round target, made of light wood, covered with leather, and curiously studded with brass, and having a steel spike screwed into the centre. These hung on their left shoulder during a march, or while they were engaged in exchanging fire with the enemy, and were worn on their left arm when they charged with sword in hand.

But it was easy to see that this chosen band had not arrived from a victory such as they feared their ill-appointed companions possessed of. The pibroch went forth occasionally a few wailing notes expressive of a very different sentiment from triumph; and when they appeared before the wife of their Chiefdom, it was in silence, and with downcast and melancholy looks. They passed when they approached her, and the pipes again went forth the same wild and melancholy strain.

Elean walked towards them with a countenance in which anger was mingled with apprehension.—"What means this, Alaster?" she said to the minister—"why a lament in the moment of victory?—Robert—Hannah—where's the Mac-Gregor?—where's your father?"

Her son, who led the band, advanced with slow and irresolute steps towards her, and murmured a few words in Gaelic, at hearing which she set up a shriek that made the rocks ring again, in which all the women and boys joined, clapping their hands and piling on if their throats had been ringing in the sound. The mountain echoes, almost silent since the military sounds of battle had ceased, had now to answer these frantic and discordant shrieks of sorrow, which drove the very night-birds from their haunts in the rocks, as if they were startled to hear voices more hideous and ill-omened than their own, performed in the face of open day.

"Take!" repeated Elean, when the clamour had subsided—"Take!—captive!—and yet live to say so!—Coward dogs! did I raise you for this, that you should spare your

blond on your father's enemies? or see him prisoner, and come back to tell it?"

The sons of MacGregor, to whom this exhortation was addressed, were youths, of whom the eldest had hardly attained his twentieth year. *Kamuk*, or James, the elder of these youths, was the tallest by a head, and much handsomer than his brother; his light-blue eyes, with a profusion of fair hair, which streamed from under his smart blue bonnet, made his whole appearance a most favourable specimen of the Highland youth. The younger was called Robert; but, to distinguish him from his father, the Highlanders added the epithet *Og*, or the young. Dark hair, and dark features, with a ruddy glow of health and animation, and a form strong and well-set beyond his years, completed the sketch of the young mountaineer.

Both now stood before their mother with countenances clouded with grief and shame, and listened, with the most respectful submission, to the reproaches with which she loaded them. At length when her resentment appeared in some degree to subside, the eldest, speaking in English, probably that he might not be understood by their followers, answered respectfully to vindicate himself and his brother from his mother's reproaches. I was so near him as to comprehend much of what he said; and, as it was of great consequence to me to be possessed of information in this strange case, I failed not to listen as attentively as I could.

"The MacGregors," he now stated, "had been called out upon a trysting with a Lowland nation, who came with a token from"—he muttered the name very low, but I thought it sounded like my own. "The MacGregors," he said, "accepted of the invitation, but commanded the Scots who brought the message to be detained, as a hostage that good faith should be observed to him. Accordingly he went to the place of appointment" (which had some wild Highland name that I cannot remember), "attended only by Angus Brock and Little Bory, recommending to me to follow him. Within half an hour Angus Brock came back with the dejected tidings that the MacGregor had been surprised and made prisoner by a party of Lowland militia, under Gilmuth of Gilmuthachie." He added, "that Gilmuth, on being threatened by MacGregor, who upon his capture remained long with retaliation on the person of the hostage, had treated the threat with great contempt, replying, 'Let each side hang his

man; we'll hang the thief, and your relations may hang the granger, Rob, and the country will be rid of two damned things at once, a wild Highlander and a treacherous officer." Angus Brack, less carefully looked to than his master, continued to creep from the hands of the captives, after having been in their custody long enough to hear this discussion, and to bring off the nerves."

"And did you learn this, you false-hearted traitor," said the wife of MacGregor, "and not instantly rush to your father's rescue, to bring him off, or leave your body on the place?"

The young MacGregor modestly replied, by representing the very superior force of the enemy, and stated, that as they made no preparation for leaving the country, he had fallen back up the glen with the purpose of collecting a band sufficient to attempt a rescue with some tolerable chance of success. At length he said, "the wilderness would quarter, he understood, in the neighbouring house of Cherterton, or the old castle in the part of Mearnsith, or some other stronghold, which, although strong and defensible, was nevertheless capable of being surprised, could they but get enough of men assembled for the purpose."

I understood afterwards that the rest of the freckle-faced followers were divided into two strong bands, one destined to watch the remaining parties of Inverness, a party of which, under Captain Thornton, had been detected, and another to show front to the Highland clans who had allied with the regular troops and Lowlanders in this hostile and combined invasion of that mountainous and desolate territory, which lying between the lakes of Loch Lomond, Loch Katrine, and Loch Ard, was at this time currently called Rob Roy's, or the MacGregor country. Messengers were despatched in great haste, to concentrate, as I supposed, these forces, with a view to the proposed attack on the Lowlanders; and the departure and departure, at first visible on each countenance, gave place to the hope of raising their leader, and to the threat of vengeance. It was under the burning influence of the latter passion that the wife of MacGregor commanded that the hostage exchanged for his safety should be brought into her presence. I believe her words had kept this unfortunate watch out of her sight, for fear of the consequences; but if it was so, their humane pretences only postponed his fate. They dragged forward at her summons a wretch already half dead with terror, in whose

against features I recognised, to my horror and astonishment, my old acquaintance Morris.

He fell prostrate before the female Chief with an effort to clasp her knees, from which she drew back, as if his touch had been polluting, so that all he could do in token of the extremity of his humiliation, was to kiss the hem of her plaid. I never heard entreaties for life poured forth with such agony of spirit. The agony of fear was such, that instead of paralysing his tongue, as on ordinary occasions, it even rendered him eloquent, and, with cheeks pale as ashes, hands compressed in agony, eyes that seemed to be taking their last look of all mortal objects, he protested, with the deepest pathos, his total ignorance of any design on the person of Robt Roy, whom he swore he loved and honoured as his very soul. In the inconsistency of his terror, he said he was but the agent of others, and he mentioned the name of Roderick. He prayed but for life—for life he would give all he had in the world: it was but life he asked—life, if it were to be prolonged under tortures and privations: he asked only breath, though it should be drawn in the damps of the lowest caverns of their life.

It is impossible to describe the scorn, the looking, and contempt, with which the wife of MacGlenzie regarded this wretched prostrate for the poor boon of existence.

"I could have told ye true," she said, "had life been to you the same weary and wasting burden that it is to me—that it is to every noble and generous mind. But you—wretch! you could creep through the world unaffected by its various dangers, its fearful miseries, its constantly accumulating crimes of crime and sorrow: you could live and enjoy yourself, while the noble-minded are betrayed—while husbands and brothers wither and rot on the neck of the noose and the long-drawn-out: you could enjoy yourself, like a butcher's dog in the chamber, bawling on perhaps, while the daughter of the saint and hero went on around you! That enjoyment you shall not live to partake of!—you shall die, base dog! and that before you shall have passed over the sun."

She gave a brief command in Gaelic to her attendants, two of whom moved upon the prostrate suppliant, and hurried him to the brink of a cliff which overhung the flood. He set up the most pining and dreadful cry that fear ever uttered—I may well term them dreadful, for they haunted my sleep for years

afterwards. As the mariners, or executioners, call them as you will, dragged him along, he recognised me even in that moment of horror, and exclaimed, in the last articulate words I ever heard him utter, "Oh, Mr. Osboldstons, save me!—save me!"

I was so much moved by this horrid spectacle, that, although in momentary expectation of sharing his fate, I did attempt to speak in his behalf, but, as might have been expected, my interference was strictly disregarded. The victim was held fast by some, while others, binding a large heavy stone in a plaid, tied it round his neck, and others again eagerly stripped him of some part of his dress. Half-naked, and thus mangled, they hurled him into the lake, there about twelve feet deep, with a loud halloo of vindictive triumph,—above which, however, his last death-shout, the yell of mortal agony, was distinctly heard. The heavy burden splashed in the dark-blue waters, and the Highlanders, with their pole-arms and swords, watched in instant to guard, but, extricating himself from the lead to which he was attached, the victim might have struggled to regain the shore. But the knot had been securely bound—the wretched man sunk without effort; the waves, which his fall had disturbed, settled calmly over him, and the end of that life he which he had pleaded so strongly, was for ever withdrawn from the sun of human existence.

## CHAPTER THIRTY-SECOND.

And he he gale ractured an evening morn,  
 Oo, if there's vengeance in an injured heart,  
 And power to wreak it in an armed hand,  
 Your head shall rue the fact.

ONE FURTHER.

I know not why it is that a single deed of violence and cruelty affects our nerves more than when these are exercised on a more extended scale. I had seen, that day several of my brave countrymen fall in battle: it seemed to me that they met a lot appropriate to humanity, and my bosom, though thrilling with interest, was affected with nothing of that unbearing horror with which I beheld the unfortunate Morris put to death without

resistance, and in cold blood. I looked at my companion, Mr. Ferris, whose face reflected the feelings which were painted in mine. Indeed he could not so suppress his horror, but that the words escaped him in a low and broken whisper,—

"I take up my protest against this deed, as a bloody and cruel murder—it is a cursed deed, and God will avenge it in his due way and time."

"Then you do not fear to follow?" said the drags, bending on him a look of death, such as that with which a hawk looks at his prey as he pounces.

"Knowman," said the Belle, "was once willingly wad out short his thread of life before the end of his pipe was fairly smoked off on the yarn-vice.—And I have much to do, as I be aye, in this world—public and private business, as well that belonging to the magistracy as to my ain particular, and no doubt I have some to depend on me, as your Martin, who is an orphan—Belle's a forward cousin of the Laird of Limerfield. See that, tying of this together—since for aye, ye all that a man hath, will he give for his life."

"And were I to set you at liberty," said the imperious dame, "what name could you give to the dawning of that dawn day?"

"Oh! oh!—hark! hark!" said the Belle, clearing his throat as well as he could, "I wad staid to say as little as that were as might be—least said is soonest mended."

"But if you were called on by the courts, as you term them, of justice," she again demanded, "what then would be your answer?"

The Belle looked this way and that way, like a person who calculates on escape, and then answered in the tone of one who, seeing no means of accomplishing a retreat, determines to stand the brunt of battle—"I see what you are driving me to the wad about. But I'll tell you't plain, knowman,—I believed just to speak according to my ain conscience; and though your ain goodness, that I wad had been here for his ain wife and mine, as well as the poor Highland creature Dougal, can tell ye that Bob Ferris was wad as hard at a friend's feelings as anybody, yet I've tell ye, knowman, mine's na'er be the tongue to take my thought; and sooner than say that your poor wretch was lawfully slaughtered, I wad consent to be hild beside him.—Though I think ye are the first Highland woman

would not do a doom to her husband's kinsman but for times removed."

It is probable that the tone and language assumed by the Belles in her last speech was better suited to make an impression on the hard heart of his kinswoman than the tone of explanation he had hitherto assumed, so prone can he get with steel, though they could suffer metals. She commanded us both to be placed before her. "Your name," she said to me, "is Osheldstone?—the dead dog, whose death you have witnessed, called you so."

"My name is Osheldstone," was my answer.

"Raskin's, then, I suppose, is your Christian name?" she pursued.

"No,—my name is Francis."

"But you know Raskin's Osheldstone," she continued. "He is your brother, if I mistake not,—at least your kinsman and near friend."

"He is my kinsman," I replied, "but not my friend. We were lately engaged together in a rencontre, when we were separated by a party whom I understand to be your husband. My blood is hardly yet dried on his sword, and the wound on my side is yet green. I have little reason to acknowledge him as a friend."

"Then," she replied, "if a stranger to his intrigues, you can go in safety to Osheldstone and his party without fear of being detained, and carry them a message from the wife of the MacGregor!"

I answered that I knew no reasonable cause why the militia gentlemen should detain me; that I had no reason, on my own account, to fear being in their hands; and that if my going on her embassy would act as a protection to my friend and servant, who were here prisoners, I was ready to set out directly." I took the opportunity to say, "That I had come into this country on her husband's invitation, and his assurance that he would aid me in some important business in which I was interested; that my companion, Mr. Jarvis, had accompanied me on the same errand."

"And I wish Mr. Jarvis's boots had been fit for holding water when he drew them on for this purpose," interrupted the Belles.

"You may read your father," said Helen MacGregor, turning to her son, "in what this young Scotch fellow tells us—What only

when the banner is on his head, and the sword is in his hand, he never exchanges the tartan for the broad-cloth, but he runs himself into the miserable intrigues of the Lowlanders, and he comes again, after all he has suffered, their agent—their tool—their slave."

"Add, madam," said I, "and their benefactor."

"Be it so," she said, for it is the most empty title of them all, since he has uniformly seen benefits to reap a harvest of the most fatal ingratitude.—But enough of that. I shall cause you to be guided to the enemy's outposts. Ask for their commander, and deliver him this message from me, Helen MacGregor;—that if they injure a hair of MacGregor's head, and if they do not set him at liberty within the space of twelve hours, there is not a lady in the Lowland but shall before Christmas cry the curseworn for them she will be loath to lose,—there is not a farmer but shall slay well-a-we over a burnt barnyard and an empty byre,—there is not a laird nor baronet shall lay his head on the pillow at night with the assurance of being a free man in the morning,—and, to begin as we are to end, so soon as the term is expired, I will send them the Glasgow Blade, and the same Captain, and all the rest of my prisoners, each bundled in a plaid, and chopped into as many pieces as there are cheeks in the tartan."

As she passed in her denunciation, Captain Thornton, who was within hearing, added, with great composure, "Present my compliments—Captain Thornton's of the Royals, compliments—to the commanding officer, and tell him to do his duty and secure his prisoner, and not waste a thought upon me. If I have been fool enough to have been led into an ambuscade by these artful scoundrels, I am wise enough to know how to die for it without disgracing the service. I am only sorry for my poor fellows," he said, "that have fallen into such butcherly hands."

"Widst! widst!" exclaimed the Blade; "are ye wairy o' your life!—Ye'll gie my service to the commanding officer, Mr. Campbellstone—Blade Nicol Jarvie's service, a magistrate o' Glasgow, as his father the deacon was before him—and tell him, here are a wairm honest men in great trouble, and like to come to naught, and the best thing he can do for the common good, will be just to let Rob come his wife up the glen, and use mair about it. There's been some ill done here already, but as it has lighted chiefly on the gauger, it wint be muckle worth making a stir about."



With these very opposite injunctions from the parties chiefly interested in the success of my embassy, and with the reflected glances of the wife of MacGregor to remember and detail every word of her expectations, I was at length suffered to depart, and Andrew Farnsworth, chiefly, I believe, to get rid of his domestic supplications, was permitted to attend me. Doubtful, however, that I might use my horse as a means of escape from my guides, or desirous to retain a price of some value, I was given to understand that I was to perform my journey on foot, escorted by Hannah MacGregor, the elder brother, who, with two followers, attended, as well to show me the way, as to reconnoitre the strength and position of the enemy. Douglas had been at first ordered on this party, but he declined to shade the service, with the purpose, as we afterwards understood, of watching near Mr. Jarvis, whom, according to his wild principles of fidelity, he considered as entitled to his good offices, from having once acted in some measure as his patron or master.

After talking with great rapidity about an hour, we arrived at an enclosure covered with brushwood, which gave us a commanding prospect down the valley, and a full view of the post which the militia occupied. Being chiefly cavalry, they had judiciously avoided any attempt to penetrate the post which had been so successfully assailed by Captain Thornton. They had taken up their situation with some military skill, on a rising ground in the centre of the little valley of Aberfeldy, through which the river Forth winds its earliest course, and which is formed by two ridges of hills, faced with barricles of limestone rock, intersected with huge masses of breccia, or pebbles imbedded in some softer substance which has hardened around them like mortar, and surrounded by the more lofty mountains in the distance. These ridges, however, left the valley of breadth enough to secure the cavalry from any sudden surprise by the mountaineers, and they had stationed sentinels and outposts at proper distances from this main body, in every direction, so that they might secure full time to mount and get under arms upon the least alarm. It was not, indeed, expected at that time, that Highlanders would attack easily in an open plain, though late events have shown that they may do so with success.\* When I first knew the Highlanders, they had almost a superstitious

\* The affairs of Pontenness and Falkirk are probably alluded to, which mark the time of writing the *Memoirs* as subsequent to 1746.

these dread of a mounted warrior, the horse being as much more fierce and inspiring in his appearance than the little skulks of their own hills, and moreover being trained, as the more ignorant mountaineers believed, to fight with his feet and his teeth.

The appearance of the proposed horse, feeding in the little vale—the forms of the soldiers, as they sat, stood, or walked, in various groups in the vicinity of the beautiful river, and of the bare yet romantic ranges of rock which hedge in the landscape on either side,—formed a noble foreground; while far to the eastward the eye caught a glimpse of the lake of Minsteth; and Birling Castle, dimly seen along with the blue and distant line of the Oriskany Mountains, closed the scene.

After gazing on this landscape with great admiration, young MacGregor exclaimed to me that I was in danger to the claims of the militia and excite my arms to their commander,—exclaiming me at the same time, with a menacing gesture, neither to inform them who had guided me to that place, nor where I had parted from my men. Thus warned, I descended towards the military post, followed by Andrew, who, only retaining his breeches and stockings of the English costume, without a hat, bare-legged, with breeches on his feet, which Douglas had given him out of compassion, and having a tattered girdle to supply the want of all upper garments, looked as if he had been playing the part of a Highland Tom-of-Bodnam. We had not proceeded far before we became visible to one of the videttes, who, riding towards us, presented his carbine and commanded me to stand. I obeyed, and when the soldier came up, desired to be conducted to his commanding-officer. I was immediately brought where a circle of officers, sitting upon the grass, seemed in attendance upon one of superior rank. He wore a cutout of polished steel, over which were shown the insignia of the ancient Order of the Thistle. My friend Garabhanachan, and many other gentlemen, some in uniform, others in their ordinary dress, but all armed and well attended, seemed to receive their orders from this person of distinction. Many servants in rich livery, apparently a part of his household, were also in waiting.

Having paid to this gentleman the respect which his rank appeared to demand, I acquainted him that I had been an involuntary witness to the king's soldiers having suffered a defeat from the Highlanders at the pass of Loch-dart (such I

had learned was the name of the place where Mr. Thomson was made prisoner), and that the viceroy threatened every species of atrocity to those who had fallen into their power, as well as to the Low Country in general, unless their Chief, who had that morning been made prisoner, were returned to them unharmed. The Duke (for he whom I addressed was of no less a rank) listened to me with great composure, and then replied, that he should be extremely sorry to expose the unfortunate gentlemen who had been made prisoners to the cruelty of the barbarous into whose hands they had fallen, but that it was folly to suppose that he would deliver up the very authors of all these disorders and offences, and so encourage his followers in their crimes. "You may return to those who sent you," he proceeded, "and inform them, that I shall certainly cause Rob Roy Campbell, whom they call MacGinger, to be executed, by break of day, as an offence taken in arms, and deserving death by a thousand acts of violence; that I should be most justly told unworthily of my situation and consciousness did I not otherwise, that I shall know how to protect the country against their insolent threats of violence; and that if they injure a hair of the head of any of the unfortunate gentlemen whom an unlucky accident has thrown into their power, I will take such ample vengeance, that the very stones of their glass shall ring out for it this hundred years to come!"

I humbly begged leave to concentrate respecting the honourable mission imposed on me, and touched upon the serious danger attending it, when the noble commander replied, "that such being the case, I might send my servant."

"The devil be in my foot," said Andrew, without either having respect to the presence in which he stood, or waiting till I replied—"the devil be in my foot, if I gang my tale length. Do the folk think I hae another threggie in my pouch after John Highlandman's smacked this one wi' his footling? or that I can chie down at the lee side of a Highland loch and dree at the tofter, like a shell-drake? Na, na—lik me for myself, and God for us a'. Folk may just make a page of their own eyes, and serve themselves till their brains grow up, and gang their own errands for Andrew. Rob Roy never came near the parish of Drenghilly, to steal either pappie or pore frae me or mine."

Blaming my follower with some difficulty, I represented to the Duke the great danger Captain Thomson and Mr. Jarvis

would certainly be exposed to, and extracted he would make me the bearer of such modified terms as might be the means of saving their lives. I assured him I should decline no danger if I could be of service; but from what I had heard and seen, I had little doubt they would be instantly murdered should the chief of the outlaws suffer death.

The Duke was obviously much affected. "It was a hard case," he said, "and he felt it as such; but he had a paramount duty to perform to the country—*Rob Roy must die!*"

I own it was not without emotion that I heard this threat of instant death to my acquaintance Campbell, who had so often testified his good-will towards me. Nor was I singular in the feeling, for many of those around the Duke ventured to express themselves in his favour. "It would be more advisable," they said, "to send him to Stirling Castle, and there detain him a close prisoner, as a pledge for the submission and dispersion of his gang. It were a great pity to expose the country to be plundered, which, now that the long nights approached, it would be found very difficult to prevent, since it was impossible to guard every point, and the Highlanders were sure to select those that were left exposed." They added, that there was great hardship in leaving the unfortunate prisoners to the almost certain doom of massacre denounced against them, which no one doubted would be executed in the first burst of revenge.

Glenbatashie ventured yet further, speaking in the favour of the prisoners whom he addressed, although he knew he had particular reasons for desiring their prison. "*Rob Roy*," he said, "though a little neighbour to the Low Country, and particularly obnoxious to his Grace, and though he maybe carried the outlaws trade further than any man of his day, was an odd-farmed rascal, and there might be some means of making him bear reason; whereas his wife and sons were worthless fools, without either fear or money about them, and, at the head of a' his Nimrod loose, would be a worse plague to the country than ever he had been."

"Pooh! pooh!" replied his Grace, "it is the very same old creaking of the miller which has so long maintained his crys—a mere Highland robber would have been put down in as many weeks as he has flourished years. His gang, without him, is no more to be dreaded as a permanent annoyance—it will be

larger coil—than a wasp without its head, which may sting once perhaps, but is instantly crushed into nonexistence."

Guschnatshkin was not so easily silenced. "I am sure, my Lord Duke," he replied, "I have no favour for Bob, and he is little for me, seeing he has twice dented out my own eyes, bawled death among my friends; but, however"—

"But, however, Guschnatshkin," said the Duke, with a smile of peculiar expression, "I fancy you think such a freedom may be pardoned in a friend's friend, and Bob's supposed to be so easy to Major Galland's friends over the water?"

"If it be so, my lord," said Guschnatshkin, in the same tone of jocularity, "it's no the worst thing I have heard of him. But I wish we heard some news from the ship, that we have waited for so long. I vow to God they'll keep a Highlandman's word w' us—I never hear'd them better—it's all drawing boots open town."

"I cannot believe it," said the Duke. "These gentlemen are known to be men of honour, and I must necessarily suppose they are to keep their appointment. Send out two more horsemen to look for our friends. We cannot, till their arrival, pretend to attack the pass where Captain Thornton has suffered himself to be surprised, and which, to my knowledge, ten men on foot might make good against a regiment of the best horse in Europe.—Meanwhile let refreshments be given to the men."

I had the benefit of this last order, the more summary and acceptable, as I had tasted nothing since our hearty meal at Aberfeldy the evening before. The videttes who had been dispatched returned without tidings of the expected auxiliaries, and almost was approaching, when a Highlander belonging to the clan whose co-operation was expected, appeared at the bottom of a letter, which he delivered to the Duke with a most profound cough.

"Now will I wad a hoghead of claret," said Guschnatshkin, "that this is a message to tell us that those cursed Highlanders, whom we have ditched here at the expense of so much plague and vexation, are going to draw off, and leave us to do our own business if we can."

"It is even so, gentlemen," said the Duke, reddening with indignation, after having perused the letter, which was written upon a very dirty scrap of paper, but most carefully unfolded, "For the much-honoured heads of Aze High and

Nighty Prince, the Duke," &c. &c. &c. "Our allies," continued the Duke, "have deserted us, gentlemen, and have made a separate peace with the enemy."

"It's just the fate of all alliances," said Groubathairie, "the Dutch were going to serve us the same gale, if we had not got the start of them at Utrecht."

"You are foolish, sir," said the Duke, with a frown which showed how little he liked the pliancy; "but our business is rather of a grave cast just now.—I suppose no gentleman would advise our attempting to penetrate farther into the country, unsupported either by friendly Highlanders, or by infantry from Lorrain?"

A general answer answered that the attempt would be perfect madness.

"Nor would there be great wisdom," the Duke added, "in remaining exposed to a night-attack in this place. I therefore propose that we should return to the house of Dookery and that of Gartarian, and keep each and every watch and ward until morning. But before we separate, I will examine Bob Roy before you all, and make you sensible, by your own eyes and ears, of the extreme weakness of leaving him upon for further outrage." He gave orders accordingly, and the prisoner was brought before him, his arms belted down above the elbow, and secured to his body by a horse-girls buckled tight behind him. Two non-commissioned officers had hold of him, one on each side, and two file of men with carbines and fixed bayonets attended for additional security.

I had never seen this man in the dress of his country, which set in a striking point of view the peculiarities of his form. A shock-head of red hair, which the hat and perwig of the Lowland costume had in a great measure concealed, was seen beneath the Highland bonnet, and verified the epithet of *Roy*, or *Red*, by which he was much better known in the Low Country than by any other, and is still, I suppose, best remembered. The justice of the appellation was also indicated by the appearance of that part of his limbs, from the bottom of his kilt to the top of his short hose, which the fashion of his country does not hide, and which was covered with a bill of black, short, red hair, especially around his knees, which amounted in this respect, as well as from their shaggy appearance of extreme strength, the limbs of a red-coloured Highland bull. Upon the

whole, betwixt the effect produced by the change of dress, and by my having become acquainted with his real and formidable character, his appearance had acquired to my eyes something so much wilder and more striking than it before presented, that I could scarce recognise him to be the same person.

His manner was bold, uncontrived, and free by the actual looks, language, and even dignified. He bowed to the Duke, nodded to Greshamstead and others, and showed some surprise at seeing me among the party.

"It is long since we have met, Mr. Campbell," said the Duke.

"It is so, my Lord Duke; I could have wished it had been" (glancing at the starting on his arms) "when I could have better paid the compliments I owe to your Grace;—but there's a gale was coming."

"No time like the time present, Mr. Campbell," answered the Duke, "for the hours are fast flying that must settle your last account with all mortal affairs. I do not say this to smother your distress; but you must be aware yourself that you draw near the end of your career. I do not deny that you may sometimes have done less harm than others of your unhappy trade, and that you may occasionally have exhibited marks of talent, and even of a disposition which promised better things. But you are aware how long you have been the terror and the oppressor of a peaceful neighbourhood, and by what acts of violence you have maintained and extended your usurped authority. You know, in short, that you have deserved death, and that you must prepare for it."

"My Lord," said Rob Roy, "although I may well lay my misfortune at your Grace's door, yet I will never say that you yourself have been the wilful and willing author of them. My Lord, if I had thought so, your Grace would not this day have been sitting in judgment on me; for you have been three times within good rifle distance of me when you were thinking but of the red deer, and few people have been'd me more my sin. But as for them that have abused your Grace's ear, and set you up against a man that was once as peaceful a man as any in the land, and made your name the warrant for driving me to other extremity,—I have had some accounts of them, and, for a' that your Grace now says, I expect to live to hear more."

"I know," said the Duke, in rising anger, "that you are a

determined and impudent villain, who will keep his oath if he swears to mischief; but it shall be my care to prevent you. You have no enemies but your own wicked actions."

"Had I called myself *Chesham*, instead of *Campbell*, I might have heard less about them," answered *Rob Roy*, with dogged resolution.

"You will do well, sir," said the Duke, "to warn your wife and family and followers, to beware how they use the gentlemen now in their hands, as I will require reward on them, and their kin and allies, the slightest injury done to any of his Majesty's loyal subjects."

"My Lord," said *Roy* in answer, "some of my enemies will allege that I have been a bloodthirsty man, and were I now wif my kilt, I could raise four or five hundred wild Highlanders as easy as your Grace three eight or ten laddys and foot-boys—But if your Grace is bent to take the head away from a house, ye may lay your account there will be murther among the men—However, come a't what like, there's an honest man, a kinsman of my ails, wants some by me skith. Is there any body here wad do a guid deed for *MacGregor*?—he may repay it, though his hands be now tied."

The Highlander who had delivered the letter to the Duke replied, "I'll do your will for you, *MacGregor*; and I'll gang back up the glen on purpose."

He advanced, and received from the prisoner a message to his wife, which, being in Gaelic, I did not understand, but I had little doubt it related to some measures to be taken for the safety of *Mr. Jarvis*.

"Do you hear the fellow's impudence?" said the Duke; "he confides in his character of a messenger. His conduct is of a piece with his master's, who invited us to make common cause against these freebooters, and have deserted us as soon as the *MacGregors* have agreed to surrender the *Redgauntlet* lands they were squabbling about."

No truth in plaids, no faith in tartan hose;  
Chesham-like, they stamp a thousand lies."

"Your great master never said so, my Lord," answered *Major Galbraith*;—"and, with submission, neither would your Grace have reason to say it, wad ye but be for beginning justice at the well-head—Ois the honest man his near again—



Let every hand wear life and honour, and the distractions of the Lowland will be recalled to them of the land."

"Hush! hush! Charlesworths," said the Duke, "this is language dangerous for you to talk to any one, and especially to me; but I promise you reckon yourself a privileged person. Please to draw off your party towards Charleston; I shall myself see the prisoner escorted to Dudding, and send you orders to-morrow. You will please grant no leave of absence to any of your troops."

"Kneels and crawling and counter-crawling," muttered Charlesworths between his teeth. "But patience! patience!—we may as dry play at change with the king's maning."

The two troops of cavalry now formed, and prepared to march off the ground, that they might avail themselves of the remainder of daylight to get to their evening quarters. I received no intimation, rather than an invitation, to attend the party; and I perceived, that, though no longer considered as a prisoner, I was yet under some sort of suspicion. The times were indeed so dangerous,—the great party questions of Jacobites and Hanoverians divided the country so effectually,—and the constant disputes and jealousies between the Highlanders and Lowlanders, besides a number of unquenchable causes of feud which separated the great leading families in Scotland from each other, occasioned such general suspicion, that a solitary and unappointed stranger was almost sure to meet with something disagreeable in the course of his travels.

I acquiesced, however, in my destination with the best grace I could, concealing myself with the hope that I might obtain from the captive freemason some information concerning English and his meditations. I should do myself injustice did I not add, that my views were not merely selfish. I was too much interested in my singular acquaintance not to be desirous of rendering him such services as his unfortunate situation might demand, or assist of his recovery.

## CHAPTER THIRTY-THIRD.

And when he came to further bring,  
He bent his bow and arrow;  
And when he came to greet greeting,  
He drew his bow and arrow.

THE MOUNTAIN.

THE column of the rocks and ravines, on either side, now rang to the trumpet of the cavalry, which, forming themselves into two distinct bodies, began to move down the valley at a slow trot. That commanded by Major Galbraith soon took to the right hand, and crossed the Forth, for the purpose of taking up the position assigned them for the night, when they were to encamp, as I understood, on old castle in the vicinity. They formed a lively object while crossing the stream, but were soon lost in winding up the bank on the opposite side, which was dotted with wood.

We continued our march with considerable good order. To ensure the safe custody of the prisoner, the Duke had caused him to be placed on horseback behind one of his retainers, called, as I was informed, Evan of Brigglands, one of the largest and strongest men who were present. A horse-bell, passed round the bodies of both, and knuckled before the yeoman's breast, rendered it impossible for Rob Roy to free himself from his keeper. I was directed to keep close beside them, and accommodated for the purpose with a troop-horse. We were as closely surrounded by the soldiers as the width of the road would permit, and had always at least one, if not two, on each side, with pistol in hand. Andrew Fairweather, furnished with a Highland pony, of which they had made prey somewhere or other, was permitted to ride among the other domestics, of whom a great number attended the line of march, though without falling into the ranks of the more regularly trained troops.

In this manner we travelled for a certain distance, until we arrived at a place where we also were to cross the river. The Forth, as being the outlet of a lake, is of considerable depth, even where less important in point of width, and the descent to the ford was by a broken precipitous ravine, which only per-

trilled one horseman to dismount at once. The men and women of our small body holding on the bank while the first file passed down in succession, produced a considerable delay, as is usual on such occasions, and even some confusion; for a number of these riders, who made no proper part of the squadron, crowded to the front without regularity, and made the entire cavalry, although tolerably well drilled, partake in some degree of their own disorder.

It was while we were thus bottled together on the bank that I heard Rob Roy whisper to the man behind whom he was placed on horseback, "Your father, Evan, weels has carried an odd fiddie to the shambles, like a cat, for a' the Dukes in Christendom."

Evan returned no answer, but shrugged, as one who would express by that sign that what he was doing was none of his own choice.

"And when the MacGregors come down the glen, and ye see Tom Buckle, a bluddy heart-thane, and the fire flashing out between the ridges o' your brows, ye may be thinking then, Evan, that were your friend Rob to the fore, ye would have had that sab which it will make your heart sick to lose."

Evan of Braggkade upon shrugged and growled, but remained silent.

"It's a sair thing," continued Rob, sliding his insinuations so gently into Evan's ear that they reached no other but mine, who certainly saw myself in no shape called upon to destroy his prospects of escape—"It's a sair thing, that Evan of Braggkade, whom Roy MacGregor has helped with hand, sword, and pike, will mind a ghaist from a great man mair than a frier's life."

Evan seemed sorely agitated, but was silent.—We heard the Duke's voice from the opposite bank call, "Bring over the prisoner."

Evan put his horse in motion, and just as I heard Roy say, "Never weigh a MacGregor's blade against a broken whang o' leather, for there will be another accounting to gie for it both here and hereafter," they passed me hastily, and dashing forward rather precipitately, entered the water.

"Not yet, sir—not yet," said some of the troopers to me, as I was about to follow, while others pressed forward into the stream.

I saw the Duke on the other side, by the waning light, engaged in commanding his people to get into order, as they landed desperately, some higher, some lower. Many had crossed, some were in the water, and the rest were preparing to follow, when a sudden splash warned me that MacGregor's disfigurement had prevailed on Ewan to give him freedom and a chance for life. The Duke also heard the sound, and instantly guessed its meaning. "Dug!" he exclaimed to Ewan as he landed, "where is your prisoner?" and, without waiting to hear the apology which the terrified vessel began to filter forth, he fired a pistol at his head, whether fatally I know not, and exclaimed, "Gentlemen, disperse and pursue the villains.—An hundred guineas for him that secures Rob Roy!"

All became an instant scene of the most lively confusion. Rob Roy, disengaged from his bonds, doubtless by Ewan's slipping the buckle of his belt, had dropped off at the horse's tail, and instantly dived, passing under the belly of the troop-horse which was on his left hand. But as he was obliged to come to the surface an instant for air, the glances of his tartan plaid drew the attention of the troopers, some of whom plunged into the river, with a total disregard to their own safety, rushing, according to the expression of their country, through pool and stream, sometimes swimming their horses, sometimes losing them and struggling for their own lives. Others, less zealous or more prudent, broke off in different directions, and galloped up and down the banks, to watch the places at which the fugitive might possibly land. The howling, the whooping, the calls for aid at different points, where they saw, or suspected they saw, some vestige of him they were seeking,—the frequent report of pistols and carbines, fired at every object which excited the least suspicion,—the sight of so many horsemen riding about, in and out of the river, and striving with their long broadswords at whatever excited their attention, joined to the vain questions used by their officers to restore order and regularity,—and all this in so wild a scene, and visible only by the imperfect twilight of an autumn evening, made the most extraordinary hubbub I had hitherto witnessed. I was indeed left alone to observe it, for our whole encampment had dispersed in pursuit, or at least to see the event of the search. Indeed, as I partly suspected at the time, and afterwards learned with certainty, many of those who seemed most active in their

attempts to snatch and recover the fugitive, were, in actual truth, but desires that he should be taken, and only joined in this cry to increase the general confusion, and to give Bob Ray a better opportunity of escaping.

Escape, indeed, was not difficult for a swimmer so expert as the fisher-boy, as soon as he had eluded the first burst of pursuit. At one time he was closely pressed, and several blows were made which flushed in the water around him; the noise reminding one of the otter-barks which I had seen at Quabbinosee Hall, where the animal is detected by the hunters from his being accustomed to put his nose above the stream to vent or breathe, while he is enabled to shake them by getting under water again as soon as he has refreshed himself by respiration. MacGrigor, however, had a trick beyond the otter; for he contrived, when very closely pressed, to disengage himself unobserved from his pursuers, and suffer it to float down the stream, where in its progress it quickly attracted general attention: many of the houses were then put upon a false scent, and several shots or sticks were averted from the party for whom they were designed.

Once fifty out of view, the recovery of the prisoner became almost impossible, since, in so many places, the river was rendered inaccessible by the steepness of its banks, or the thickets of alders, poplars, and birch, which, overhanging its banks, prevented the approach of horsemen. Errors and accidents had also happened among the pursuers, whose task the approaching night rendered every moment more hopeless. Some got themselves involved in the eddies of the stream, and required the assistance of their companions to save them from drowning. Others, hurt by sticks or blows in the confused melee, required help or threatened vengeance, and in one or two instances such accidents led to actual strife. The troops, therefore, attended the retreat, murmuring that the commanding officer, with whatsoever unwillingness, had for the present relinquished hopes of the important prize which had thus unexpectedly escaped his grasp, and the troops began slowly, reluctantly, and bowing with each other as they returned, again to resume their march. I could see them darkening, as they flamed on the southern bank of the river,—whose murmurs, long drowned by the louder cries of rapturous pursuit, were now heard loudly

mingling with the deep, discontented, and reproachful voice of the disappointed horsemen.

Hitherto I had been as if I were a mere spectator, though far from an uninterested one, of the singular scene which had passed. But now I heard a voice suddenly exclaim, "Where is the English stranger?—It was he gave that Bay the kick to cut the belt."

"Clear the post-pulling to the shafts!" cried one voice.

"Wield a brace of bells through his harness!" said a second.

"Drive those ladies of could air into his bridle!" shouted a third.

And I heard several horses galloping to and fro, with the kind purpose, doubtless, of expediting these demonstrations. I was immediately awakened to the sense of my situation, and to the certainty that cruel men, having no restraint whatever on their irritated and inflamed passions, would probably begin by shooting or cutting me down, and afterwards investigate the parties of the action. Impressed by this belief, I leaped from my horse, and turning him loose, plunged into a bush of alder-trees, where, considering the advancing obscurity of the night, I thought there was little chance of my being discovered. Had I been near enough to the Duke to have limited his personal protection, I would have done so; but he had already commenced his retreat, and I saw no officer on the left bank of the river, of authority sufficient to have afforded protection, in case of my surrendering myself. I thought there was no point of honour which could require, in such circumstances, an unnecessary exposure of my life. My first idea, when the tumult began to be appeased, and the clatter of the horses' feet was heard less frequently in the immediate vicinity of my hiding-place, was to seek out the Duke's quarters, when all should be quiet, and give myself up to him, as a large subject, who had nothing to fear from his justice, and a stranger, who had every right to expect protection and hospitality. With this purpose I crept out of my hiding-place, and looked around me.

The twilight had now melted nearly into darkness; a few or none of the trumpets were left on my side of the Forth, and of those who were already across it, I only heard the distant trample of the horses' feet, and the wailing and prolonged sound of their trumpets, which rang through the woods to recall

strugglers. Here, therefore, I was left in a situation of considerable difficulty. I had no horse, and the deep and whirling stream of the river, rendered turbid by the late torrents of which its channel had been the scene, and seeming yet more so under the doubtful influence of an imperfect moonlight, had no looking influence for a pedestrian by no means accustomed to wade rivers, and who had lately seen horsemen wading, in this dangerous passage, up to the very saddle-bags. At the same time, my prospect, if I remained on the side of the river on which I then stood, could be no other than of concluding the various fatigues of this day and the preceding night, by passing that which was now closing in, at *four* on the side of a Highland hill.

After a moment's reflection, I began to consider that Pickerswee, who had doubtless crossed the river with the other domestics, according to his forward and impertinent custom of putting himself always among the foremost, could not fail to satisfy the Duke, or the competent authorities, respecting my rank and situation; and that, therefore, my character did not require my immediate appearance, at the risk of being drowned in the river—of being unable to trace the march of the squadron in case of my reaching the other side in safety—or, finally, of being cut down, right or wrong, by some straggler, who might think such a piece of good service a convenient excuse for not sooner rejoicing his tracks. I therefore resolved to retrace my steps back to the little inn, where I had passed the preceding night. I had nothing to apprehend from Bob Roy. He was now at liberty, and I was certain, in case of my falling in with any of his people, the news of his escape would ensure me protection. I might thus also show, that I had no intention to desert Mr. Jarvis in the delicate situation in which he had engaged himself chiefly on my account. And lastly, it was only in this quarter that I could hope to learn tidings concerning Raskleigh and my father's papers, which had been the original cause of an expedition so fraught with perilous adventures. I therefore slackened all thoughts of crossing the Forth that evening; and, turning my back on the Falls of Fyvie, began to retrace my steps towards the little village of Aberfeldy.

A sharp frost-wind, which made itself heard and felt from time to time, removed the clouds of mist which might other-  
wise have shrouded till morning on the valley; and, though

It could not totally disperse the clouds of vapour, yet these then in confused and changeful masses, now hovering round the heads of the mountains, now filling, as with a dense and voluminous steam of smoke, the various deep gullies where masses of the composite rock, or breccia, tumbling in fragments from the cliffs, have rushed to the valley, leaving each behind its course a nest and torn vortex resembling a deserted water-course. The moon, which was now high, and twinkled with all the vivacity of a frosty atmosphere, silvered the windings of the river and the peaks and precipices which the mist left visible, while her beams seemed as if were absorbed by the frosty whiteness of the mist, where it lay thick and condensed; and gave to the moon light and vapoury spots, which were elsewhere visible, a sort of filmy transparency resembling the lightest veil of silver gauze. Despite the uncertainty of my situation, a view so romantic, joined to the serene and inspiring influence of the frosty atmosphere, elevated my spirits while it braced my nerves. I felt an inclination to cast care away, and bid defiance to danger, and involuntarily whistled, by way of defiance to my steps, which my feeling of the cold led me to accelerate, and I felt the pulses of adventure beat prouder and higher in proportion as I felt confidence in my own strength, courage, and resources. I was so much lost in these thoughts, and in the feelings which they excited, that two horsemen came up behind me without my hearing their approach, until one was on each side of me, when the left-hand rider, pulling up his horse, addressed me in the English tongue—"Do ho, friend, I whistler as late?"

"To my supper and bed at Aberfeldy," I replied.

"Are the passes open?" he inquired, with the same commanding tone of voice.

"I do not know," I replied; "I shall learn when I get there. But," I added, the tale of Morris recurring to my recollection, "if you are an English stranger, I advise you to turn back till daylight; there has been some disturbance in this neighbourhood, and I should hesitate to say it is perfectly safe for strangers."

"The advice had the worst!—had they not?" was the reply.

"They had indeed; and an officer's party were destroyed or made prisoners."



"Are you sure of that?" replied the horseman.

"As sure as that I hear you speak," I replied. "I was an unwilling spectator of the skirmish."

"Unwilling?" continued the interrogator. "Were you not engaged in it then?"

"Certainly no," I replied; "I was detained by the king's officer."

"On what mission? and who are you? or what is your name?" he continued.

"I really do not know, sir," said I, "why I should answer so many questions to an unknown stranger. I have told you enough to convince you that you are going into a dangerous and distracted country. If you choose to proceed, it is your own affair; but as I ask you no questions respecting your name and business, you will oblige me by making no inquiries after mine."

"Mr. Francis Caballero," said the other rider, in a voice the tones of which thrilled through every nerve of my body, "should not violate his favourite rule when he wishes to remain unknown."

And Miss Vernon—for she, wrapped in a horseman's cloak, was the last speaker—whistled in playful mimicry the second part of the tune which was on my lips when they came up.

"Good God!" I exclaimed, like one thunderstruck, "can it be you, Miss Vernon, on such a spot—at such an hour—in such a lawless country—in such"—

"In such a midnight dress, you would say.—But what would you have? The philosophy of the excellent Corporal Nym is the best after all; things must be as they may—*parce viro.*"

While she was thus speaking, I eagerly took advantage of an unusually bright gleam of moonshine, to study the appearance of her companion; for it may be easily supposed, that finding Miss Vernon in a place so solitary, engaged in a journey so dangerous, and under the protection of one gentleman only, was circumstances to excite every feeling of jealousy, as well as surprise. The rider did not speak with the deep melody of Radcliffe's voice; his tones were more high and commanding; he was taller, moreover, as he sat on horseback, than that favourite object of my hate and suspicion. Neither did the stranger's address resemble that of any of my other enemies; it

had that indefinable tone and manner by which we recognise a note of sense and breeding, even in the least few sentences he speaks.

The object of my anxiety seemed desirous to get rid of my investigation.

"Diana," he said, in a tone of mingled kindness and authority, "give your cousin his property, and let us not spend time here."

Mrs. Vernon had in the meantime taken out a small case, and leaning down from her horse towards me, she said, in a tone in which an effort at her usual quiet lightness of expression contended with a deeper and more grave tone of sentiment, "You see, my dear one, I was born to be your better angel! Kinsleigh has been compelled to yield up his spoil, and had remained this same village of Abertol last night, as we purposed, I should have found some Highland spick to have waited to you all these representatives of commercial wealth. But there were giants and dragons in the way; and eventinghills and duncans of modern times, bold though they be, must not, as of yore, run into useless danger—Do not you do so either, my dear one."

"Diana," said her companion, "let me once more warn you that the evening wears late, and we are still distant from our home."

"I am coming, sir, I am coming—Consider," she added, with a sigh, "how lately I have been subjected to control—besides, I have not yet given my cousin the packet, and bid him farewell—for ever. Yes, Frank," she said, "for ever!—there is a gulf between us—a gulf of absolute perdition;—where we go, you must not follow—what we do, you must not share in—Farewell—be happy!"

In the attitude in which she bent from her horse, which was a Highland pony, her face, not perhaps altogether unwillingly, touched mine. She pressed my hand, while the tear that troubled in her eye found its way to my cheek instead of her own. It was a moment never to be forgotten—unexpressed but better, yet mixed with a sensation of pleasure so deeply soothing and affecting, as at once to unlock all the flood-gates of the heart. It was but a moment, however, for, instantly recovering from the feeling to which she had involuntarily given way, she returned to her companion she was ready to attend him, and

putting their horses in a brisk pace, they were soon far distant from the place where I stood.

Heaven knows, it was not apathy which locked my frame and my tongue so much, that I could neither return Miss Vernon's kind embrace, nor even answer her farewell. The week, though it was to my tongue, seemed to choke in my throat like the fatal galling which the delinquent who smokes it has felt, known must be followed by the doom of death. The surprise—the sorrow, almost stupified me. I remained motionless with the parker in my hand, gazing after them, as if endeavouring to arrest the spiritus which flew from the horses' heads. I continued to look after even those had ceased to be visible, and to listen for their footsteps long after the last distant trampling had died in my ears. At length, tears rushed to my eyes, glazed as they were by the emotion of standing after what was no longer to be seen. I wiped them mechanically, and almost without being aware that they were flowing—but they came thicker and thicker; I felt the tightening of the throat and breast—the hysterical paroxysm of your Last; and sitting down by the wayside, I shed a flood of the first and most bitter tears which had flowed from my eyes since childhood.

## CHAPTER THIRTY-FOURTH.

*English.*—Byrd, I think the interpreter is the best to be understood of the two.  
*German.*

I had never given vent to my feelings in this paroxysm, nor I was ashamed of my weakness. I remembered that I had been for some time endeavouring to regard Miss Vernon, when her idea intruded itself as my reasonance, as a friend, for whose welfare I should indeed always be anxious, but with whom I could have little further communication. But the almost unexpressed tenderness of her manner, joined to the remembrance of our earlier meeting where it was so little to have been expected, were circumstances which threw me entirely off my guard. I recovered, however, sooner than might have been expected, and without giving myself time accurately to examine my motives, I

resumed the path on which I had been travelling when overtaken by this strange and unexpected apparition.

"I am not," was my reflection, "imagining her inaction as pathetically given, since I am but pursuing my own journey by the only open route.—If I have succeeded in recovering my father's property, it still remains incumbent on me to see my Glasgow friend delivered from the situation in which he has involved himself on my account; besides, what other place of rest can I obtain for the night excepting at the little inn of Aberfeldy? They also must stop there, since it is impossible for travellers on horseback to go further.—Well, then, we shall meet again—meet for the last time perhaps.—But I shall see and hear her—I shall learn who this happy man is who exercises over her the authority of a husband—I shall learn if there remains, in the difficult course in which she seems engaged, any difficulty which my efforts may remove, or ought that I can do to express my gratitude for her generosity—for her disinterested friendship."

As I reasoned thus with myself, colouring with every plausible pretext which occurred to my ingenuously my passionate desire once more to see and converse with my cousin, I was suddenly hailed by a touch on the shoulder; and the deep voice of a Highlander, who, walking still faster than I, though I was proceeding at a smart pace, arrested me with, "A hae night, Minister Galskeltane—we have met at the milk hour before now."

There was no mistaking the tone of MacGregor; he had escaped the pursuit of his enemies, and was in full retreat to his own wilds and to his affluents. He had also contrived to amuse himself, probably at the house of some secret adherent, for he had a memento on his shoulder, and the usual Highland response by his side. To have found myself alone with such a character in such a situation, and at this late hour in the evening, might not have been pleasant to me in any ordinary mood of mind; for, though habituated to think of Rob Roy in rather a friendly point of view, I will confess frankly that I never heard him speak but that it seemed to thrill my blood. The intonation of the mountaineers gives a habitual depth and solemnity to the sound of their words, owing to the guttural expression so common in their native language, and they usually speak with a good deal of emphasis. To these national peculiarities Rob Roy added

without receiving an answer; "this day's work has been over enough for one day; let us rest to-day."

The tone of kindness in which this was spoken, reaching me to myself, and to the alleviation of my situation, I continued my narrative as well as I could. But they expressed great satisfaction at the successful result in the past.

"They say," he observed, "that king's chief is better than other folk's men; but I think that cannot be said of king's soldiers, if they let themselves be beaten by a woman and carles that are past fighting, and believe that are no more left, and wives wif their make and details, the very wally-designs of the country-side. And Dougal Greger, too—who wad has thought there had been as much's sense in his tatt'paw, that w'e'er had a better covering than his ain shaggy hamock of hair!—But my awg—though I dread what's to come next—for my Elphinstone's intimate devil when her kind's up—pair thing, she has over much's reason."

I observed as much delivery as I could in communicating to him the words we had received, but I obviously saw the detail gave him great pain.

"I wad rather than a thousand merks," he said, "that I had been at home! To men's strength, and danger o', my own natural count, that had showed me the kindness—I wad rather they had burned half the Lomax in their folly! But this comes o' trusting women and their heirs, that have neither measure nor reason in their dealings. However, it's o' owing to that dog of a gauger, who betrayed me by pretending a message from your cousin Raldbagh, to meet him on the king's affairs, while I thought was very free to be meet Quarabachin and a party of the Lomax dedicating themselves for King James. Faith! but I kn'd I was close beguiled when I heard the Duke was there; and when they stopped the horse-girth over my arms, I might have judged what was telling me; for I kn'd your kinman, being, wif pardon, a slippery body himself, to prove to employ those of his ain kindred—I wish he never has been at the bottom o' the play himself—I thought the devil Morris looked devilish queer when I determined he should remain a wad, or hostage, for my safe back-coming. But I see some lack, and thanks to him, or them that employed him; and the question is, how the collector has it to win back himself—I promise him it will not be without a reason."

"Murder," said I, "has already paid the last service which mortal man can give."

"Eh! What?" exclaimed my companion hastily; "what d'ye say? I trust it was in the shower he was killed!"

"He was slain in cold blood after the fight was over, Mr. Campbell."

"Cold blood!—Damnation!" he said, muttering between his teeth—"How fell that, sir? Speak out, sir, and do not fluster or Campbell me—my foot is on my native heath, and my name is MacGregor!"

His passions were obviously irritated; but without exciting the violence of his tone, I gave him a short and distinct account of the death of Morris. He struck the butt of his gun with great vehemence against the ground, and broke out—"I see to that, such a deed might make one bowerer kin, clan, country, wife, and lineage! And yet the villain wrought long for it. And what is the difference between wading below the water w' a stone about your neck, and wading in the wild w' a tether round it?—It's but shaking after it, and he drew the doom he stilled for me. I could have wished, though, they had rather putted a ball through him, or a dirk; for the furies o' removing him will give rise to many ill clavers—But every right has his ward, and we mean it' see when our day comes—And nobody will deny that Robin MacGregor has deep wrongs to avenge."

So saying, he seemed to dismiss the theme altogether from his mind, and proceeded to inquire how I got free from the party in whose hands he had seen me.

My story was soon told; and I added the episode of my having recovered the papers of my father, though I dared not trust my voice to name the name of Diana.

"I was sure ye wad get them," said MacGregor;—"the letter ye brought me contained his Excellency's pleasure to that effect; and now doubt it was my will to have aided in it. And I asked ye up into this place on the very errand. But 'tis like his Excellency has forgotthered w' Blackleg more than I expected."

The last part of this narrative was what most sorely struck me.

"Was the letter I brought ye, then, from this person ye call his Excellency? Who is he? and what is his rank and proper name?"

"I am thinking," said MacGregor, "that since ye share him them already they seem to *o' muchle consequence* to ye, and me I shall say nothing on that score. But wad I wad the letter was frae his own hand, or, having a sort of business of my own on my hands, being, as ye wad say, just as much as I can, daily manage, I coon say I wad ha' failed myself an *muchle about the matter*."

I now recollected the lights seen in the library—the various circumstances which had excited my jealousy—the glove—the existence of the tapestry which covered the secret passage from Rutledge's apartment; and, above all, I recollected that Emma retired in order to write, as I then thought, the billet to which I was to have recourse in case of the last necessity. Her hours, then, were not spent in solitude, but in listening to the addresses of some desperate agent of Jacobinical treason, who was a secret resident within the mansion of her uncle! Other young women have sold themselves for gold, or suffered themselves to be seduced from their first love from vanity; but Emma had sacrificed my affections and her own to pursue the fortunes of some desperate adventurer—to seek the laurels of heroism through midnight forests, with no better hopes of mark or fortune than that ministry of both which the mask court of the Stewarts at St. Germain's held in their power to bestow.

"I will see her," I said internally, "if it be possible, more soon, I will argue with her as a friend—as a kinsman—on the risk she is incurring, and I will facilitate her retreat to France, where she may, with more comfort and propriety, as well as safety, abide the issue of the tempest which the political treacherer, to whom she has united her fate, in darkness kindled is pouring into motion."

"I conclude, then," I said to MacGregor, after about five minutes' silence on both sides, "that her *Excelsior*, since you give me no other name for this, was residing in Chesholme Hall at the same time with myself?"

"To be sure—to be sure—and in the young lady's apartment, as her room was." This gratuitous information was adding gall to bitterness. "But how," added MacGregor, "wer'd he was carried there, save Rutledge and Sir Hildbrand, for you were out of the question, and the young lady haes wit enough to see the cat face the event.—But it's a her's well-furnished house, and what I specially admire is the abundance o' ladies

and horse and carriages—go would get twenty or thirty cars in an hour, and a family might live a week without finding them out—while, no doubt, my car comes by a special convenience. I wish we had the U. S. of Oklahoma Hall on the brow of Gray-Rapids.—But we mean get woods and cars across the line of my wife Richard's body."

"I suppose his Excellency," said I, "was going to the State building which he'll"——

I could not bring back home a moment.

"Ye were going to my Ma'ma," said Bob Roy sadly, for he was too much accustomed to death of violence for the agitation he had at first experienced to be of long continuance. "I used to laugh heartily at that risk; but I'll hardly has the heart to do't again, since the El-br'd accident at the Locks. He, an—his Newbery how'd taught o' that play—it was a' managed aboves Roshleigh and myself. But the sport that come after—and Roshleigh's doct o' turning the muscles off himself upon you, that he had no gr't favour to find the beginning—and then Miss Din, she same has to wrap up a' our spiles' with upon, and set you out o' the Justice's door—and then the frightened women, Morris, that was scared out o' his wren away by seeing the real men when he was charging the innocent stranger—and the pork o' a dork—and the drunken ruck o' a justice—then! then!—mooey a laugh that ye'll pass me—and now, o' that I can do for the rest, devil is to eat some money and for his soul."

"May I ask," said I, "how Miss Verger came to have as much influence over Bushleigh and his accomplices as to arrange your projected plan?"

"Miss! it was none of mine. We men can say I ever laid my hands on other folk's shoulders—a was a Buckingham thing. But, undoubtedly, she had great influence w' me both on account of her Buckingham's affections, as well as that she loved her ever more accented to be lightened in a matter of that kind—Well talk him," he concluded, by way of summing up, "that good woman either would be keep or power to show—like she should, her shoulder's under."

We were now within a quarter of a mile from the village, when three Hakkidives, springing upon us with pressed arms, commanded us to stand and tell our business. The single word *Geyograph*, in the deep and commanding voice of my companion, was answered by a shout, or rather yell, of joy.



ful recognition. One, throwing down his bridle, clasped his leader as far round the loins, that he was unable to extricate himself, uttering, at the same time, a torrent of Gaelic gratulation, which every now and then rose into a sort of scream of glories. The two others, after the first hurrying was over, set off lightly with the speed of deer, contriving which should first carry to the village, where a strong party of the MacGregors now awaited, the joyful news of Rob Roy's escape and return. The intelligence excited such shouts of jubilation, that the very hills rang again, and young and old, men, women, and children, without distinction of sex or age, came running down the vale to meet us, with all the tumultuous speed and clamour of a mountain torrent. When I heard the rushing notes and yells of this joyful multitude approach us, I thought it a fitting precaution to remind MacGregor that I was a stranger, and under his protection. He accordingly held me fast by the hand, while the multitudes crowded around him with such shouts of devoted attachment, and joy at his return, as were really affecting; nor did he extend to his followers what all eagerly sought, the grasp, namely, of his hand, until he had made them understand that I was to be kindly and carefully used.

The multitude of the Sultan of Delhi could not have been more promptly obeyed. Indeed, I now sustained nearly as much surveillance from their well-meant attentions as formerly from their rudeness. They would hardly allow the friend of their leader to walk upon his own legs, so earnest were they in affording me support and assistance upon the way; and at length, taking advantage of a slight stumble which I made over a stone, which the press did not permit me to avoid, they fairly seized upon me, and bore me in their arms in triumph towards Mrs. MacAlpine's.

On arrival before her hospitable wigwag, I found power and popularity had its inconveniences in the Highlands, as everywhere else; for, before MacGregor could be permitted to enter the house where he was to obtain rest and refreshment, he was obliged to relate the story of his escape at least a dozen times over, as I was told by an officious old man, who chose to translate it at least as often for my edification, and to whom I was in policy obliged to seem to pay a decent degree of attention. The audience being at length satisfied, group after group

departed to take their bed upon the heath, or in the neighbouring huts, some casting the Duke and Garschottschon, some lamenting the possible danger of James of Bruggleside, incurred by his friendship to MacGregor, but all agreeing that the escape of Rob Roy himself lost nothing in comparison with the exploit of any one of their chiefs since the days of Douglas Clax, the founder of his line.

The friendly outflow, now taking me by the arm, conducted me into the interior of the hut. My eyes roved round its smoky recesses in quest of Diana and her companions; but they were nowhere to be seen, and I felt as if in making inquiries might betray some secret matters, which were best concealed. The only known circumstance upon which my eyes rested was that of the Ballo, who, seated on a stool by the fire-side, received with a sort of reserved dignity, the welcomes of Rob Roy, the apologies which he made for his indifferent accommodation, and his inquiries after his health.

"I am pretty well, kinanna," said the Ballo—"indifferent well, I thank ye; and for accommodations, am content expect to carry about the Great Market at his tail, as a small deer his crop;—and I am alythe that ye have gotten out o' the hands o' your unfriends."

"Well, well, then," answered Roy, "what's a'le ye, man?—a' well that's a'le well;—the world will last our day.—Come, take a cup o' beauty—your father the deuce could take me at an iver time."

"It might be he might do me, Robbo, after fatigue—whilk has been my lot mair ways than ere this day. But," he continued, slowly filling up a little wooden stump which might hold about three glasses, "he was a moderate man o' his looks, as I am myself—Here's wishing health to ye, Ballo" (a nip), "and your weather here and hereafter" (another taste), "and also to your comas Helen—and to your twa lippie's lads, o' whose name none."

So saying, he drank up the contents of the cup with great gravity and deliberation, while MacGregor wished with me, as if in allusion of the air of wisdom and superior authority which the Ballo assumed towards him in their intercourse, and which he assumed when Rob was at the head of his armed clan, in full as great, or a greater degree, than when he was at the Ballo's merry in the Tailcoat of Glasgow. It seemed to

me, that MacGeezer wished me, as a stranger, to understand, that if he submitted to the tone which his kinsman assumed, it was partly out of deference to the rights of hospitality, but still more for the post's sake.

As the Duke set down his cup he recognized me, and giving me a cordial welcome on my return, he waived further conversation with me for the present.—"I will speak to your mother soon; I must begin, as in reason, w<sup>th</sup> those of my kinsmen—I promise, Robin, there's nobody here will carry aught o' what I am going to say, to the town-council or elsewhere, to my prejudice or to yours?"

"Make yourself easy on that head, cousin Nick," answered MacGeezer; "the two half o' the gillies whom I've what ye say, and the taffer wins care—besides that, I wad stow the tongue out o' the head o' any o' them that wad presume to say over again my speech hold w<sup>th</sup> me in their presence."

"Awed, cousin, do being the case, and Mr. Outobdileans here being a prudent youth, and a safe friend—I've plainly told ye, ye are looding up your family to gang as ill gait." Then, clearing his voice with a preliminary cough, he addressed his kinsman, directing, as Halobin proposed to do when seated in his state, his familiar style with an unobtrusive regard of control.—"Ye ken yersell, ye hand tight by the law—and for my cousin Helen, befores that her reception o' me this blessed day—which I account on account o' perturbation o' mind, was unackie on the north side o' friendly, I say (outputting this personal reason o' complaisance) I has that to say o' your wile"—

"Say naething o' her, kinsman," said Rob, in a grave and stern tone, "but what is befitting a friend to say, and her husband to hear. Of me ye are welcome to say your full pleasure."

"Awed, awed," said the Duke, somewhat disconcerted, "we've let that be a pass-over—I dunn approve o' making mischief in families. But here are your two sons, Harwick and Robin, w<sup>th</sup>in sight, as I'm gien to understand, James and Robert—I trust ye will call them so in future—these cusses was gods o' Harwick, and Kachin, and Anganes, except that they're the names an' eye chosen to see in the indictment at the Western Circles for coo-lifting, at the instance o' his majesty's advocate for his majesty's interest. Awed, but the two lads, as I was saying, they burns me unackie as the ordinar' grange, man, o'

Their education—they dress like the very multifarious table stuff, while is the root of a useful knowledge, and they did something but laugh and sneer at me when I told them my want on their ignorance—It's my belief they can neither read, write, nor cipher, if all a thing could be believed of man's and creature's in a Christian land."

"If they could, kinsman," said MacGregor, with great confidence, "their learning must have come o' her self, for what the devil was I to get them a teacher!—and ye has had me put on the gate o' your Divinity Hall at Glasgow College, 'Wanted, a tutor for Rob Roy's heirs!'"

"No, kinsman," replied Mr. Jarvis, "but ye might has sent the laird what they could has learned the fear o' God, and the wages of a' stirked creatures. They are as ignorant as the kyles ye used to drive to market, or the very English church that ye send them to, and can do nothing whatever to purpose."

"Tough!" answered Rob; "Ranble can bring down a black-cock when he's on the wing wi' a single bullet, and Rob can drive a duck through a two-inch board."

"Ye make the war for them, cousin!—we make the war for them both!" answered the Glasgow merchant in a tone of great decision; "so they has nothing better than that, they had better be less than neither. Tell me yourself, Rob, what has o' this cutting, and stabbing, and shooting, and driving o' dikes, whether through human flesh or the devil's, done for yourself!—and weren't ye a happier man at the tail o' your sword-bushel, when ye were in an honest calling, than ever ye has been since, at the head o' your Highland harrow and gilly-glass?"

I observed that MacGregor, while he well-meaning kinsman spoke to him in this manner, turned and writhed his body like a man who indeed suffers pain, but is determined so gross shall escape his eye; and I longed for an opportunity to interrupt the well-meant, but, as it was obvious to me, quite mistaken strain, in which Jarvis addressed this extraordinary person. The dialogue, however, came to an end without my interference.

"And me," said the Balfie, "I has been thinking, Rob, that as it may be ye are over deep in the black book to win a pardon, and over wild to mend yourself, that it wad be a pity

to bring up two hopeful bids to do a gallant trade as your ain, and I wad blythely tak them for position at the loom, as I began myself, and my father the dancin' aften me, though, praise to the Giver, I only trade now as wholesale dealer—And—  
and—

He saw a storm gathering on Bob's brow, which probably induced him to throw in, as a sweetener of an obnoxious proposition, what he had reserved to crown his own generosity, had it been embraced as an acceptable one;—"and Robbie, lad, ye needna look aw glum, for I'll pay the premium-fee, and never plague ye for the thousand marks neither."

"Gude wiffo' duns, hundred thousand devils!" exclaimed Bob, rising and striking through the hat, "My sons weavers!—*Jiffo' weavers!*—but I wad see every loom in Glasgow, bann, tradilee, and shatties, burnt in hell-fire sooner!"

With some difficulty I made the Balfie, who was preparing a reply, comprehend the risk and impropriety of pressing our host on this topic, and in a minute he recovered, or recovered, his severity of temper.

"But ye mean wad—ye mean wad," said he; "so gie me your hand, Blied, and if ever I put my sons apprentice, I will gie you the refund o' them. And, as you say, there's the thousand marks to be settled between us.—Here, Zachie Mac-Achieson, bring me my sperran."

The person he addressed, a tall, strong mountaineer, who seemed to act as MacGregor's lieutenant, brought from some place of safety a large leather pouch, such as Highlanders of rank wear before them when in full dress, made of the skin of the sea-otter, richly garbed with silver ornaments and studs.

"I advise no man to attempt opening this sperran till he has my secret," said Bob Roy; and then twisting one button in one direction, and another in another, pulling one stud upward, and pushing another downward, the mouth of the pouch, which was bound with many's silver plate, opened and gave admittance to his hand. He made no remark, as if to brook short the subject on which Balfie Jarvie had spoken, that a small steel pistol was concealed within the pouch, the trigger of which was connected with the mounting, and made part of the machinery, so that the weapon would certainly be discharged, and in all probability its contents lodged in the person of any

one, who, being unacquainted with the secret, should tamper with the lock which secured his treasure. "Then," said he, touching the pistol—"this is the keeper of my private pass."

The simplicity of the contrivance to secure a hidden pouch, which could have been tipped open without any attempt on the spring, reminded me of the verses in the *Odyssey*, where Ulysses, in a yet earlier age, in contest to secure his property by casting a curious and involved complication of coverings around the treasure in which it was deposited.

The Balfie put on his spectacles to examine the mechanism, and when he had done, returned it with a smile and a sigh, observing—"Ah! Bob, had that fellow's pouch been as well guarded, I doubt if your sparrow wad has been as well filled as it looks to be by this weight."

"Never mind, kinsman," said Bob, laughing; "it will eye open for a friend's necessity, or to pay a just due—and here," he added, pulling out a rusk of gold, "here is your ten hundred marks—count them, and see that you are full and justly paid."

Mr. Jurvis took the money in silence, and weighing it in his hand for an instant, laid it on the table, and replied, "Bob, I cannot take it—I disown interest with it—there can nae guile come o't—I have seen over wad the day what sort of a gate your greed is made to—ill-get your wad's prospered; and, to be plain w' you, I think middle w'f's—it looks as there might be blood on't."

"Trenchie!" said the tailor, affecting an indifference which perhaps he did not altogether feel; "it's gude French guld, and as't was in Scotlandman's pouch before mine. Look at them, man—they are a' looks-o'-fore, bright and bonnie as the day they were coined."

"The wear, the wear—just as middle the wear, Balfie," replied the Balfie, averting his eyes from the money, through, like Caesar on the Ides of March, his finger seemed to tick for it—"Rebellion is wear than witchcraft, or robbery either; there's gospel warrant for't."

"Never mind the warrant, kinsman," said the freebooter; "you come by the guld honestly, and in payment of a just debt—it came from the one king, you may gie it to the other, if ye like; and it will just serve for a weekending of the enemy, and in the point where poor King James is weakest too, for, God

knows, he has hands and hearts enough, but I doubt he wants the silver."

"He'll no get away Highlanders then, Babbie," said Mr. Jarvis, as, again replacing his spectacles on his nose, he untied the necker, and began to count the contents.

"Not Lowlanders neither," said MacGregor, arming his eyebrows, and, as he looked at me, directing a glance towards Mr. Jarvis, who, all unconscious of the ridicule, weighed each piece with habitual scrupulousness; and having told twice over the sum, which amounted to the discharge of his debt, principal and interest, he returned those pieces to buy his kinswoman a gown, as he expressed himself, and a brass mare for the two barns, as he called them, requesting they might buy anything they liked with them except gunpowder. The Highlander stood at his kinsman's unexpected generosity, but courteously accepted his gift, which he deposited for the time in his well-secured pouch.

The Babbie went produced the original bond for the debt, on the back of which he had written a formal discharge, which, having subscribed himself, he requested me to sign as a witness. I did so, and Babbie Jarvis was looking anxiously around for another; the Scottish law requiring the subscription of two witnesses to validate either a bond or acquittance. "You will hardly find a man that can write save ourselves within three miles," said Rob, "but I'll settle the matter as easily," and, taking the paper from before his kinsman, he threw it in the fire. Babbie Jarvis stared in his turn, but his kinsman continued, "That's a Highland settlement of accounts. The time might come, comra, were I to keep a' these charges and discharges, that friends might be brought into trouble for having dealt with me."

The Babbie attempted no reply to this argument, and our supper now appeared in a style of abundance, and even delicacy, which, for the place, might be considered as extraordinary. The greater part of the provisions were cold, intimating they had been prepared at some distance; and there were some bottles of good French wine to relish parties of various sorts of game, as well as other dishes. I remarked that MacGregor, while doing the honours of the table with great and anxious hospitality, paid us to excuse the circumstance that some particular dish or party had been infringed on before it was

presented to us. "You must know," said he to Mr. Jarvis, but without looking towards me, "you are not the only guests this night in the MacGregor's country, whilk, doubtless, ye will believe, since my wife and the two bairns would otherwise have been most ready to attend you, as well become them."

Little Jarvis looked as if he felt glad at any circumstance which occasioned their absence; and I should have been entirely of his opinion, had it not been that the mother's apology seemed to imply they were an attendance on Dame and her companions, whose even in my thoughts I could not bear to designate as her kindred.

While the unpleasant ideas arising from this suggestion counteracted the good effects of appetite, volens, nolens, and good cheer, I remarked that Rob Roy's attention had extended itself to providing us better bedding than we had enjoyed the night before. Two of the best fagles of the household, which stood by the wall of the bed, had been stuffed with heath, then in full flower, so artificially arranged, that the flowers being uppermost, afforded a mattress at once elastic and fragrant. Clocks, and such bedding as could be collected, stretched over this vegetable couch, made it both soft and warm. The Dalles seemed exhausted by fatigue. I resolved to adjourn my consumption to late until next morning; and therefore suffered him to betake himself to bed as soon as he had finished a plentiful supper. Though tired and harassed, I did not myself feel the same disposition to sleep, but rather a restless and feverish anxiety, which led to some further discourse between me and MacGregor.

#### CHAPTER THIRTY-FIFTH.

*A hapless unknown victim o'er my fate;  
I've seen the last look of her heavily eye,—  
I've heard the last sound of her blooded sigh,—  
I've seen her fall from from my sight depart;  
My doom is closed.*

CHIEF BARRON.

"I want not what is made of you, Mr. Obolodstone," said MacGregor, as he pushed the flask towards me. "You get not,



you show no wish for rest; and yet you drink not, though that flask of Bénédictine might have come out of Sir Hildebrand's old cellar. Had you been always an abstemious, you would have escaped the deadly hatred of your cousin Rushleigh."

"Had I been always prudent," said I, blushing at the scene he recalled to my recollection, "I should have escaped a worse evil—the reproach of my own conscience."

MacGregor cast a keen and searching glance on me, as if to read whether the reproach, which he evidently felt, had been intentionally conveyed. He saw that I was thinking of myself, not of him, and turned his face towards the fire with a deep sigh. I followed his example, and each remained for a few minutes wrapt in his own painful reverie. All in the last were now asleep, or at least silent, excepting ourselves.

MacGregor first broke silence, in the tone of one who takes up his determination to enter on a painful subject. "My cousin Fred Jarvis means well," he said, "but he presses over hard on the temper and attraction of a man like me, considering what I have been—what I have been forced to become—and, above all, that which has forced me to become what I am."

He paused; and, though feeling the delicate nature of the discussion in which the conversation was likely to engage me, I could not help replying, that I did not doubt his present situation had much which must be most unpleasant to his feelings. "I should be happy to learn," I added, "that there is an honorable chance of your escaping from it."

"You speak like a boy," returned MacGregor, in a low tone that greeted like distant thunder—"like a boy, who thinks the saddest paroled out can be treated as easily as the young soldier. Can I forget that I have been branded as an outlaw—stigmatised as a traitor—a price set on my head as if I had been a wolf—my family treated as the den and cubs of the hill-fox, whom all my torment, vilify, degrade, and insult—the very name which came to me from a long and noble line of martial ancestors, denounced, as if it were a spell to conjure up the devil with?"

As he went on in this manner, I could plainly see, that, by the enumeration of his wrongs, he was looking himself up into a cage, in order to justify in his own eyes the errors they had led him into. In this he perfectly succeeded; his light grey eyes contracting alternately and dilating their pupils, until they

seemed actually to dash with them, while he thrust forward and drew back his foot, grasped the belt of his skirt, extended his arm, clouted his fist, and finally rose from his seat.

"And they shall feel," he said, in the same muttered but deep tone of stifled passion, "that the name they have dared to prostitute—that the name of MacGregor—is a spell to raise the wild devil within. They shall hear of my vengeance, that would scare to listen to the story of my wrongs.—The miserable Highland drove, bankrupt, bankroted,—stopped of all, dis-honoured and hunted down, because the slaves of others grasped at more than that poor all could pay, shall burst on them in an awful change. They that scoffed at the grumbling wren, and trode upon him, may cry and howl when they see the stoop of the flying and fery-scented dragon.—But why do I speak of all this?" he said, sitting down again, and in a calmer tone—"Only ye may spine it into my patience, Mr. Galsworthy, to be hunted like an otter, or a weevil, or a walsman upon the shalloons, and that by my very friends and neighbours, and to have so many sword-cutts made, and pistols dashed at me, as I had this day in the field of Ardenner, would try a saint's temper, much more a Highlander's, who are not known for that gentle gift, as ye may have heard, Mr. Galsworthy.—But as I'm bled of me o' what Nod and,—I'm vexed for the house—I'm vexed when I think o' Hamish and Robert being their father's life." And yielding to dependence on account of his sons, which he felt not upon his own, the father raised his head upon his hand.

I was much affected, Will. All my life long I have been more melted by the distress under which a strong, proud, and powerful mind is compelled to give way, than by the more easily melted sorrows of softer dispositions. The desire of aiding him rushed strongly on my mind, notwithstanding the apparent difficulty, and even impossibility, of the task.

"We have extensive connections abroad," said I: "might not your sons, with some assistance—and they are well qualified to what my father's house can give—find an honourable resource in foreign service?"

I believe my countenance showed signs of sincere emotion; but my companion, taking me by the hand, as I was going to speak further, said—"I thank—I thank ye—but let us say no more o' this. I did not think the eye of man would again have

over a tear on MacGregor's eye-lash." He dashed the moisture from his long gray eye-lash and slippy red eye-brow with the back of his hand. "To-morrow morning," he said, "we'll talk of this, and we will talk, too, of your affairs—for we are early starters in the dawn, even when we have the luck to have good beds to sleep in. Will ye not pledge me in a glass cup?" I declined the invitation.

"Then, by the soul of St. Murenoch! I must pledge myself," and he poured out and swallowed at least half-a-quart of wine.

I laid myself down to repose, resolving to delay my own inquiries until his mind should be in a more composed state. Indeed, so much had this singular man possessed himself of my imagination, that I felt it impossible to avoid watching him for some minutes after I had flung myself on my hench mattress to evening rest. He walked up and down the bed, crossed himself from time to time, muttering over some Latin prayer of the Catholic church; then wrapped himself in his plaid, with his naked sword on one side, and his pistol on the other, so disposing the hilt of his scabbard that he could start up at a moment's warning, with a weapon in either hand, ready for instant combat. In a few minutes his heavy breathing announced that he was fast asleep. Overpowered by fatigue, and stunned by the various unexpected and extraordinary scenes of the day, I, in my turn, was soon overpowered by a slumber deep and overwhelming, from which, notwithstanding every cause for watchfulness, I did not awake until the next morning.

When I opened my eyes, and recollected my situation, I found that MacGregor had already left the bed. I awakened the Butle, who, after many a snort and groan, and some heavy complaints of the soreness of his bones, in consequence of the unaccustomed exertions of the preceding day, was at length able to comprehend the joyful intelligence, that the master carried off by Roderick Cadellstone had been safely recovered. The laird he undertook my message; he forgot all his grievances, and, bounding up in a great hurry, proceeded to snuff the contents of the pocket which I put into his hands, with Mr Over's memorandum, muttering, as he went on, "Right, right—the real thing—Bathie and Whittington—where's Bathie and Whittington?—seven hundred, six, and eight—next to a

fraction—Pollock and Prichard—twenty-eight, seven—quarter—Prize be thine!—Orch and Glendon—better men cannot be—three hundred and seventy—Glendon—twenty; I doubt Glendon's gauging—Slippery tongue; Slippery tongue's gone—but they are *and* mine—*and* mine—the *roin's* o' right—Prize be thine! we have got the stuff, and may leave this doleful country. I shall never think on Loch Ard but the thought will get me green again."

"I am sorry, comrade," said MacGregor, who entered the hut during the last observation, "I have not been altogether in the circumstances to make your reception as *an* I could have desired—*an*thems, if you would condescend to visit my pair dwelling"—

"Muckle obliged, muckle obliged," answered Mr. Jarvis, very hastily—"But we must be gauging—we must be joggling, Mr. Caldwellstone and me—business comes wait."

"Awa, kinsman," replied the Highlander, "ye ken our fashion—*doon* the post that comes—*farther* than that *mean* jump. But ye cannot return by Dornoch—I must set you on Loch Lomond, and boat ye down to the Ferry o' Balloch, and send your rags round to meet ye there. It's a matter o' a week now never to return by the same road he came, providing another's firm to him."

"Ag, ay, Rob," said the Ballo, "that's *ane* o' the maxims ye learned when ye were a driver;—ye carena to lose the counts where your beasts had been taking a rag o' their moorland grass in the by-gangling, and I doubt your roads were marked now than it was then."

"The main road not to travel is over-often, kinsman," replied Rob; "but I'll send round your rags to the ferry we' Dougal Grogan, who is converted for that purpose into the Ballo's man, coming—*and*, as ye may believe, from Aberdeen or Red Roy's country, but on a quiet junk from Gairlog. See, here he is."

"I wadna hae ken'd the creature," said Mr. Jarvis; nor indeed was it easy to recognise the wild Highlander, whom he appeared before the door of the cottage, attired in a hat, jockey, and riding-coat, which had once called Andrew Fair-service master, and mounted on the Ballo's horse, and leading him. He received his last orders from his master to avoid certain places where he might be exposed to suspicion—to collect what intelligence he could in the course of his journey,

and to await our coming at an appointed place, near the Ferry of Belloch.

At the same time, MacGruge invited us to accompany him upon our own road, warning us that we must necessarily march a few miles before breakfast, and recommending a dose of brandy as a proper introduction to the journey, in which he was pledged by the Dalis, who pronounced it "an unlawful and perilous habit to begin the day w<sup>th</sup> spirituous liquors, except to defend the stomach (which was a tender party) against the morning mist; in which case his father the doctor had recommended a dose, by precept and example."

"Very true, Kenneth," replied Bob, "for which reason w<sup>e</sup>, who are Children of the Mist, have a right to drink brandy from morning till night."

The Dalis, thus refreshed, was mounted on a small Highland pony; another was offered for my use, which, however, I declined; and we resumed, under very different guidance and auspices, our journey of the preceding day.

Our escort consisted of MacGruge, and five or six of the hardiest, best armed, and most athletic mountaineers of his band, and whom he had generally in immediate attendance upon his own person.

When we approached the pass, the scene of the skirmish of the preceding day, and of the still more dreadful deed which followed it, MacGruge hastened to speak, as if it were rather to what he knew must be accurately passing in my mind, than to any thing I had said—he spoke, in short, to my thoughts, not to my words.

"You must think hardly of us, Mr. Calabritone, and it is not natural that it should be otherwise. You remember, at least, we have not been unprovoked. We are a rude and ignorant, and it may be a violent and passionate, but we are not a cruel people. The land might be at peace and in law for us, did they allow us to enjoy the bloodage of peaceful law. But we have been a persecuted generation."

"And persecution," said the Dalis, "maketh who men mad."

"What must it do then to men like us, living as our fathers did a thousand years since, and possessing scarce more rights than they did! Can we view their bloody efforts against us—their hanging, heading, branding, and hunting down as ancient

and honorable name—as deserving better treatment than that which enemies give to enemies!—Hark I stand, have been in twenty frays, and never hurt man but when I was in hot blood; and yet they would betray me and hang me like a monstrous dog, at the gate of my great man that has an ill will to me.”

I replied, “that the prescription of his name and family accorded to English ears as a very great and arbitrary law,” and having thus far soothed him, I resumed my propositions of obtaining military employment for himself, if he chose it, and his sons, in foreign parts. MacGregor shook me very coolly by the hand, and detaching me, so as to permit Mr. Jarvis to proceed on, a manœuvre for which the narrowness of the road served as an excuse, he said to me—“You are a kindhearted and an honorable youth, and understand, doubtless, that which is due to the feelings of a man of honor. But the brother that I have trode upon when living, must bloom over me when I am dead—my heart would sink, and my arm would shrivel and wither like fire in the frost, were I to lose sight of my native hills; nor had the world a scene that would console me for the loss of the rocks and crags, wild as they are, that you see around us.—And Helen—what could become of her, were I to leave her the subject of new insults and atrocity!—or how could she bear to be removed from these scenes, where the remembrance of her wrongs is apt sweetened by the recollection of her revenge!—I was once as hard put as by my Great enemy, as I may well say him, that I was forced else to give way to the tide, and removed myself and my people and family from our dwellings in our native land, and to withdraw for a time into MacCulloch Mair’s country—and Helen made a lament on our departure, as well as MacCulloch Mair himself could, has framed it—and so piteously sad and wondrous, that our hearts ached like as we sat and listened to her—it was like the wailing of one that mourns for the mother that bore him—the tears came down the rough face of our gillies as they hearkened, and I was not here the same touch of heartbreak again, no, not to have all the lands that ever were owned by MacGregor.”

\* The MacCullochs or MacCullochs were hereditary physicians to the chiefs of MacLeod, and celebrated for their talents. The physician said to have been composed by Helen MacGregor is still in existence. See the introduction to this Novel.

"But, your sons," I said—"they are at the age when your countrymen have usually no objection to see the world?"

"And I should be content," he replied, "that they pushed their fortune in the French or Spanish service, so in the west of Scottish members of honour; and last night your plan seemed feasible enough—But I have seen his Excellency this morning before ye were up."

"Did he then quarter so near us?" said I, my heart throbbing with anxiety.

"Nearer than ye thought," was MacGregor's reply; "but he seemed rather in some shape to please your sparkling to the young lady; and so you see!"

"There was no occasion for jealousy," I answered, with some hesitations;—"I should not have intruded on his privacy."

"But ye must not be offended, or look askance among your circle then, like a wild-cat out of an fry-ket, for ye are to understand that he wishes most sincere good to you, and has proved it. And it's partly that which has set the leather on fire d'ye now?"

"Heather on fire?" said I. "I do not understand you."

"Why," resumed MacGregor, "ye kin read enough that women and gear are at the bottom of a' the mischief in this world. I has been misjudging your cousin Baskilgh since ever he saw that he wares to get *Die Vancou* for his marrow, and I think he took grudge at his Excellency mainly on that account. But then came the spims about the surrendering your papers—and we has now gude evidence, that, we soon as he was compelled to yield them up, he rode post to Berling, and told the Government all and mair than all, that was gane downy on among us hill-folk; and, doubtless, that was the way that the country was laid to take his Excellency and the lady, and to make it an unexpected raid on us. And I lee as little doubt that the poor devil Morda, when he could get believe onything, was egged on by him, and some of the Lowland gentry, to trepan us in the gate he want to do. But if Baskilgh's Obstinacies were both the best and best of his name, and granting that he and I ever forgether again, the deed go down my weapon with a bare blade at his belt, if we part before my dyk and his best blade are well unspined the gither!"

He pronounced the last threat with an ominous frown, and the appropriate gesture of his hand upon his dagger.

"I should almost rejoice at what has happened," said I, "could I hope that Fitzhugh's treachery might prove the means of preventing the explosion of the rash and desperate intrigues in which I have long suspected him to be a prime agent."

"Frow ye on that," said Rob Roy; "treachery's word never yet lent honest cause. He was ever deep in our secrets, that's true; and had it not been so, Stirling and Edinburgh Castles would have been both in our hands by this time, or shortly hereafter, which is now scarce to be hoped for. But there are wae many engaged, and far ower gude a cause to be gien up for the breath of a traitor's tale, and that will be soon and honest of us to be kang. And so, as I was about to say, the best of my thanks to you for your offer went my nose, which last night I had some thoughts to have embraced in their behalf. But I see that this villain's treason will convince our great folk that they must instantly draw to a head, and make a leap for it, or be torn in their houses, compassed up like bonnets, and driven up to London, like the honest noblemen and gentlemen in the poor servantes' handkerchiefs and awens. Owd war is like a catastrophe;—we have sithen hatching the egg that hold it for ten years, and might have action on for ten years more, when an comes Blackhugh, and ships the shell, and cut lumps the wonder among us, and cries to fire and sword. Now is as a matter I'll have need of a' the hands I can mak; and, noo disengagement to the Kings of France and Spain, whom I wish very well to, King James is as gude a man as any o' them, and has the best right to Hamish and Rob, being his natural-born subjects."

I fully comprehended that these words held a general national convulsion, and, as it would have been alike useless and dangerous to have exhibited the political opinions of my gude, at such a place and moment, I contented myself with registering the pronounced sense of confusion and darkness likely to arise from any general exertion in favour of the exiled royal family.

"Let it come, man—let it come," answered MacGregor; "ye never saw dull weather clear without a shower; and if the world is turned upside down, why, honest men have the better chance to get bread out of it."

I again attempted to bring him back to the subject of Diana; but although on most occasions and subjects he used a freedom



of speech which I had no great delight in listening to, yet upon that alone which was most interesting to me, he kept a degree of unrepentant reserve, and contented himself with uttering, "that he hoped the lady would be soon in a quarter country than this was like to be for our visit." I was obliged to be content with this answer, and to proceed in the hope that sometime might, as on a former occasion, stand my friend, and allow me at least the sad gratification of bidding farewell to the object which had occupied such a share of my affections, as simple beyond even what I had supposed, till I was about to be separated from her for ever.

We pursued the margin of the lake for about six English miles, through a desolate and beautifully variegated path, until we reached a sort of Highland farm, or assembly of huts, near the head of that fine sheet of water, called, if I mistake not, Lochart, or some such name. Here a numerous party of MacGregor's men were stationed in order to receive us. The taste as well as the disfigurement of tribes in a savage, or, to speak more properly, in a rude state, is usually just, because it is cultivated by system and education; and of this I had an example in the rustic dress mountaineers had made of a plan to receive their guests. It has been said that a British monarch would judge well to receive the ruler of a great power in the robes of a semi-savage; and a Highland leader acted with some propriety in choosing a situation where the natural objects of grandeur proper to his country might have their full effect on the minds of his guests.

We ascended about two hundred yards from the shores of the lake, guided by a howling brook, and left on the right hand four or five Highland huts, with patches of rubble land around them, so small as to show that they must have been worked with the spade rather than the plough, and as it were out of the surrounding upwood, and waving with crops of barley and oats. Above this hanted space the hill became more steep; and on its edge we descried the glittering arms and waving drapery of about fifty of MacGregor's followers. They were stationed on a spot, the recollection of which yet strikes me with admiration. The brook, hurrying its waters downwards from the mountains, had in that spot encountered a barrier rock, over which it had made its way by two distinct leaps. The first fall, across which a ruggedest old oak, starting out from

the further back, partly extended itself as if to shield the dusky stream of the cascade, might be about twelve feet high; the broken waters were received in a beautiful stone basin, almost as regular as if hewn by a sculptor; and after whirling round the busy margin, they made a second precipitous dash, through a dark and narrow chasm, at least fifty feet in depth, and then, falling, in a hurried, but comparatively a more gentle course, escaped to join the lake.

With the natural taste which belongs to mountaineers, and especially to the Scottish Highlanders, whose feelings, I have observed, are often allied with the romantic and poetical, Rob Roy's wife and followers had prepared our morning repast in a room well calculated to impress strangers with some feelings of awe. They are also naturally a grave and proud people, and, however rude in our estimation, carry their ideas of form and politeness to an extent that would appear overstrained, except from the demonstration of superior force which accompanies the display of it; for it must be granted that the air of passionate deference and rapid obsequies which would seem ridiculous in an ordinary peasant, but, like the salute of a *corps-de-garde*, a propensity when tendered by a Highlander completely armed. There was, accordingly, a good deal of formality in our approach and reception.

The Highlanders, who had been dispersed on the side of the hill, drew themselves together when we came in view, and, standing firm and motionless, appeared in close column behind three figures, whom I soon recognised to be Brian MacGregor and her two sons. MacGregor himself arranged his attendants in the rear, and, requesting Mr. Burns to descend where the current became steep, advanced slowly, marshalling us forward at the head of the troop. As we advanced, we heard the rattle noise of the bagpipes, which lost their natural discord from being mingled with the dashing sound of the cascade. When we were close, the wife of MacGregor came forward to meet us. Her dress was studiously arranged in a more feminine taste than it had been on the preceding day, but her features were the same lofty, unbending, and resolute character; and as she sided my friend the Duke in an unexpected and apparently unprovoked entrance, I could perceive by the agitation of her wig, her look, and the colour of her lips, that he felt much like to me who took himself suddenly in the grasp of a she-bear, without

being able to distinguish whether the animal is in kindness or in wrath.

"Kinness," she said, "you are welcome—and you, too, stranger," she added, releasing my alarmed companion, who instinctively drew back and settled his wig, and addressing herself to me—"you also are welcome. You come," she added, "in our unhappy country, when our bloods were dried, and our hands were red. Knows the painless that gave you a rough welcome, and lay it upon the evil times, and not upon us." All this was said with the manner of a princess, and in the tone and style of a court. Nor was there the least tincture of that vulgarity, which we naturally attach to the Lowland Scottish. There was a strong provincial accentuation, but, otherwise, the language rendered by Helen MacGregor, out of the native and poetical Gaelic, into English, which she had acquired as we do learned tongues, but had probably never heard applied to the same purposes of ordinary life, was graceful, flowing, and declamatory. Her husband, who had in his time played many parts, used a much less elevated and emphatic dialect;—but even his language was in purity of expression, as you may have remarked, if I have been accurate in recording it, when the affairs which he discussed were of an agitating and important nature; and it appears to me in his case, and in that of some other Highlanders whom I have known, that, when familiar and familiar, they used the Lowland Scottish dialect,—when serious and impassioned, their thoughts arranged themselves in the idiom of their native language, and in the latter case, as they uttered the corresponding idiom in English, the expression sounded wild, elevated, and poetical. In fact, the language of passion is almost always pure as well as vehement, and it is no uncommon thing to hear a Scotchman, when overpowered by a countryman with a tone of bluster and fluent upbraiding, reply by way of taunt to his adversary, "You have gotten to your English."

So this as it may, the wife of MacGregor invited us to a refreshment spread out on the grass, which abounded with all the good things their mountains could offer, but was clouded by the dark and undisturbed gravity which sat on the brow of our hostess, as well as by our deep and anxious recollection of what had taken place on the preceding day. It was in vain that the leader exerted himself to excite mirth;—a stiff, long

over our heads, as if the fleet had been funeral; and every beam felt light when it was ended.

"Adieu, cousin," she said to Mr. Jarvis, as we rose from the entertainment; "the best wish Helen MacGregor can give to a friend is, that he may see her no more."

The Helen struggled to answer, probably with some commonplace notion of morality;—but the calm and melancholy sternness of her countenance bore down and disarmed the mechanical and formal importance of the magistrate. He coughed,—hesitated,—bowed,—and was silent.

"For you, stranger," she said, "I have a token, from me whom you can never"—

"Helen!" interrupted MacGregor, in a loud and stern voice, "what means this?—have you forgotten the charge?"

"MacGregor," she replied, "I have forgotten enough that is fitting for me to remember. It is not such tokens as these," and she stretched forth her long, sinewy, and bare arm, "that are fitting to convey love-tokens, were the gift connected with aught but misery. Young man," she said, presenting me with a ring, which I well remembered as one of the few ornaments that Miss Vernon somewhere wore, "this comes from me whom you will never see more. If it is a joyless token, it is well fitted to pass through the hands of one to whom joy can never be known. Her last words were—'Let him forget me for ever.'"

"And can she," I said, almost without being conscious that I spoke, "suppose that is possible?"

"All may be forgotten," said the extraordinary female who addressed me,—"all—but the sense of dishonour, and the desire of vengeance."

"And now!" cried the MacGregor, struggling with impatience. The bagpipes ceased, and with their thrilling and jarring tones cut short our conference. Our looks of our hostess was taken by silent gestures; and we resumed our journey with an additional proof on my part, that I was beloved by Susan, and was separated from her for ever.

\* "Stir up."

## CHAPTER THIRTY-SIXTH.

Garrett to the land where the clouds love to rest,  
Like the shroud of the dead, on the mountain's cold breast;  
To the glacier's rear where the eagles rook,  
And the lake her lone bosom expands to the sky.

Our route lay through a dreary, yet romantic country, which the distress of my own mind prevented me from remarking particularly, and which, therefore, I will not attempt to describe. The lofty peak of Ben Lomond, here the predominant monarch of the mountains, lay on our right hand, and served as a striking landmark. I was not weakened from my spate, well, after a long and toilsome walk, we emerged through a pass in the hills, and Loch Lomond opened before us. I will spare you the attempt to describe what you would hardly comprehend without going to see it. But certainly this noble lake, boasting innumerable beautiful islands, of every varying form and outline which fancy can frame,—its northern extremity narrowing until it is lost among dusky and reboiling mountains,—while, gradually widening as it extends to the southward, it spreads its base around the indentures and promontories of a fair and fertile land, affords one of the most surprising, beautiful, and sublime spectacles in nature. The eastern side, peculiarly rough and rugged, was at this time the chief seat of MacGregor and his clan,—to curb whom, a small garrison had been stationed in a central position between Loch Lomond and another lake. The extreme strength of the country, however, with the numerous passes, marches, coverts, and other places of concealment or defence, made the establishment of this little fort more rather an acknowledgment of the danger, than an effectual means of securing against it.

On more than one occasion, as well as on that which I witnessed, the garrison suffered from the adventurous spirit of the outlaw and his followers. These advantages were never called by bravely when he himself was in command; for, equally good-tempered and sagacious, he understood well the danger of incurring unnecessary odium. I learned with pleasure that he had secured the captives of the preceding day to be liberated in

subty; and many tokens of mercy, and even of generosity, are recorded of this remarkable man on similar occasions.

A boat waited for us in a creek beneath a large rock, manned by four lusty Highland rowers; and our boat took leave of us with great cordiality, and even affection. Between him and Mr. Jarvie, indeed, there seemed to exist a degree of mutual regard, which formed a strong contrast to their different occupations and habits. After kissing each other very lovingly, and when they were just in the act of parting, the Bala, in the fulness of his heart, and with a faltering voice, assured his listener, "that if ever an hundred pound, or even two hundred, would put him or his family in a settled way, he need but just send a line to the East-Indies;" and Rob, grasping his hand-bell with one hand, and shaking Mr. Jarvie's heartily with the other, protested, "that if ever anybody should affront his honour, as he would but let him hear, he would stow his legs out of his head, were he the best man in Glasgow."

With these assurances of mutual aid and continued goodwill, we bore away from the shore, and took our course for the north-western angle of the lake, where it gives birth to the river Lewis. Rob Roy remained for some time standing on the rock from beneath which we had departed, conspicuous by his long gun, waving tartan, and the single plume in his cap, which in those days denoted the Highland gentleman and soldier; although I observe that the present military taste has decorated the Highland bonnet with a quantity of black plume resembling that which is borne before monarchs. At length, as the distance increased between us, we saw him turn and go slowly up the side of the hill, followed by his immediate attendants or body-guard.

We performed our voyage for a long time in silence, interrupted only by the Gaelic chant which one of the rowers sang in low irregular measure, rising occasionally into a wild chorus, in which the others joined.

My own thoughts were sad enough;—yet I felt something nothing in the magnificent scenery with which I was surrounded; and thought, in the soliloquies of the moment, that had my faith been that of Rome, I could have connected to live and die a lonely hermit in one of the romantic and beautiful islands amongst which our boat glided.

The Bala had also his speculations, but they were of some-

what a different complexion; as I found when, after about an hour's absence, during which he had been mentally engaged in the calculations necessary, he undertook to prove the possibility of draining the lake, and "giving to plough and harrow many hundred, up, many a thousand acres, from which no man could get earthly gain *denon*, unless it were a gold,\* or a dish of porch now and then."

Amidst a long discussion, which he "commenced into mine ear against the stomach of my sense," I only remember, that it was part of his project to preserve a portion of the lake just deep enough and broad enough for the purpose of water-carriage, so that coal-barges and gabbarde should pass as easily between Dunsbarrow and Glendaloch as between Glasgow and Greenock.

At length we reached our distant place of landing, adjoining to the ruins of an ancient castle, and just where the lake discharges its superfluous waters into the Larn. There we found Dougal with the horses. The Balthie had formed a plan with respect to "the creature," as well as upon the draining of the lake; and, perhaps in both cases, with more regard to the utility than to the practical possibility of his scheme. "Dougal," he said, "ye are a kindly creature, and has the sense and feeling o' what is due to your bottom—and I'm o'th way for you, Dougal, for it mair be bet that in the life ye had you could get a Jeddari out o' us day mair or later. I trust, considering my services as a magistrate, and my father the deacon's place me, I has interest enough in the council to put them with a wee at a wear fast than yours. But I has been thinking, that if ye will gang back to Glasgow wif us, being a strong-backed creature, ye might be employed in the warehouse till something better add out up."

"Her trainell trainell obliged till the Balthie's honour," replied Dougal; "but tell be in her thanks for she gangs on a cause-way'd street, unless she be drawn up the Glendaloch wif tora, as she was before."

In fact, I afterwards learned that Dougal had originally come to Glasgow as a prisoner, from being concerned in some depredation, but had somehow found such favour in the eyes of the

\* A gold.

† ["The memory of Dunsbar's legal (?) proceedings at Jeddburgh is preserved in the preserved phrase *Jeddari Justice*, which signifies *land after execution*."—*Ministry of the Border*, Preface, p. lvi.]

John, that, with rather overbearing confidence, he had retained him in his service as one of the servants; a task which Douglas had discharged with sufficient fidelity, so far as was known, until overruled by his dispatch postulates on the unexpected appearance of his old leader.

Astonished at receiving so round a refusal to so favorable an offer, the Duke, turning to me, observed, that the "creature was a natural-born idiot." I testified my own gratitude in a way which Douglas much better relished, by slipping a couple of guineas into his hand. He no longer felt the touch of the gold, than he sprung twice or thrice from the earth with the agility of a wild buck, flinging out first one hand and then another, in a manner which would have astonished a French dancing-master. He ran to the business to show them the prize, and a small gratuity made them take part in his raptures. He then, to use a favorite expression of the dramatic John Buryan, "went on his way, and I saw him no more."

The Duke and I mounted our horses, and proceeded on the road to Glasgow. When we had lost the view of the lake, and its superb amphitheatre of mountains, I could not help expressing with enthusiasm, my sense of its natural beauty, although I was conscious that Mr. Jarvis was a very unpropitious spirit to communicate with on such a subject.

"Ye are a young gentleman," he replied, "and an Englishman, and a' this may be very fine to you; but for me, who am a plain man, and ken something o' the different values o' land, I wadna gie the finest sight we has seen in the Highlands, for the first look o' the Gorbals o' Glasgow; and if I were once there, it wou'd be every false friend, begging your pardon, Mr. Pringle, that wou'd take me out o' sight o' Saint Rung's steeple again!"

The honest man had his wish, for, by dint of travelling very late, we arrived at his own house that night, or rather on the succeeding morning. Having seen my worthy fellow-traveller safely assigned to the charge of the considerable and officious Maria, I proceeded to Mrs. Flyter's, in whose house, even at this unseasonable hour, light was still burning. The door was opened by no less a person than Andrew Fairweather himself, who, upon the first sound of my voice, set up a loud shout of joyful recognition, and, without entering a syllable, ran up stairs towards a parlour on the second floor, from the windows of



which the light proceeded. Justly considering that he went to encourage my return to the anxious Owen, I followed him upon the fact. Owen was not alone, there was another in the apartment—it was my father.

The first inquiry was to preserve the dignity of his usual equanimity,—“Parade, I am glad to see you.” The next was to embrace me tenderly,—“My dear—dear son!”—Owen secured one of my hands, and wetted it with his tears, while he joined us greeting my return. These are scenes which address themselves to the eye and to the heart rather than to the ear—My old eye-lids still moisten at the recollection of our meeting; but your kind and affectionate feelings can well imagine what I should find it impossible to describe.

When the tumult of our joy was over, I learnt that my father had arrived from Scotland shortly after Owen had set off for Scotland. Determined and rapid in all his movements, he only stopped to provide the means of discharging the obligations incumbent on his house. By his extensive resources, with funds enlarged, and credit fortified, by constant success in his commercial speculation, he easily accomplished what perhaps he elsewhere alone rendered difficult, and set out for Scotland to exact justice from Blackleigh Cobboldston, as well as to put order to his affairs in that country. My father's arrival in full credit, and with the ample means of supporting his engagements honourably, as well as besetting his correspondents in future, was a stunning blow to MacVitie and Company, who had conceived his star set for ever. Highly incensed at the wrong his confidential clerk and agent had received at their hands, Mr. Cobboldston refused every tender of apology and accommodation; and having settled the balance of their account, announced to them that, with all its numerous contingent advantages, that line of their ledger was closed for ever.

While he enjoyed this triumph over his friends, he was not a little alarmed on my account. Owen, good man, had not supposed it possible that a journey of fifty or sixty miles, which may be made with as much ease and safety in any direction from London, could be attended with any particular danger. But he caught alarm, by sympathy, from my father, to whom the country, and the lawless character of its inhabitants, were better known.

These apprehensions were raised to agony, when, a few hours

before I arrived, Andrew Fairweather made his appearance, with a cheerful and exaggerated account of the uncertain state in which he had left me. The addresser with whom troops he had been a sort of prisoner, had, after examination, not only dismissed him, but furnished him with the means of returning rapidly to Glasgow, in order to announce to my friends my precarious and unpleasant situation.

Andrew was one of those persons who have no objection to the sort of temporary attention and world importance which attaches itself to the bearer of bad tidings, and had therefore by no means neglected down his tale in the telling, especially as the rich London merchant himself proved unexpectedly one of the auditors. He went at great length into an account of the dangers I had escaped, chiefly, as he intimated, by means of his own experience, exertions, and sagacity.

"What was to come of me now, when my better angel, in his (Andrew's) person, was removed from my side, it was," he said, "and well able to conjecture; that the Bird was not better than just nobody at a pinch, or something near, for he was a rounded body—and Andrew hated round—but certainly, even the perils and the combats of the troops, that might off the time after the father as fast as land, and the dikes and dykes of the Rhine, and the deep water and work of the Arsenal, it was to be thought there was a joint account of the young gentleman."

This statement would have driven Owen to despair, had he been alone and unsupported; but my father's perfect knowledge of mankind enabled him easily to appreciate the character of Andrew, and the real amount of his intelligence. Stripped of all exaggeration, however, it was alarming enough to a parent. He determined to set out in person to obtain my liberty by ransom or negotiation, and was busied with Owen till a late hour, in order to get through some necessary correspondence, and devote to the latter some business which should be transacted during his absence; and thus it chanced that I found them smiling.

It was late ere we separated to rest, and, too impatient long to endure repose, I was stirring early the next morning. Andrew gave his attendance at my levee, as he duly bound, and, instead of the swarthy figure to which he had been reduced at Akerhill, now appeared in the attire of an undertaker, a gaudy

suit, namely, of the deepest mourning. It was not till after one or two quarters, which the crowd affected as long as he could to misunderstand, that I found out he "had thought it best decent to put on mourning, on account of my irresponsible loss; and as the broker at whose shop he had equipped himself, declined to receive the goods again, and as his own garments had been destroyed or carried off in my lender's service, doubtless I and my honorable father, whose Providence had blessed wif the means, would suffer a pair led to sit down wif the loss; a stand o' dish was was great matter to an Obedientino (he praised for't), especially to an old and attached servant o' the house."

As there was something of justice in Andrew's plea of loss in my service, his failure succeeded; and he came by a good suit of mourning, with a heaver and all things conforming, as the exterior signs of woe for a master who was alive and merry.

My father's first care, when he arose, was to visit Mr. Jarvis, for whose kindness he entertained the most grateful sentiments, which he expressed in very few, but manly and nervous terms. He explained the altered state of his affairs, and advised the Duke, on such terms as could not but be both advantageous and acceptable, that part in his concerns which had been hitherto managed by MacVista and Company. The Duke heartily congratulated my father and Owen on the changed picture of their affairs, and, without affecting to disclaim that he had done his best to serve them, when matters looked otherwise, he said, "He had only just acted as he wad be done by—that, as to the extension of their correspondence, he freely accepted it with thanks. Had MacVista's folk behaved like honest men," he said, "he wad hae shed il to hae come to assist them, and cut afore them this gate. But it's otherwise, and they mair s'v' stand the loss."

The Duke then pulled me by the sleeve into a corner, and, after again cordially wishing me joy, proceeded, in rather an embarrassed tone—"I wad heartily wish, Minister Francis, there wad be as little said as possible about the queer things we saw up yonder awa. There's nae gude, unless one wad judiciously extenuate, to say anything about that wretched job o' Nantz—and the members o' the council wadna think it creditable to one of their body to be fighting wif a wretched illandness, and slapping their plumes—and shame a', though I am a devout squallid man, when I am on my right end, I canna but think I mean

has made a queer figure without my hat and my portfolio, hanging by the middle like a beard, or a cloak hung over a cleopatra. Belle Graham was less an unco hair to my neck as he got that tale by the end."

I could not suppress a smile when I recollected the Belle's situation, although I certainly thought it no laughing matter at the time. The good-natured merchant was a little confused, but smiled also when he shook his head—"I see how it is—I see how it is. But say nothing about it—there's a good fellow; and charge that long-tongued, sneaked, upsetting serving man of yours, to see nothing either. I wonder for ever one month that even the lausick Martin ken'd anything about it. I wd never hear an end o't."

He was obviously relieved from his impending fears of ridicule, when I told him it was my father's intention to leave Glasgow almost immediately. Indeed he had now no motive for remaining, since the most valuable part of the papers copied off by Rastleigh had been recovered. For that portion which he had converted into cash and expended in his own or on political intrigues, there was no mode of recovering it but by a suit at law, which was forthwith commenced, and proceeded, as our law-agents assured us, with all deliberate speed.

We spent, accordingly, one hospitable day with the Belle, and took leave of him, as this narrative now does. He continued to grow in wealth, honour, and credit, and actually rose to the highest civic honours in his native city. About two years after the period I have mentioned, he tired of his bachelor life, and promoted Mattie from her wheel by the kitchen fire to the upper end of his table, in the character of Mrs. Jarvis. Belle Graham, the MacVitties, and others (for all men have their enemies, especially in the council of a royal burgh), followed this transformation. "But," said Mr. Jarvis, "let them say their say. I'll ne'er shake myself, nor lose my living for one foolish a matter as a pine daps' dish. My honest father the deacon had a byword,

Dean' love and My shie,  
A loving heart, and a hot willie,  
Is better than gold or guthie pie.

Besides," as he always concluded, "Mattie was no ordinary housekeeper; she was shie to the Laird o' Linnsartfield."

Whether it was owing to her descent or her good gifts, I do

not presume to decide; but Elsie behaved excellently in her evaluation, and relieved the apprehensions of some of the Radin's friends, who had deemed his experiment somewhat hazardous. I do not know that there was any other incident of his quiet and useful life worthy of being particularly recorded.

### CHAPTER THIRTY-SEVENTH.

"Come ye hither my 'dear' good ones,  
Gather 'round I have ye here,  
How many of you, my children dear,  
Will stand by that good Earl and me?"

"Five" of them did answer me—  
"Five" of them spoke loudly,  
"O father, till the day we die,  
We'll stand by that good Earl and thee."

THE BARON DE VON MOORE.

On the morning when we were to depart from Glasgow, Andrew Fairweather bounded into my apartment like a madman, jumping up and down, and singing, with more vehemence than usual,

The kilt's on fire—the kilt's on fire—  
The kilt's on fire—the kilt's o' is a fire.

With some difficulty I persuaded him to cease his confounded dancing, and explain to me what the matter was. He was pleased to inform me, as if he had been bringing the finest news imaginable, "that the Richards were clean broken out, every man o' them, and that Rob Roy, and a' his brother lads, wad be down upon Glasgow or twenty-four hours o' the clock good rood."

"Hold your tongue," said I, "you rascal! You must be drunk or mad; and if there is any truth in your news, is it a singing matter, you scoundrel?"

"Drunk or mad? aw doubt," replied Andrew, demurely; "we'll aye drink or mad if he tells what gits folk dancin' like to hae—sing! Oh, the clann w'll make us sing on the wrong side o' our mouth, if we are aw drunk or mad, as to kilt their coming."

I rose in great haste, and found my father and Owen also on foot, and in considerable alarm.

Andrew's news proved but too true in the main. The great rebellion which agitated Britain in the year 1715 had already broken out, by the unfortunate Earl of Mar's setting up the standard of the Stuart family in an ill-chosen hour, to the ruin of many honourable families, both in England and Scotland. The treachery of some of the Jacobite agents (Blackleigh among the rest), and the arrest of others, had made George the First's Government acquainted with the extensive ramifications of a conspiracy long prepared, and which at last exploded prematurely, and in a part of the Kingdom too distant to have any vital effect upon the country, which, however, was plunged into much confusion.

The great public event served to confirm and elucidate the obscure expostitions I had received from MacGregor; and I could easily see why the western clans, who were brought against him, should have waived their private quarrel, in consideration that they were all shortly to be engaged in the same public cause. It was a more melancholy reflection to my mind, that Diana Vernon was the wife of one of those who were most active in turning the world upside down, and that she was herself exposed to all the privations and perils of her husband's hazardous trade.

We held an immediate consultation on the measures we were to adopt in this crisis, and acquiesced in my father's plan, that we should instantly get the necessary passports, and make the best of our way to London. I acquainted my father with my wish to offer my personal service to the Government in any volunteer corps, several being already spoken of. He readily acquiesced in my proposal; for though he disliked war as a profession, yet, upon principle, no man would have exposed his life more willingly in defence of civil and religious liberty.

We travelled in haste and in peril through Dumfriesshire and the neighbouring counties of England. In this quarter, gentlemen of the Tory interest were already in motion, mustering men and horses, while the Whigs assembled themselves in the principal towns, armed the inhabitants, and prepared for civil war. We narrowly escaped being stopped on more occasions than one, and were often compelled to take circuitous routes to avoid the points where forces were assembling.

When we reached London, we immediately associated with those bankers and eminent merchants who agreed to support the credit of Government, and to meet that was upon the funds, on which the completion had greatly founded their hopes of furthering their undertaking, by rendering the Government, as it were, bankrupt. My father was chosen one of the members of this formidable body of the money interest, as all had the greatest confidence in his seal, skill, and activity. He was also the organ by which they communicated with Government, and contrived, from funds belonging to his own house, or over which he had command, to find purchasers for a quantity of the national stock, which was suddenly flung into the market at a depreciated price when the rebellion broke out. I was not idle myself, but obtained a commission, and levied, at my father's expense, about two hundred men, with whom I joined General Carpenter's army.

The rebellion, in the meantime, had extended itself to England. The unfortunate Earl of Derwentwater had taken arms in the cause, along with General Fane. My poor uncle, Sir Eldred, whose estate was valued to almost nothing by his own misdeeds and the expense and debauchery of his time and household, was easily persuaded to join that unfortunate standard. Before doing so, however, he exhibited a degree of precaution of which no one could have suspected him—he made his will!

By this document he devised his estates at Oshaldenham Hall, and so forth, to his sons successively, and their male heirs, until he came to Raskibigh, whom, on account of the turn he had lately taken in politics, he detested with all his might,—he cut him off with a shilling, and bequeathed the estate on me as his next heir. I had always been rather a favourite of the old gentleman; but it is probable that, confident in the number of gentry-people who now swarmed around him, he considered the disposition as likely to remain a dead letter, which he inserted chiefly to show his displeasure at Raskibigh's treachery, both political and domestic. There was an article, by which he bequeathed to the eldest of his late wife, Diana Vernon, now Lady Diana Vernon Beauchamp, some diamonds belonging to her late aunt, and a great silver casket, having the arms of Vernon and Oshaldenham quarterly engraven upon it.

But Heaven had decreed a more speedy extinction of his

numerous and healthy troops, then, most probably, he himself had reckoned on. In the very first matter of the campaign, at a place called Green-Bagg, Thorsdoff's Cossacks quarrelled about precedence with a gentleman of the Northumbrian border, to the fall as firm and intractable as himself. In spite of all remonstrances, they gave their commander a specimen of how far their discipline might be relied upon, by fighting it out with their spears, and my horseman was killed on the spot. His death was a great loss to Sir Hildbrand, for, notwithstanding his infernal temper, he had a grain or two of more sense than belonged to the rest of the brotherhood, Rushleigh always excepted.

Further, the act, died also in his calling. He had a wager with another gentleman (who, from his exploits in that line, had acquired the formidable epithet of Brandy Bucklewell), which should drink the largest cup of strong liquor when King James was proclaimed by the insurgents at Margate. The exploit was something common. I forgot the exact quantity of brandy which Poole swallowed, but it contained a fiver, of which he expired at the end of three days, with the word, *water, water*, perpetually on his tongue.

Didson broke his neck near Warrington Bridge, in an attempt to shew off a fountains blood-mare which he wished to palm upon a Manchester merchant who had joined the insurgents. He pushed the animal at a fire-branded gate; she fell in the trap, and the unfortunate jockey lost his life.

Withold the fool, as sometimes he calls, had the best fortune of the family. He was slain at Fossil Poston, in Lancashire, on the day that General Carpenter attacked the barons, fighting with great bravery, though I have heard he was never able exactly to comprehend the name of quarrel, and did not uniformly remember on which king's side he was engaged. John also behaved very boldly in the same engagement, and received several wounds, of which he was not happy enough to die on the spot.

Old Sir Hildbrand, entirely broken-hearted by these successive losses, became, by the next day's surrender, one of the unhappy prisoners, and was lodged at Margate with his wounded son John.

I was now released from my military duty, and lost no time, therefore, in volunteering to relieve the distresses of these poor



solutions. My father's interest with Government, and the general compassion excited by a parent who had sustained the excessive loss of so many sons within so short a time, would have prevented my uncle and cousin from being brought to trial for high treason. But their doom was given forth from a greater tribunal. John died of his wounds in Stuyvesant, recommending to me as his last breath, a coat of hawks which he had at the Hall, and a black spaniel bitch called Leap.

My poor uncle seemed beaten down to the very earth by his family calamities, and the circumstances in which he unexpectedly found himself. He said little, but seemed grateful for such attention as circumstances permitted me to show him. I did not witness his meeting with my father for the first time for so many years, and under circumstances so melancholy; but, judging from my father's extreme depression of spirits, it must have been melancholy in the last degree. He blurted out with great bitterness against Basilolph, now his only surviving child; laid upon him the ruin of his house, and the deaths of all his brothers, and declared, that neither he nor they would have plunged into political intrigues, but for that very member of his family, who had been the first to desert them. He now or twice mentioned Diana, always with great affection; and now he said, while I sat by his bedside—"Nevvy, since Therself and all of them are dead, I am sorry you cannot have her."

The expression affected me much at the time; for it was a usual custom of the poor old baronet's, when joyously sitting forth upon the morning's chair, to distinguish Therself, who was a favourite, while he announced the rest more generally; and the loud jolly tone in which he used to holla, "Call Therself—call all of them," contrasted sadly with the woe-begone and self-abandoning note in which he uttered the desolate words which I have above quoted. He mentioned the contents of his will, and supplied me with an authenticated copy;—the original he had deposited with my old acquaintance Mr. Justice Jaglewood, who, dreaded by no one, and confided in by all as a kind of neutral person, had become, for aught I know, the depository of half the wills of the fighting men of both nations in the county of Northumberland.

The greater part of my uncle's last hours were spent in the discharge of the religious duties of his church, in which he was directed by the chaplain of the Hanoverian ambassador, for whom,

with some difficulty, we obtained permission to visit him. I could not ascertain, by my own observation, or through the medical attendants, that Sir Hildesbrand Oshaldistone died of any formed complaint bearing a name in the science of medicine. He seemed to me completely worn out and broken down by fatigue of body and distress of mind, and rather ceased to exist, than died of any positive struggle,—just as a vessel, buffeted and tossed by a succession of tempestuous gales, her timbers overstrained, and her joints loosened, will sometimes spring a leak and founder, when there are no apparent causes for her destruction.

It was a remarkable circumstance that my father, after the last duties were performed to his brother, appeared suddenly to inspire a strong anxiety that I should act upon the will, and represent his father's house, which had hitherto seemed to be the thing in the world which had least charms for him. But formerly, he had been like the fox in the fable, contemplating what was beyond his reach; and, moreover, I doubt not that the excessive dislike which he entertained against Rushleigh (now Sir Rushleigh) Oshaldistone, who loudly threatened to attack his father Sir Hildesbrand's will and settlement, corroborated my father's desire to maintain it.

"He had been most unjustly disinherited," he said, "by his own father—his brother's will had repaired the disgrace, if not the injury, by leaving the wreck of his property to Frank, the natural heir, and he was determined the bequest should take effect."

In the meantime, Rushleigh was not altogether a contemptible personage as an opponent. The information he had given to Government was critically well-timed, and his extreme perversity, with the extent of his intelligence, and the artful manner in which he contrived to assume both merit and influence, led, to a certain extent, procured him patronage among Ministers. We were already in the full tide of litigation with him on the subject of his pilfering the fire of Oshaldistone and Trevelyan; and, judging from the progress we made in that comparatively simple lawsuit, there was a chance that this second source of litigation might be drawn out beyond the period of all our natural lives.

To avert these delays as much as possible, my father, by the advice of his counsel learned in the law, paid off and rested in

my power the rights to certain large mortgages affecting Obediah's Hall. Perhaps, however, the opportunity to convert a great share of the large profits which accrued from the rapid rise of the funds upon the suppression of the rebellion, and the experience he had so lately had of the perils of commerce, encouraged him to realize, in this manner, a considerable part of his property. At any rate, it so chanced, that, instead of recommending me to the dock, as I fully expected, having indicated my willingness to comply with his wishes, however they might define me, I received his directions to go down to Obediah's Hall, and take possession of it as the heir and representative of the family. I was directed to apply to Esquire Ingham for the copy of my uncle's will deposited with him, and take all necessary measures to secure that possession which gave my uncle nine points of the law.

At another time I should have been delighted with this change of destination. But now Obediah's Hall was accompanied with many painful recollections. Still, however, I thought, that in that neighbourhood only I was likely to acquire some information respecting the fate of Diana Vernon. I had every reason to fear it must be far different from what I could have wished it. But I could obtain no precise information on the subject.

It was in vain that I endeavoured, by such acts of kindness as their situation admitted, to contribute the confidence of some distant relations who were among the prisoners in Norway. A grade which I could not condemn, and a natural suspicion of the Whig Frank Obediah's, caused in the double-breasted tuffier Boddigh, closed every heart and tongue, and I only received thanks, cold and extorted, in exchange for such benefits as I had power to offer. The aim of the law was also gradually shrinking the numbers of those whom I endeavoured to serve, and the hearts of the survivors became gradually more contracted towards all whom they considered to be concerned with the existing Government. As they were led gradually, and by detachments, to execution, those who survived lost interest in mankind, and the desire of communicating with them. I shall long remember what one of them, Ned Shafter by name, replied to my anxious inquiry, whether there was any indulgence I could procure him? "Mr. Frank Obediah's, I must suppose you mean me badly, and therefore I thank you. But, by G—, men cannot be fit-

toned like poetry, when they see their neighbours carried off day by day to the place of execution, and know that their own necks are to be treated equal in their turn."

Upon the whole, therefore, I was glad to escape from London, from Norway, and from the scenes which both subjected, to breathe the free air of Northumberland. Andrew Fairweather had continued in my service more from my father's pleasure than my own. At present there seemed a prospect that his local acquaintance with Oshelstone Hall and its vicinity might be useful; and, of course, he accompanied me on my journey, and I enjoyed the prospect of getting rid of him, by establishing him in his old quarters. I cannot conceive how he could prevail upon my father to tolerate himself in him, unless it were by the art, which he possessed in an inconsiderable degree, of affecting an extreme attachment to his master; which theoretical attachment he made compatible in practice with playing all manner of tricks without scruple, providing only against his master being charged by any one but himself.

We performed our journey to the North without any remarkable adventure, and we found the country, so lately agitated by rebellion, now peaceful and in good order. The nearer we approached to Oshelstone Hall, the more did my heart sink at the thought of entering that deserted mansion; so that, in order to postpone the evil day, I resolved first to make my visit at Mr. Justice Ingleswood's.

That venerable person had been much disturbed with thoughts of what he had been, and what he now was; and natural recollections of the past had interfered considerably with the active duty which in his present situation might have been expected from him. He was fortunate, however, in one respect; he had got rid of his clerk Johnson, who had finally left him in duodges at his incapacity, and become legal assistant to a certain Square Stoddish, who had lately commenced operations in those parts as a justice, with a nod for King George and the Protestant succession, which, very different from the feelings of his old patron, Mr. Johnson had more reason to restrain within the bounds of the law, than to stimulate to execution.

Old Justice Ingleswood received me with great courtesy, and readily exhibited my uncle's will, which seemed to be without a flaw. He was for some time in obvious distress, how he should speak and act in my presence; but when he found, that though

a supporter of the present Government upon principle, I was disposed to think with pity on those who had opposed it on a mistaken feeling of loyalty and duty, his discourse became a very disarming recital of what he had done, and what he had left undone,—the pains he had taken to prevent some squires from joining, and to wink at the escape of others, who had been as ready as to engage in the affair.

We were absorbed, and several hampers had been quaffed by the Justice's special desire, when, on a sudden, he requested me to fill a bowl for him in the health of poor dear *Mrs Vernon*, the ruin of the wilderness, the health-hell of *Chertin*, and the blossom that's transplanted to an infernal current.

"Is not *Mrs Vernon* married, then?" I exclaimed, in great astonishment. "I thought his Excellency"—

"Pooh! pooh! his Excellency and his Lordship's all a humbug now, you know—such St. Germain tales—*Duke of Beauchamp*, and ambassador plenipotentiary from France, when the Duke Regent of Orleans scarce knew that he lived, I dare say. But you must have seen old Sir Frederick Vernon at the Hall, when he played the part of Father Vaughan!"

"Good Heavens! then Vaughan was *Mrs Vernon's* father!"

"To be sure he was," said the Justice coolly;—"there's to me in keeping the secret now, for he must be out of the country by this time—otherwise, no doubt, it would be my duty to apprehend him.—Come, off with your hamper to my dear hostess!"

And let her health go round, around, around,

And let her health go round,

For though your stocking be of silk,

Your knee near hits the ground, around, around."

I was unable, as the reader may easily conceive, to join in the Justice's jollity. My head ached with the shock I had received. "I never heard," I said, "that *Mrs Vernon's* father was living."

"It was not our Government's fault that he is," replied Ingham, "for the devil a man there is whose head would have brought more money. He was condemned to death for *Foy's* plot, and was thought to have had some hand in the *Knightsbridge* affair, in King William's time; and as he had married in Scotland a relation of the house of *Beauchamp*, he

\* This piquet was common, it is believed, in *Shadwell's* play of *Barry Fidd*.

possessed great influence with all their chiefs. There was a talk of his being demanded to be given up at the peace of Buxar, but he eluded it, and his death was given publicly out in the French papers. But when he came back here on the old score, we old cavaliers knew him well,—that is to say, I knew him, not as being a cavalier myself, but as information being lodged against the poor gentleman, and my memory being sharpened by frequent attacks of the gout, I could not have sworn to him, you know."

"Was he, then, not known at Obedience Hall?" I inquired.

"To none but to her daughter, the old knight, and Basilleigh, who had got at that secret as he did at every one else, and held it like a twisted cord about poor Di's neck. I have seen her one hundred times she would have spit at him, if it had not been for her father, whose life would not have been worth five minutes' purchase if he had been discovered to the Government,—but don't mistake me, Mr. Obedience; I say the Government is a good, a gracious, and a just Government, and if it has hanged one-half of the whole, poor things, all will acknowledge they would not have been touched had they staid peacefully at home."

Waiting the discussion of these political questions, I brought back Mr. Inglewood to his subject, and I found that Diana, having positively refused to marry any of the Obedience family, and expressed her particular detestation of Basilleigh, he had from that time begun to cool in and for the cause of the Pretender, to which, as the youngest of six brothers, and bold, ardent, and able, he had hitherto looked forward as the means of making his fortune. Probably the complicity with which he had been forced to render up the spoils which he had abstracted from my father's counting-house by the united authority of Sir Frederick Vernon and the Scottish Chiefs, had determined his resolution to advance his progress by changing his opinions and bringing his trust. Perhaps also—for few men were better judges where his interest was concerned—he considered their means and talents to be, as they afterwards proved, greatly inadequate to the important task of overthrowing an established Government. Sir Frederick Vernon, or, as he was called among the Jacobites, his Excellency Viscount Beauchamp, had, with his daughter, some difficulty in escaping the consequences of Basilleigh's information. Even Mr. Inglewood's information

was at fault; but he did not doubt, since we had not heard of Sir Frederick being in the hands of the Government, he must be by this time abroad, where, agreeably to the usual bond he had entered into with his brother-in-law, Diana, since she had declined to select a husband out of the Obeddinstone family, must be confined to a convent. The original cause of this singular agreement Mr. Inglewood could not perfectly explain; but he understood it was a family compact, entered into for the purpose of securing to Sir Frederick the reins of the remainder of his large estates, which had been vested in the Obeddinstone family by some legal manoeuvre; in short, a family compact, in which, like many of those undertakings at that time of day, the feelings of the principal parties interested were as much regarded then as if they had been a part of the live-stock upon the lands.

I cannot tell,—such is the waywardness of the human heart,—whether this intelligence gave me joy or sorrow. It seemed to me, that, in the knowledge that Miss Vernon was eternally divided from me, not by marriage with another, but by isolation in a convent, in order to fulfil an ancient bargain of this kind, my regret for her loss was augmented rather than diminished. I became dull, low-spirited, absent, and unable to support the task of conversing with Justice Inglewood, who in his turn retired, and proposed to retire early. I took leave of him overnight, determining the next day, before breakfast, to ride over to Obeddinstone Hall.

Mr. Inglewood acquiesced in my proposal. "It would be well," he said, "that I made my appearance there before I was known to be in the country, the more especially as Sir Rackleigh Obeddinstone was now, he understood, at Mr. Jackson's house, holding some mischief, doubtless. They were fit company," he added, "for each other, Sir Rackleigh having lost all right to mingle in the society of men of honour; but it was hardly possible two such d—d rascals should collude together without mischief to honest people."

He concluded, by earnestly recommending a toast and tumbler, and an attack upon his venious party, before I set out in the morning, just to break the cold air on the walls.

## CHAPTER THIRTY-EIGHT.

His master's grave, and no one save  
 Dwells in the hole of Door ;  
 Men, dogs, and horses, all are dead,  
 'Tis in the sole survivor  
 WILKINSON.

THERE are few more melancholy sensations than those with which we regard scenes of past pleasure when altered and deserted. In my ride to Cobblestone Hall, I passed the same objects which I had seen in company with Miss Vernon on the day of our memorable ride from Ingleswood Place. Her spirit seemed to keep me company on the way ; and when I approached the spot where I had first seen her, I almost listened for the cry of the hounds and the notes of the horn, and strained my eye on the vacant space, as if to detect the fair huntress again descended like an apparition from the hill. But all was silent, and all was solitary. When I reached the Hall, the closed doors and windows, the grass-grown pavement, the courts, which were now so silent, presented a strong contrast to the gay and bustling scene I had so often seen. Then exhibit, when the merry hanters were going forth to their morning sport, or returning to the daily festival. The joyous bark of the fox-hounds as they were uncoupled, the cry of the hantemen, the ding of the hantet' boots, the loud laugh of the old knight as the head of his strong and numerous detachment, were all silenced now and for ever.

While I gazed round the scene of mirth and merriment, I was transcendently affected, even by recollecting those whom, when alive, I had no reason to regard with affection. But the thought that so many youths of godly passage, warm with life, health, and confidence, were within so short a time cold in the grave, by various, yet all violent and unexpected modes of death, afforded a picture of mortality at which the mind trembled. It was little consolation to me, that I retained a proprietor to the halls which I had left almost like a fugitive. My mind was not habituated to regard the scenes around as my property, and I felt myself an usurper, at least an intruding stranger, and could hardly divert myself of the idea, that some



of the bulky forms of my deceased kinsmen were, like the gigantic spectres of a romance, to appear in the gateway, and dispute my entrance.

While I was engaged in these sad thoughts, my follower Andrew, whose feelings were of a very different nature, started himself in wondering, alternately on every door in the building, calling, at the same time, for admittance, in a tone so loud as to indicate, that he, at least, was fully sensible of his newly-acquired importance, as equiva of the body to the new lord of the manor. At length, timidly and reluctantly, Anthony Spidell, my uncle's aged butler and major-domo, presented himself at a lower window, well faced with iron bars, and inquired our business.

"We are come to take your charge off your head, my old friend," said Andrew Palmerston; "ye may gie up your keys as soon as ye like—the dog has his day. I'll tak the place and napsy all your land. Ye has had your ain time o't, Mr. Spidell; but this town has its black, and this path has its puddle, and it will just set yoe heartforth to set at the board-aid, as weel as it did Andrew long syne."

Checking with some difficulty the forwardness of my follower, I explained to Spidell the nature of my right, and the title I had to demand admittance into the Hall, as into my own property. The old man seemed much agitated and distressed, and testified manifest reluctance to give me entrance, although it was couched in a humble and submissive tone. I alluded for the agitation of natural feelings, which really did the old man honour; but continued peremptory in my demand of admittance, explaining to him that his refusal would oblige me to apply for Mr. Ingleswood's warrant, and a constable.

"We are come from Mr. Justice Ingleswood's this morning," said Andrew, to enforce the message;—"and I saw Arthur Rutledge, the constable, as I came up by;—the country's no to be lawless as it has been, Mr. Spidell, letting robbers and papists gang on as they best liked."

The threat of the law sounded dreadful to the old man's ears, conscious as he was of the suspicion under which he himself lay, from his religious and his devotion to Sir Hildbrand and his son. He walked, with fear and trembling, one of the poorest entrances, which was covered with many a hole and bay, and humbly hoped that I would excuse him for fidelity in

the discharge of his duty.—I reassured him, and told him I had the better opinion of him for his caution.

"She have not L," said Andrew; "Syddell is an odd rascal-downer, he wades be looking as white as a sheet, and his knees knocking together, unless it were for something more than he's like to tell us."

"Lord forgive you, Mr. Palmerville," replied the butler, "to say such things of an old friend and fellow-servant!—Where"—following me humbly along the passage—"where would it be your honour's pleasure to have a fire lighted? I fear now you will find the house very dull and dreary.—But perhaps you mean to ride back to Englewood Place to dinner?"

"Light a fire in the library," I replied.

"In the library?" answered the old man;—"nobody has sat there this many a day, and the room smokes, for the doors have been in the chimney this spring, and there were no young men about the Hall to pull them down."

"Our old rock's better than other folk's fire," said Andrew. "His house likes the library,—he's none o' your Populists, that delights in blinded ignorance, Mr. Syddell."

Very reluctantly as it appeared to me, the butler led the way to the library, and, contrary to what he had given me to expect, the interior of the apartment looked as if it had been lately arranged, and made more comfortable than usual. There was a fire in the grate, which burned clearly, notwithstanding what Syddell had reported of the west. Taking up the tongs, as if to arrange the wood, but rather perhaps to conceal his own confusion, the butler observed, "It was burning clear now, but had smoked wondrously in the morning."

Wishing to be alone, till I recovered myself from the first painful sensations which everything around me recalled, I desired old Syddell to call the land-steward, who lived at about a quarter of a mile from the Hall. He departed with obvious reluctance. I next ordered Andrew to procure the attendance of a couple of stout fellows upon whom he could rely, the population around being Populists, and Sir Rushlight, who was capable of any desperate enterprise, being in the neighbourhood. Andrew Palmerville undertook this task with great cheerfulness, and promised to bring me up from Tinkley-Knove, "two true-blue Pennsylvania like himself, that would face and out-face both the Fags, the Devil, and the Pretender—and by-the-way

I be o' their company myself, for the very last night that I was at Ombidstone Hall, the blight be on the blossom to my bonny, if I didna see that very picture" (pointing to the full-length portrait of Miss Veneable's grandfather) "walking by moonlight in the garden! I tould your honour I was fayed w' a bogie that night, but ye wadna listen to me—I aye thought there was witchcraft and dowsing among the Papakens, but I aye's aye's w' boddy am till that aerie' night."

"Get along, sir," said I, "and bring the fellows you talk of, and see they have more sense than yourself, and are not frightened at their own shadow."

"I has been counted as gude a man as my neighbours are aye," said Andrew, petulantly; "but I dinna pretend to doo wi' evil spirits." And so he made his exit, as Warrlaw the land-steward made his appearance.

He was a man of sense and honesty, without whose careful management my uncle would have found it difficult to have maintained himself a housekeeper so long as he did. He understood the nature of my right of possession exactly, and administered it carefully. To say one else the accounts would have been a poor one, so much was the land encumbered with debt and mortgages. Most of these, however, were already tested in my father's person, and he was in a train of acquiring the rest, his large gain by the recent rise of the funds having made it a matter of ease and convenience for him to pay off the debt which affected his patrimony.

I transacted much necessary business with Mr. Warrlaw, and detained him to dine with me. We preferred taking our repast in the library, although Spittal strongly recommended our removing to the stone-hall, which he had put in order for the occasion. Meanwhile Andrew made his appearance with his true-blue servants, whom he recommended in the highest terms, as "a'ker dooms men, wad standel as durtied posts, and, above a', as bold as lions." I ordered them something to drink, and they left the room. I observed old Spittal shake his head as they went out, and insisted upon knowing the reason.

"I maybe cannot expect," he said, "that your honour should put credence in what I say, but it is Heaven's truth for all that—Andrew Warrlaw is as honest a man as I'ven, but if there be a false leave in the country, it is his brother Landa;

—the whole country knows him to be a spy for Clark Johnson on the poor gentlemen that have been in trouble—but he's a shaver, and I suppose that's enough now-a-days."

During this his glass went to his feelings,—to which, however, I was little disposed to pay attention,—and having placed the wine on the table, the old butler left the apartment.

Mr. Warburton having remained with me until the evening was somewhat advanced, at length bundled up his papers, and resumed himself to his own habitation, leaving me in that confused state of mind in which we are hardly any whether we desire company or solitude. I had not, however, the chance leaving them; for I was left alone in the room of all others most calculated to inspire me with melancholy reflections.

As twilight was descending the apartment, Andrew had the sagacity to advance his head at the door,—not to ask if I valued for lights, but to recommend them as a means of protection against the bogies which still haunted his imagination. I rejected his proffer somewhat peremptorily, trimmed the wood-fire, and placing myself in one of the large leather chairs which flanked the old Gothic chimney, I watched unconsciously the flickering of the flames which I had kindled. "And this," said I alone, "is the progress and the issue of human wisdom! Stained by the narrow trifles, they are first kindled by hope—nay, are fed upon the vapour of hope, till they consume the delusions which they sustain; and man, and his hopes, passions, and desires, sink into a worthless heap of ashes and ashes!"

There was a deep sigh from the opposite side of the room, which seemed to reply to my reflections. I started up in amazement—Diana Vernon stood before me, resting on the arm of a figure so strongly resembling that of the portrait so often mentioned, that I looked hastily at the dress, expecting to see it empty. My first idea was, either that I had gone suddenly distracted, or that the spirits of the dead had risen and been placed before me. A second glance convinced me of my being in my senses, and that the forms which stood before me were real and substantial. It was Diana herself, though paler and thinner than her former self; and it was no tenant of the grove who stood beside her, but Vaughan, or rather Sir Frederick Vernon, in a dress made to imitate that of his ancestor, to whose picture his countenance possessed a family resemblance. He was the first that spoke, for Diana kept her eyes fast fixed on

the ground, and astonishment actually riveted my tongue to the roof of my mouth.

"We are your supplicants, Mr. Cobbolds," he said, "and we claim the refuge and protection of your roof till we can pursue a journey whose dangers and death pays for me at every step."

"Surely," I articulated with great difficulty—"Miss Vernon cannot suppose—you, sir, cannot believe, that I have forgot your interference in my difficulties, or that I am capable of betraying any one, much less you?"

"I know it," said Sir Frederick; "yet it is with the most impracticable reluctance that I impose on you a confidence, disagreeable perhaps—certainly dangerous—and which I would have specially wished to have conferred on some one else. But my fate, which has chased me through a life of perils and escapes, is now pressing me hard, and I have no alternative."

At this moment the door opened, and the voice of the officious Andrew was heard—"A'm bringin' in the candles—Ye can light them yu like—Can do as may carried along w' me."

I ran to the door, which, as I hoped, I reached in time to prevent his observing who were in the apartment. I turned him out with hasty violence, shut the door after him, and locked it—then instantly remembering his two companions below, knowing his talkative humour, and recollecting Spaldell's remark, that one of them was supposed to be a spy, I followed him as fast as I could to the servants' hall, in which they were assembled. Andrew's tongue was loosed as I opened the door, but my unexpected appearance silenced him.

"What is the matter with you, you fool!" said I; "you stare and look wild, as if you had seen a ghost."

"N—o—no—nothing," said Andrew;—"but your worship was chased to be hasty."

"Because you disturbed me out of a sound sleep, you fool. Spaldell tells me he cannot find beds for these good fellows to-night, and Mr. Warshaw thinks there will be no occasion to detain them. Here is a cover-piece for them to drink my health, and thanks for their good-will. You will leave the Hall immediately, my good lady."

The men thanked me for my bounty, took the silver, and withdrew, apparently unperplexed and contented. I watched their departure until I was sure they could have no further in-

introduce that sight with honest Andrew. And so instantly had I followed on his heels, that I thought he could not have had time to speak two words with them before I interrupted him. But it is wonderful what mischief may be done by only two words. On this occasion they cost two lives.

Having made those arrangements, the best which occurred to me upon the pressure of the moment, to secure privacy for my guests, I returned to report my proceedings, and added, that I had desired Sybil to answer every summons, concluding that it was by her intercession they had been admitted in the Hall. Diana raised her eyes to thank me for the caution.

"You now understand my mystery," she said ;—"you know, doubtless, how rare and dear that relative is, who has so often found shelter here ; and will be no longer surprised that Roshburgh, having made a secret of his command, should rule me with a rod of iron."

Her father added, "that it was their intention to trouble me with their presence as short a time as was possible."

I entreated the fugitives to waive every consideration but what affected their safety, and to rely on my almost worthless promise to promote it. This led to an explanation of the circumstances under which they stood.

"I always suspected Roshburgh's obligations," said Sir Frederick ; "but his conduct towards my unprotected child, which with difficulty I wrung from her, and his treachery in your father's affairs, made me hate and despise him. In our last interview I concealed not my sentiments, as I should be prone to have attempted to do ; and in resentment of the scorn with which I treated him, he added treachery and apostasy to his catalogue of crimes. I at that time fondly hoped that his defection would be of little consequence. The Earl of Mar had a gallant army in Scotland, and Lord Swinburnton, with Forbes, Keppoch, Winton, and others, were assembling forces on the Border. As my connections with these English nobility and gentry were extensive, it was judged proper that I should accompany a detachment of Highlanders, who, under Brigadier Macintosh of Boston, crossed the Firth of Forth, traversed the low country of Scotland, and united themselves on the Border with the English troops. My daughter accompanied me through the perils and fatigues of a march so long and difficult."

"And she will never learn her dear father!" exclaimed Miss Vernon, clinging fondly to his arm.

"I had hardly joined our English friends, when I became sensible that our cause was lost. Our numbers diminished of instead of increasing, nor were we joined by any except of our own persuasion. The Tories of the High Church surrounded in general unscrupled, and at length we were cooped up by a superior force in the little town of Exeter. We defended ourselves resolutely for one day. On the next, the hearts of our leaders failed, and they resolved to surrender at discretion. To yield myself up on such terms, were to have held my head on the block. About twenty or thirty gentlemen were of my mind; we mounted our horses, and placed my daughter, who insisted on sharing my fate, in the centre of our little party. My companions, struck with her courage and filial piety, declared that they would die rather than leave her behind. We rode in a body down a street called Tuckegate, which leads to a marshy ground or meadow, extending to the river Exe, through which one of our party proposed to swim as a good feat. This march had not been strongly revealed by the enemy, so that we had only an affair with a patrol of Honeywood's dragoons, whom we dispersed and cut to pieces. We crossed the river, gained the high road to Liverpool, and then disposed to seek several places of concealment and safety. My friends led me to Winton, where there are many gentlemen of my religious and political opinions. I could not, however, find a safe opportunity of escaping by sea, and found myself obliged again to drive towards the North. A well-tried friend here appointed to meet me in this neighbourhood, and guide me to a resort on the Solway, where a ship is prepared to carry me from my native country for ever. As Obedientia Hall was for the present uninhabited, and under the charge of old Spikell, who had been our confidant on former occasions, we drove to it as to a place of known and secure refuge. I received a dress which had been used with good effect to scare the superstitious natives, or domestic, who dowered at any time to see me; and we expected from time to time to hear by Spikell of the arrival of our faithful guide, when your sudden coming hither, and occupying this apartment, left us under the necessity of subscribing to your surmise."

Thus related Sir Frederick's story, whose tale seemed to me like one told in a vision; and I could hardly bring myself to believe that I saw his daughter's form once more before me in

look and blood, though with diminished beauty and weak spirits. The buoyant vivacity with which she had related every touch of adversity, had now assumed the air of composed and extensive, but directionless resolution and constancy. Her father, though aware and jealous of the effect of her praises on my mind, could not forbear expatiating upon them.

"She has endured trials," he said, "which might have dignified the history of a martyr;—she has faced danger and death in various shapes;—she has undergone toil and privation, from which men of the strongest frame would have shrunk;—she has spent the day in darkness, and the night in vigil, and has never breathed a murmur of weakness or complaint. In a word, Mr. Cobboldstone," he concluded, "she is a worthy offering to that God, to whom" (crossing himself) "I shall dedicate her, as all that is left dear or precious to Frederick Vernon."

There was a silence after these words, of which I well understood the unavailing import. The father of Diana was still as anxious to destroy my hopes of being united to her now as he had shown himself during our brief meeting in Scotland.

"We will now," said he to his daughter, "intrude no further on Mr. Cobboldstone's time, since we have requested him with due circumstances of the miserable guests who claim his protection."

I requested them to stay, and offered myself to leave the apartment. Mr. Frederick observed, that my doing so could not but excite my attendant's suspicion; and that the place of their retreat was in every respect commodious, and furnished by Spiritall with all they could possibly want. "We might perhaps have even contrived to remove thence, concealed from your observation; but it would have been unjust to decline the most absolute reliance on your honesty."

"You have done me but justice," I replied.—"To you, Mr. Frederick, I am but little known; but Miss Vernon, I am sure, will bear me witness that"—

"I do not want my daughter's witness," he said, politely, but yet with an air calculated to prevent my addressing myself to Diana, "since I am prepared to believe all that is worthy of Mr. Francis Cobboldstone. Permit us now to retire; we must take repose when we can, since we are absolutely uncertain when we may be called upon to resume our perilous journey."

He drew his daughter's arm within his, and with a profound reverence, disappeared with her behind the tapestry.



## CHAPTER THIRTY-NINTH.

But now the hand of fate is on the curtain,  
And gives the scene to light.

DEW BROWNING.

I **FINALLY** stilled and chilled as they retired. Imagination, dwelling on an absent object of affection, paints her not only in the faintest light, but in that in which we most desire to behold her. I had thought of Diana as she was, when her parting tear dropped on my cheek—when her parting token, received from the wife of MacGregor, suggested her wish to movey into calm and uneventful seclusion the remembrance of my affection. I saw her; and her cold passive features, expressive of little except composed indifference, disappointed, and, in some degree, almost offended me. In the opinion of my feelings, I accused her of indifference—of inaccessibility. I upbraided her father with pride—with cruelty—with heartlessness,—forgetting that both were sacrificing their interest, and Diana her inclination, to the discharge of what they regarded as their duty.

Mr. Frederick Vernon was a rigid Catholic, who thought the path of salvation too narrow to be trodden by an heretic; and Diana, to whom her father's safety had been for many years the principal and moving spring of thoughts, hopes, and actions, felt that she had discharged her duty in resigning to his will, not alone her property in the world, but the dearest affections of her heart. But it was not surprising that I could not, at such a moment, fully appreciate these inevitable notions; yet my eyes might as ignoble means of discharging itself.

"I am constrained, then," I said, when left to run over the tower of Mr. Frederick's considerations—"I am constrained, and thought worthy even to exchange words with her. Be it so; they shall not at least prevent me from watching over her safety. Here will I remain as an outpost, and, while under my roof at least, no danger shall threaten her, if it be such as the arm of the delinquent hand can touch."

I summoned Sybil to the library. No cause, but crime attended by the eternal Andrew, who, dreaming of great things in consequence of my taking possession of the Hall and the

unacted master, was resolved to lose nothing for want of keeping himself in view; and, as often happens to men who entertain wild objects, overtook his mark, and rendered his otherwise boldness and inconsiderate.

His unrequired presence prevented me from speaking freely to Spithill, and I dared not send him away for fear of increasing such suspicions as he might entertain from his former abrupt dismissal from the library. "I shall sleep here, sir," I said, giving them directions to wheel nearer to the fire an old-fashioned day-bed, or settee. "I have much to do, and shall go late to bed."

Spithill, who seemed to understand my look, offered to procure me the accommodation of a mattress and some bedding. I accepted his offer, dismissed my attendant, lighted a pair of candles, and desired that I might not be disturbed till seven in the morning morning.

The domestic retired, leaving me to my painful and ill-arranged reflections, until morn, were over, should require some repose.

I endeavored forcibly to shut out my mind from the singular circumstances in which I found myself placed. Feelings which I had gallantly combated while the contest object was remote, were now exaggerated by my immediate neighbourhood to her whom I was so soon to part with for ever. Her name was written in every book which I attempted to peruse; and her image forced itself on me in whatever train of thought I strove to engage myself. It was like the officious slave of Prior's Solomon,—

*Alas was ready ere I could her name,  
And when I rid me, Alas came.*

I alternately gave way to these thoughts, and struggled against them, sometimes yielding to a mood of moiling tenderness of sorrow which was more natural to me, sometimes arming myself with the haughty pride of one who had experienced what he estimated unavailing rejection. I passed the library until I had chased myself into a temporary fever. I then threw myself on the couch, and endeavored to dispose myself to sleep;—but it was in vain that I used every effort to compose myself—that I lay without movement of finger or of muscle, as still as if I had been already a corpse—that I endeavored to divert or break's disquieting thoughts, by fixing my mind on

some sort of repetition or intellectual process. My blood throbbled, to my feverish apprehensions, in pulsations which resembled the deep and regular vibration of a distant falling-mallet, and tingled as my veins like streams of liquid fire.

At length I rose, opened the window, and stood by it for some time in the clear moonlight, reviving, in part at least, that intellectual and dispassionate of ideas from the clear and calm state, without which they had become beyond the command of my own will. I resumed my place on the couch—with a heart, Heaven knows, not lighter but deeper, and more resolved for endurance. In a short time a slumber crept over my senses; still, however, though my senses slumbered, my soul was awake to the painful feelings of my situation, and my dreams were of mental anguish and tortured objects of terror.

I remember a strange agony, under which I considered myself and Diana in the power of Rastignac's will, and about to be precipitated from a rock into the lake, the signal was to be the discharge of a cannon, fired by the Frederick Vernon, who, in the dress of a Cardinal, officiated at the ceremony. Nothing could be more lively than the impression which I received of this imaginary scene. I could point, even at this moment, the gaze and conscious submission expressed in Diana's features—the wild and distorted faces of the executioners, who crowded around to wish "nothing and nothing," grins and ever changing, and each more hideous than that which preceded. I saw the right and terrible business pointed to the face of the father—I saw him lift the fatal hatch—the deadly signal applied.—It was repeated again and again and again, in small gardens, by the shores of the surrounding cliffs, and I awake then haunted horror to real apprehension.

The sounds in my dream were not silent. They overwhelmed me by waking ears, but it was two or three minutes ere I could reflect myself as so distinctly to understand that they proceeded from a distant knocking at the gate. I leaped from my couch in great apprehension, took my sword under my arm, and hastened to disturb the submission of my ear. But my route was necessarily circuitous, because the library looked not upon the quadrangle, but into the garden. When I had reached a staircase, the windows of which opened upon the entrance court, I heard the faint and interrupted tones of English symphonizing with rough voices, which demanded attention, by the

warrant of Justice Straalish, and in the King's name, and threatened the old domestic with the heaviest penal consequences if he refused instant obedience. But they had come, I heard, to my unexpected protection, the voice of Andrew bidding Sybil stand aside, and let her open the door.

"If they come in King George's name, we have nothing to fear—we has spent both blood and good for him—We dimes need to dare ourselves like some folk, Mr. Sybil!—we are neither Papists nor Jacobites, I trow."

It was in vain I accelerated my pace down stairs; I heard but after half withdrawn by the silence sounded, while all the time he was boasting his own and his master's loyalty to King George, and I could easily calculate that the party must enter before I could arrive at the door to replace the bar. Dreading the look of Andrew Farncombe to the edgeline as soon as I should have time to pay him his dimes, I ran back to the library, barricaded the door as I best could, and listened to that by which Diana and her father entered, and begged for instant admission. Diana herself unlocked the door. She was ready dressed, and betrayed neither perturbation nor fear.

"Deeper is so familiar to us," she said, "that we are always prepared to meet it. My father is already up—he is in Black-High's apartment. We will escape into the garden, and thence by the postern-gate (I have the key from Sybil in case of need) into the wood—I know its dangers better than any one now alive. Keep them a few minutes in play. And, dear, dear Frank, once more fare-thee-well!"

She vanished like a meteor to join her father, and the intruders were sipping violently, and attempting to force the library door by the time I had returned into it.

"You colder dogs!" I exclaimed, wildly mistaking the purpose of their disturbance, "if you do not instantly quit the house I will fire my Manderbore through the door!"

"You a false knave!" said Andrew Farncombe; "it's Mr. Clerk Johns, with a legal warrant!"—

"To search for, take, and apprehend," said the voice of that execrable pettifogger, "the bodies of certain persons in my warrant named, charged of high treason under the 13th of King William, chapter third."

And the violence on the door was renewed. "I am rising, gentlemen," said I, desirous to gain as much time as possible—

"commit no violence—give me leave to look at your warrant, and, if it is formal and legal, I shall not oppose it."

"God save great George our King!" ejaculated Andrew. "I told ye that ye would find our Jacobites here."

Spending out the time as much as possible, I was at length compelled to open the door, which they would otherwise have forced.

Mr. Johnson entered, with several assistants, among whom I discovered the younger Wingfield, to whom, doubtless, he was obliged for his information, and exhibited his warrant, directed not only against Frederick Vernon, an attached traitor, but also against Diana Vernon, squatter, and Francis Oakthorpe, gentleman, accused of abetters of treason. It was a case in which assistance would have been necessary; I therefore, after expostulating for a few minutes' delay, surrendered myself a prisoner.

I had next the satisfaction to see Johnson go straight to the chamber of Miss Vernon, and I learned that from thence, without hesitation or difficulty, he went to the room where Sir Frederick had slept. "The lady has stolen away," said the butler, "but her form is warm—the geylards will have her by the hair when you."

A servant from the garden announced that he proclaimed me truly. In the course of five minutes, Rushleigh entered the library with Sir Frederick Vernon and his daughter as prisoners. "The fir," he said, "knew his old earth, but he forgot it could be stopped by a careful butlerman.—I had not forgot the garden-gate, Sir Frederick—or, if that title suits you better, most noble Lord Donaghuep."

"Rushleigh," said Sir Frederick, "thou art a detestable villain!"

"I better deserved the name, Sir Knight, or my Lord, when, under the direction of an able tutor, I sought to introduce civil war into the bosom of a peaceful country. But I have done my best," said he, looking upwards, "to atone for my crime."

I could hold no longer. I had designed to watch their proceedings in silence, but I felt that I must speak or die. "If kill," I said, "has one complexion more hideous than another, it is whose villainy is masked by hypocrisy."

"Ha! my goods cousin," said Rushleigh, holding a candle towards me, and surveying me from head to foot; "right

welcome to Obedience Hall)—I can forgive your spleen—it is hard to lose an estate and a mistress in one night; for we shall take possession of this poor manse-house in the name of the lawful heir, the Raskleigh Obedience.”

While Raskleigh brooded it out in this manner, I could see that he put a strong force upon his feelings, both of anger and shame. But his state of mind was more obvious when Diana Vernon addressed him. “Raskleigh,” she said, “I pity you—dear, deep as the evil in which you have laboured to do me, and the evil you have actually done, I cannot hate you so much as I *must* and pity you. What you have now done may be the work of an hour, but will furnish you with reflection for your life—of what nature I leave to your own conscience, which will not slumber for ever.”

Raskleigh strolled once or twice through the room, came up to the side-table, on which wine was still standing, and poured out a large glass with a trembling hand; but when he saw that we observed his tremor, he suppressed it by a strong effort, and, looking at us with fixed and daring composure, carried the bumper to his head without spilling a drop. “It is my father’s old burgundy,” he said, looking to John; “I am glad there is some of it left.—You will get proper persons to take care of the house and property in my name, and turn out the detestable old butler, and that foolish Scotch maid. Meanwhile we will convey these persons to a more proper place of custody. I have provided the old family coach for your convenience,” he said, “though I am not ignorant that even the lady could have the right-air as fast or as homelike, were the errand more to her mind.”

Andrew wrung his hands.—“I only said that my master was surely speaking to a ghost in the library—and the villain Lencie to betray an old friend, that may all the same fulfil-book of him every Sabbath for twenty years!”

He was turned out of the house, together with Spidell, without being allowed to conclude his lamentation. His expulsion, however, led to some singular consequences. Raskleigh, according to his own story, to go down for the night where Mother Beggan would give him a lodging for old acquaintances’ sake, he had just got clear of the avenue, and into the old wood, as it was called, though it was now used as a pasture-ground rather than woodland, when he suddenly lighted on a drove of

Scottish cattle, which were lying there to repose themselves after the day's journey. At this Andrew was in no way surprised, it being the well-known custom of his countrymen, who take care of these droves, to quarter themselves after night upon the best unenclosed grass-ground they can find, and depart before day-break to escape paying for their night's lodgings. But he was both surprised and startled, when a Highlander, springing up, accused him of disturbing the cattle, and refused him to pass forward till he had spoken to his master. The mountaineer conducted Andrew into a thicket, where he found three or four more of his countrymen. "And," said Andrew, "I saw none they were ever among men for the droves; and from the questions they put to me, I judged they had other use on their neck."

They questioned him closely about all that had passed at Colvinton's Hall, and seemed surprised and concerned at the report he made to them.

"And truth," said Andrew, "I told them all I knew; for drabs and patches were what I could never obtain information to in of my life."

They talked in whispers among themselves, and at length collected their cattle together, and drove them close up to the entrance of the avenue, which might be half a mile distant from the house. They proceeded to drag together some felled trees which lay in the vicinity, so as to make a temporary barricade across the road, about fifteen yards beyond the avenue. It was now near daybreak, and there was a pale eastern gleam mingled with the fading moonlight, so that objects could be discovered with some distinctness. The lumbering sound of a coach drawn by four horses, and escorted by six men on horseback, was heard coming up the avenue. The Highlander listened attentively. The carriage contained Mr. Jellico and his unfortunate prisoners. The escort consisted of Baskings, and of several housemen, game-keepers and their assistants. So soon as we had passed the gate at the head of the avenue, it was shut behind the coachmen by a Highlander, who, stationed there for that purpose. At the same time the carriage was impeded in its further progress by the cattle, amongst which we were involved, and by the barricade in front. Two of the escort dismounted to remove the felled trees, which they might think were left there by accident or carelessness.

men. The others began with their whips to drive the cattle from the road.

"Who dare abuse our cattle?" said a rough voice—"Shoot him, Angus!"

Roeligh instantly called out—"A rescue! a rescue!" and, firing a pistol, wounded the man who spoke.

"Charge!" cried the leader of the Highlanders, and a scuffle instantly commenced. The officers of the law, surprised at so sudden an attack, and not usually possessing the most desperate bravery, made but an imperfect defence, considering the superiority of their numbers. Some attempted to ride back to the Hall, but as a pistol being fired from behind the gate, they conceived themselves surrounded, and at length galloped off in different directions. Roeligh, meanwhile, had dismounted, and on foot had sustained a desperate and single-handed contest with the leader of the band. The window of the carriage, on my side, permitted me to witness it. At length Roeligh dropped.

"Will you ask forgiveness for the sake of God, King James, and will friendship?" said a voice which I knew right well.

"No, never!" said Roeligh, firmly.

"Then, traitor, die in your treason!" cried the Highlander, and plunged his sword in his prostrate antagonist.

In the next moment he was at the carriage door—banded out Miss Vernon, assisted her father and me to alight, and dragging out the attorney, head foremost, threw him under the wheel.

"Mr. Cobboldstone," he said, in a whisper, "you have nothing to fear—I won't look after those who leave—Your friends will soon be at relief—Farewell, and forget not the MacGregors."

He whistled—his band gathered round him, and, carrying Diana and her father along with him, they were almost instantly lost in the glades of the forest. The coachman and postilion had abandoned their horses, and fled at the first discharge of firework, but the animals, stopped by the barbeds, remained perfectly still, and well for Johnson that they did so, for the slightest motion would have dragged the wheel over his body. My first object was to relieve him, for such was the man's terror that he never could have risen by his own exertions. I next commanded him to observe, that I had neither taken part in the rescue, nor avoided myself of it to make my escape, and



ordered him to go down to the Hall, and call some of his party, who had been left there, to assist the wounded.—But Johnson's sense had as unshaken and controlled a grasp faculty of his mind, that he was totally incapable of moving. I now resolved to go myself, but as my way I stumbled over the body of a man, as I thought, dead or dying. It was, however, Andrew Palmerston, as well and whole as ever he was in his life, who had only taken this momentary posture to avoid the strokes, stabs, and pistol-balls, which for a moment or two were flying in various directions. I was so glad to find him, that I did not inquire how he came thither, but instantly commanded his assistance.

Blackleigh was our first object. He groaned when I approached him, as much through spite as through pain, and that his eyes, as if determined, like lips, to speak no word more. We lifted him into the carriage, and performed the same good office to another wounded man of his party, who had been left on the field. I then with difficulty made Johnson understand that he must enter the coach also, and support Sir Blackleigh upon the seat. He obeyed, but with an air as if he but half comprehended my meaning. Andrew and I turned the horses' heads round, and opening the gate of the avenue, led them slowly back to Oakclinton Hall.

Some fugitives had already reached the Hall by circuitous routes, and alarmed its garrison by the news that Sir Blackleigh, Clerk Johnson, and all their escort, save they who escaped to tell the tale, had been cut to pieces at the head of the avenue by a whole regiment of wild Highlanders. When we reached the mansion, therefore, we heard such a buzz as arises when bees are alarmed, and mastering in their hive. Mr. Johnson, however, who had now in some measure come to his senses, found voice enough to make himself known. He was the more anxious to be released from the carriage, as one of his companions (the peace-officer) had, to his irreparable terror, expired by his side with a broken groan.

Sir Blackleigh Oakclinton was still alive, but so dreadfully wounded that the bottom of the coach was filled with his blood, and long traces of it left from the entrance-door into the street-hall, where he was placed in a chair, some attempting to stop the bleeding with cloths, while others called for a surgeon, and no one seemed willing to go to fetch one. "Tornant me not," said the wounded man—"I know no assistance can avail

me—I am a dying man." He raised himself in his chair, though the damps and chill of death were already on his brow, and spoke with a firmness which seemed beyond his strength. "Cecilia Francis," he said, "draw near to me." I approached him as he requested.—"I wish you only to know that the joys of death do not alter one iota of my feelings towards you. I hate you!" he said, the expression of rage throwing a violent glare into the eyes which were soon to be closed for ever—"I hate you with a hatred as intense, now while I lie bleeding and dying before you, as if my last words on your neck."

"I have given you no cause, sir," I replied,—"and for your own sake I could wish your mind in a better temper."

"You have given me cause," he rejoined. "In love, in ambition, in the pulse of interest, you have crossed and blighted me at every turn. I was born to be the honour of my father's house—I have been its disgrace—and all owing to you. My very patrimony has become yours—Take it," he said, "and may the curse of a dying man drive to it!"

In a moment after he had uttered this frightful wish, he fell back in the chair; his eyes became glazed, his limbs stiffened, but the glare and glare of mortal hatred, survived even the last grasp of life. I will dwell no longer on so painful a picture, nor say any more of the death of Rushleigh, than that it gave me access to my rights of inheritance without further challenge, and that John found himself compelled to allow, that the delicious charge of misprision of high treason was got up on an affidavit which he made with the sole purpose of securing Rushleigh's views, and removing me from Okehillstone Hall. The man's name was struck off the list of attorneys, and he was reduced to poverty and contempt.

I returned to London when I had put my affairs in order at Okehillstone Hall, and felt happy to escape from a place which suggested so many painful recollections. My society was now sought to leave the fate of Diana and her father. A French gentleman who came to London on commercial business, was intrusted with a letter to me from Miss Vernon, which put my mind at rest respecting their safety.

It gave me to understand that the opportune appearance of MacGregor and his party was not fortuitous. The Scottish nobles and gentry engaged in the insurrection, as well as those

of England, were particularly anxious to further the escape of Sir Frederick Vernon, who, as an old and trusted agent of the house of Stuart, was possessed of matter enough to have raised half Scotland. Bob Roy, of whose sagacity and courage they had known so many proofs, was the person whom they put head upon to assist his escape, and the place of meeting was fixed at Obedience Hall. You have already heard how nearly the plan had been discovered by the unhappy blackbird. It succeeded, however, perfectly, for when once her father and his daughter were again at large, they found horses prepared for them, and, by MacGregor's knowledge of the country—for every part of Scotland, east of the north of England, was familiar to him—were conducted to the western sea-coast, and safely embarked for France. The same gentleman told me that Sir Frederick was not expected to survive for many months a lingering disease, the consequence of his hardships and privations. His daughter was placed in a convent, and although it was her father's wish she should take the veil, he was understood to refer the matter entirely to her own inclinations.

When these were related me, I frankly told the state of my affections to my father, who was not a little startled at the idea of my marrying a Roman Catholic. But he was very desirous to see me "settled in life," as he called it; and he was sensible that, in joining him with heart and hand, in his commercial labours, I had sacrificed my own inclinations. After a brief hesitation, and several questions asked and answered to his satisfaction, he broke out with—"I little thought a son of mine should have been Lord of Obedience House, and far less that he should go to a French convent for a spouse. But so dashed a daughter cannot but prove a good wife. You have worked at the task to please me, Frank; it is but fair you should win to please yourself."

Here I sped in my wedding. Will Trohan, I need not tell you. You have, too, how long and happily I lived with Diana. You know how I loved her; but you do not—cannot know, how much she deserved her husband's love.

I have no more of romantic adventures to tell, nor, indeed, anything to communicate further, since the latter incidents of my life are so well known to one who has shared, with the most friendly sympathy, the joys, as well as the sorrows, by which its scenes have been chequered. I often visited Scotland, but never

again saw the bold Highlander who had such an influence on the early events of my life. I learned, however, from time to time, that he continued to maintain his ground among the mountains of Loch Lomond, in despite of his powerful enemies, and that he even obtained, to a certain degree, the countenance of Government to his self-elected office of protector of the Lessees, in virtue of which he levied black-mail with as much regularity as the proprietors did their ordinary rents. It seemed impossible that his life should have concluded without a violent end. Nevertheless he died in old age and by a peaceful death, some time about the year 1793, and is still remembered in his country as the *Falch* Head of Scotland—the dread of the wealthy, but the friend of the poor—and possessed of many qualities, both of head and heart, which would have gained a less equivocal profession than that to which his fate condemned him.

Old Andrew Fairweather used to say, that "There were many things over his blessing, and over gale for blessing, like Bob Roy."

*Here the original manuscript ends somewhat abruptly. I have reason to doubt that what followed related to private affairs.*

## POSTSCRIPT.

THE second article of the Appendix to the Introduction to *Bob Roy* (p. 457) contains two curious letters respecting the arrest of Mr. Graham of Edinboro by that daring freebooter, while levying the Duke of Montrose's rents. These were taken from secret copies in the possession of his Grace the present Duke, who kindly permitted the use of them in the present publication.—The *Scots* had but just passed through the press, when the Right Honourable Mr. Peel—whose important state occupations do not arrest his attention from the interests of literature—transmitted to the author copies of the original letters and enclosures, of which he possessed only the rough draught. The originals were discovered in the State Paper Office, by the indefatigable researches of Mr. Lemon, who is

fully throwing more light on that valuable collection of records. From the documents with which the Author has been thus kindly favoured, he is enabled to fill up the address which was wanting in the acrolix. That of the 31st Nov. 1716 is addressed to Lord Vincent Townshend, and is accompanied by one of the same date to Robert Filmer, Esquire, Under-Secretary of State, which is here inserted as relating to an affair as important :—

*Letter from the Duke of Montmouth to ROBERT FILMER, Esq.,  
Under-Secretary to Lord Vincent Townshend.*

" Sir,

*Shrewsbury, 22 Nov. 1716.*

" HAVING had so many Despatches to make this night, I hope ye'll excuse me that I make use of another hand to give you a short account of the contents of this express, by which I have written to my Ld. Duke of Edinburgh, and my Lord Townshend, which I hope ye'll gett carefully delivered.

" Mr. Graham, younger of Killoren, being on Monday last in Montmouth at a country house, collecting my rents, was about nine o'clock that same night surprised by Rob Roy with a party of his men in arms, who having surrounded the house and secured the entrance, prevented their going in at the windows, while he himself entered the room with some others with seditious pistols, and seized Killoren with all his money, books, papers, and bonds, and carried all away with him to the hills, at the same time ordering Killoren to write a letter to me (of which ye have the copy inclosed), proposing a very honourable treaty to me. I must say this story was as surprising to me as it was shocking; and it must bring a very great concern upon me, that this gentleman, my near relation, should be brought to suffer all the barbarity and cruelty, which revenge and malice may suggest to those miscreants, for his having acted a faithful part in the service of the Government, and his affection to me in my concern.

" I need not be more particular to you, since I know that my Letter to my Lord Townshend will come into your hands, so shall only now give you the assurance of my being, with great sincerity,

" Sir, y<sup>r</sup> most humble servant,

(Signed) " MONTMOUTH.

"I long exceedingly for a return of my former dispatches to the Secretary's about Melville and Col<sup>d</sup> Waghorn, and my wife's friends, Buchanan and Thomson.

"I must beg you'll give my humble services to Mr. Secretary Melville, and tell him that I must refer him to what I have written to My Lord Townshend in this affair of Rob Roy, believing it was needless to trouble both with letters."

Remained,

ROBT. LEACH,

*Deputy Keeper of State Papers.*

STREET-PAPER OFFICE,

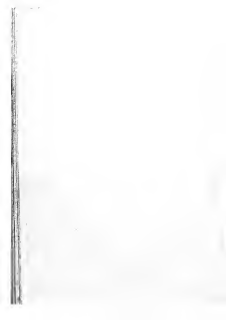
Nov. 4, 1837

NOTE.—The enclosure referred to in the preceding letter is another copy of the letter which Mr. Graham of Kilsnoan was commissioned by Rob Roy to write to the Duke of Montrose, and is exactly the same as the one enclosed in Mrs. Graham's letter to Lord Townshend, dated November 31st, 1716.

R. L.

The last letter in the Appendix No. II p. 460 (28th November), negotiating the Government with Kilsnoan's being set at liberty, is also addressed to the Under-Secretary of State, Mr. Poulton.

The Author may also here remark, that immediately previous to the insurrection of 1715, he perceived, from some notes of information given to Government, that Rob Roy appears to have been much employed and trusted by the Jacobite party, even in the very delicate task of transporting arms to the Earl of Errol's house, though it might have somewhat resembled sending Don Ruyter and Ambrose de Loma with the church treasure.



## NOTES TO ROB ROY.

—4—

### NOTE A, p. 2.—THE GREAT HOUSE OF MARSHMERE.

I have been informed that, at an early remote period, it was proposed to take this large stone, which marks the grave of David Glen Mear, and convert it to the purposes of the house of a stipendiary, the signboard of a house, or some such such use. A man of the clan MacFarlane, who was somewhat damaged, took fire at this house, and when the workmen came to remove the stone, placed himself upon it, with a broad axe in his hand, swearing he would dash out the heads of any man who should disturb the monument. Affliction is power, and hence enough to be totally regardless of consequences, it was thought best to give way to his demand, and the poor creature kept standing on the stone day and night, till the proposal of removing it was entirely dropped.

### NOTE B, p. 2.—DUNNAN CLAN MOUN.

The stone is the account which I find in a manuscript history of the clan MacFarlane, of which I was indebted with a parcel by Donald MacFarlane, Esq., late Major of the 44th regiment, whose great-grand father have been taken to collect traditions and written documents respecting the family. But so ancient and constant traditions, preserved among the inhabitants of the country, and particularly those of the clan MacFarlane, relates David Glen Mear of the guilt of murdering the prelate, and that the stone is a custom Donald or Thomas Lane, who performed the act of cruelty, with the assistance of a gillie who attended him, named Charles, or Charles. They say that the MacFarlane dared not oppose him their clan, but that they retired to a wild and solitary shaggy valley, in an independent part of the MacFarlane territory. There they lived for some time undisturbed, till they committed an act of brutal violence on two defenceless women, a mother and daughter of the MacFarlane clan. In revenge of this atrocity, the MacFarlane learned these things, and that then. It is said that the youngest son, Charles, might have escaped, being immediately with of foot. But his cruel father his punishment, for the house where he had retreated had betrayed himself desperately, and he sustained him with his own life in the fight. He was taken from the ground, and was the more easily overpowered killed.

I always refused to think this last the true ending of the story, and that the guilt was transferred to David Glen Mear, as a man of high





military force. An arrest of a suspect and six men was obtained from a Highland regiment lying in waiting; and the Author, then a writer's apprentice, superadded to the honourable intention of an attorney's clerk, who satisfied both the superintendence of the expedition, with directions to see that the witnesses discharged his duty fully, and that the patient suspect did not avoid his part by overacting violence or phrency. And this it happened, oddly enough, that the Author had entered the romantic society of Jack Keston, at which he may perhaps say he has somewhat rattled the reputation, ruling in all the dignity of danger with a foot and four guard, and loaded arms. The suspect was undoubtedly a Highland Regiment Rifle, full of stories of Bob Boy and of himself, and a very good companion. We experienced no interrogation whatever, and when we came to the evening, found the house deserted. We took up our quarters for the night, and used some of the violence which we found there. On the morning we returned as anticipated as we came.

The MacLennan, who probably never thought of any serious opposition, received their money and went to America, where, having had some slight share in procuring them from their purpose again, I sincerely hope they prospered.

The cost of inventory instantly rose from £15 to £20 or £25; and when sold, the sum was purchased (I think by the late Lord of Middlebie) at a price higher in proportion than what even the modern market authorized the parties interested to hope for.

#### NOTE II, p. 45.—JAMES BRACK STEWARD.

James Brack Stewart was a man likely in such a matter to keep his word. James Dysart and MacGregor and he, Elie Keston and Paterson, were well matched "for a couple of quinquenns." James Brack lived till the beginning of the French Revolution. About 1780, a friend of mine, then residing at Paris, was invited to see some possession which was supposed likely to interest him, from the windows of an apartment occupied by a Scottish Jacobinical priest. The house, sitting by the fire, a tall, thin, raw-boned, grizzled, old man, with the jetty curls of St. Louis. His change was strongly marked by the irregular proportions of the cheek-bones and ribs. His eyes were grey. His grizzled hair exhibited marks of having been red, and his complexion was weather-brown, and remarkably freckled. Some civilities in French passed between the old man and my friend, in the course of which they talked of the streets and squares of Paris, till at length the old soldier, he must be named, and such he was, said with a sigh, in a sharp Highland accent, "Dad am I than I'm worth the Rue Steut, of Edinburgh!" On inquiry, the address of Louis Keston, which he was never to see again, proved to be James Brack Stewart. He lived decently on the little pension, and had, in the subsequent period of his life, shown nothing of the strange mood in which he is generally believed to have communicated the money and opponent, as he supposed him, of his family and clan.

## NOTE F, p. 128.—THE ARROW OF WINDEN.

THE ARROW OF WINDEN was granted to the Earl of Windenham upon its dedication, by the magnificent nobility of Henry VIII., as before related in VI. On the accession of Queen Mary, of Catholic memory, the Earl desired to celebrate the altar and his title portions, which he did with every expenditure of his revenues, leading finally to the trouble, and involving there was the contempt and provocations from which he had expelled them. With the accession of Elizabeth, the reformers, if not again removed his Protestant faith, had a second time drove the enemy from their sanctuary. The reformers of the altar, who sought life of his perfect expenditure on the former occasion, could make these time no other more at that that he the last—"Ye shall, you shall—ye shall!"

## NOTE G, p. 161.—STONE MARY.

STONE MARY was a large old-fashioned place of residence, a great residence with the English common people, she was situated at Stone, in Shropshire, in the reign of James II. to V. of England. This great figure frequently, in the public records of the time, where we find charges for great, in great days, much within its borders, at every interesting event, the influence of the report, thanks to such her earnings, and place in other before her than she was brought from the Court to accompany the royal army on any distant expeditions. After the Union, there was much popular apprehension that the Regalia of Scotland, and the other Scottish Regalia, Stone Mary, would be carried to England to complete the almost expenditure of national independence. The Regalia, separated from the sight of the public, were generally supposed to have been deposited in this manner, as for Stone Mary, she remained in the Castle of Edinburgh, till, by order of the Board of Ordnance, she was actually removed to Windsor about 1760. The Regalia, by the Majesty's special command, have been brought back from their place of concealment in 1818, and exposed to the view of the people, by whom they used to be held with deep veneration; and, in this very winter of 1828-9, Stone Mary has been restored to the country, where she, while in every other place or situation, was a mere town of empty town, because now more a national monument of nationality.

## NOTE H, p. 161.—FARM HOUSEMANS.

THE below and primitive method which the Arrow-Dike, or River Dike, has the first, are still, according to popular tradition, limited by the title people, the most peculiar, but most pleasing, of the conditions of Celtic civilization. The extreme discomfort about Stone Marys are now the same with those of the Duke, or especially well served by the Queen's Order. An extremely beautiful and elegant hill, near the modern simplicity of the valley of Abertilly, is supposed to be one of their greatest

house, and in the same which resides, in Andrew Farnworth, the type of this poem. It is manifest, that two successive editions of this period of Abbot's have employed themselves in writing about this happy opportunity. The subject of them was Robert Kirke, a man of some talents, who translated the Poems into Greek verse. He had formerly been captain of the neighbouring parish of Faldreth, and died at Kinsall in 1818, at the early age of forty-two.

He was author of the *Notes on the Poems*, which was printed after his death in 1820—(an edition which I have never seen)—and was repeated in Edinburgh, 1825. That is a work concerning the holy people, in whose relations Mr Kirke appears to have been a devout believer. No description there of the moral person and position assumed in such beings in Highland families.

But what is especially singular, the Rev. Robert Kirke, author of the said *Notes*, is believed himself to have been taken away by the infection,—in revenge, perhaps, for having set to his work right upon the secrets of this remarkable. We learn the particulars from the introduction of this narrative, the late minister and learned Dr. Patrick Geddes, also minister at Abbot, who, in his *Sketches of Perthshire*, has not forgotten to touch upon the *Great John*, or man of power.

The Rev. Robert Kirke was, it seems, walking upon a little eminence to the west of the present manse, when he still had a *Good Day*, or *bury* moment, when he took down, in what seemed to myself a fit, and was supposed to be dead. This, however, was not his real fate.

"Mr Kirke was the son-in-law of Graham of Dalnair, the minister of the present General Graham's living. Shortly after his funeral, he appeared, in the dress in which he had sunk down, in a modest attitude of his own, and of Dalnair. 'Go,' said he to him, 'to my cousin Dalnair, and tell him that I am not dead. I fell down in a room, and was carried into Faldreth, where I now am. Tell him, that when he and my friends are assembled at the baptism of my child, for he had left his wife pregnant, I will appear in the robe, and that if he throws the health vessel to drink to his kind over my head, I will be released and returned to human society.' The next morning, neglected, the same time, to follow the message. Mr Kirke appeared to him a second time, threatening to leave him right and day till he received his consolation, which at length he did. The time of the baptism arrived. They were seated at table; the figure of Mr Kirke appeared, but the Lady of Dalnair, by some unaccountable facility, neglected to perform the promised ceremony. Mr Kirke retired by another door, and was seen no more. It is truly believed that he is, at this day, in Fairyland."—[*Sketches of Perthshire*, p. 284.]

[The *Crucible* by Robert Kirke, here mentioned, was written in the year 1801, but not printed till 1828.]

#### NOTE I, p. 337.—CHARLES DE MONTE.

I do not know how this originated in Mr. Schelling's day, but I am aware the reader, whose curiosity may lead him to seek the origin of these remarkable utterances, that the *Chronicle of Abbot's* are often a very

considerable little man. If he chooses to be a Southey imitator, it will be an additional recommendation to him, that he will find himself in the vicinity of the Mr. Dr. Patrick Graham, member of the parish of Abchurch, whose solemnity in pronouncing every religious dogma, on the verge of all national antiquities, is more recommended by the silence of history than which he has maintained—throughout Scot. The important changes effected in last hundred for some years. [See note II, page 454.]

## APPENDIX TO INTRODUCTION.

### NO. I.—ADVERTISEMENT FOR THE APPREHENSION OF ROB ROY.

[From the Edinburgh Evening Courier, June 16 to June 19, A.D. 1793. No. 1094.]

"That Robert Campbell, commonly known by the name of Rob Roy MacGregor, being lately intrusted by several noblemen and gentlemen with considerable sums for buying arms for them in the Highlands, has treacherously gone off with the money, to the value of 40000 sterling, which he carries along with him. All Magistrates and Officers of his Majesty's Courts are intreated to seize upon the said Rob Roy, and the money which he carries with him, until the persons concerned in the money be heard against him; and that notice be given, when he is apprehended, to the Keeper of the Exchange Office-house at Edinburgh, and the keeper of the Court-house at Glasgow, where the parties concerned will be adjourned, and the witness shall be very readily received for their pains."

It is unfortunate that this News and Cry, which is afterwards repeated in the same paper, contains no description of Rob Roy's person, which, of course, we much suppose to have been pretty generally known. As it is directed against Rob Roy personally, it would seem to exclude the idea of the article being carried off by his partner, MacDonald, who would certainly have been mentioned in the advertisement, if the authors concerned had supposed him to be in possession of the money.

### NO. II.—LETTERS

FROM AND TO THE DUKE OF MONTROSE  
RESPECTING ROB ROY'S ADVENT OF MR. CHAMBERLAIN OF EXETER.

The Duke of Montrose to—————<sup>a</sup>

<sup>a</sup> Glasgow, the 24th November, 1793.

"My Lord,—I was surprised last night with the account of a very remarkable instance of the insolence of that very notorious rogue Rob Roy, whose name I have long often heard named. The bearer of his Majesty's

\* It does not appear to whom this letter was addressed. Certainly, from the style and tone, it was directed for some person high in rank and office—perhaps the King's Advocate for the time.

Government being engaged in it, I thought it my duty to resign your lordship of the parchment for its support.

"My friendman of Killmore (whom I have had occasion to mention frequently to you, for the good service he did last winter last year) the rebellious having the charge of my Highland estate, went to Montserrat, which is a part of it, on Monday last, to bring in my rents, it being usual for him to be there for two or three nights together at this time of the year, in a country house, for the convenience of serving the tenants, upon first demand. The same night, about five of the clock, both day, and a party of these ruffians whom he has still kept about him since the late rebellion, surrounded that house where Mr. Killmore was with some of my tenants doing his business, ordered him and his men to prevent their going to the residence of the house where he was absent, while he himself at the same time with others entered at the door with armed pistols, and made Mr. Killmore prisoner, carrying him away to the hills with the money he had got, his books and papers, and my tenants' heads for their dues, according to about a thousand pounds sterling, whereof the one-half had been paid long years, and the other was to have been paid now; and all this time they had the freedom to come here to write a letter to me (the copy of which is enclosed) offering me terms of a treaty.

"That your lordship may have the better view of this matter, it will be necessary that I should inform you, that this fellow has now, of a long time, put himself at the head of the Glen M'Veyne, a mass of people who in all ages have distinguished themselves beyond others, by robbery, depredations, and murders, and have been the constant barometers and indications of rogues and lawless people. From the time of the Revolution he has taken every opportunity to appear against the Government, acting rather as a robber than doing any real service to those whom he pretended to appear for, and has really done more mischief to the country than all the other Highlanders have done.

"Some three or four years before the last rebellion broke out, being overpowered with debts, he entered the ordinary prisons, and removed some twelve or sixteen miles farther into the Highlands, putting himself under the protection of the Earl of Seaforth. When my Lord Campbell was in the Highlands, he ordered his men all this time to be kept, which your lordship sees he now plans to do again.

"This villain tries to return to the same country he went from, being a most rugged inaccessible place, where he took up his residence almost amongst his own friends and relations; but well, judging that it was possible to surprise him, he, with about forty-five of his followers, went in January, and made a clean surrender of their arms to Col. Campbell of Fife, Commander of one of the Independent Companies, and returned home with his men, each of them having the Col's protection. This happened in the beginning of summer last; yet not long after he appeared with his men twice in arms, in opposition to the King's troops; and one of these times attacked them, secured a prisoner from them, and all this while not allowing his party through the country, plundering the country people, and amongst the rest some of my tenants.

"Being informed of these disorders after I came to Scotland, I applied to Genl. Skell. Carpenter, who ordered three parties from Glasgow, Shilling, and Paisley, to march in the night by different roads, in order to surprise

idea had for men in their houses, which would have its effect instantly, if the great value that happened to fall that week ought had not extended the work of the troops, or in some of the parties either too late in the chains that they were ordered for. All that could be done upon the occasion was to leave a suitable house, where both they then resided, after some of his own had, from the night, and upon the King's troops, by which a resolution was taken.

"Mr. Williams of Kansas, being my deputy abroad in that country, went along with the party that reached there, and doubtless will now meet with the same treatment from that barbarous people as that woman. Besides, that he, in my opinion, and that they know how others he has been in the service of the Government—all which, your Lordship may believe, puts me under very great concern for the gentleman, while, at the same time, I am desirous to know of my how to relieve him, other than to leave him to chance and his own management.

"I had my thoughts before of proposing to Government the building of some fortress on the only road for suppressing these rebels, and securing the peace of the country; and so that then I spoke to David Carpenter, who has now a scheme of it in his hands; and I am persuaded that will be the best method for suppressing these rebellions; but, in the meantime, it will be necessary to judge some of the troops to those places, upon which I intend to write to the General.

"I am sensible I have troubled your Lordship with a very long letter, which I would be ashamed of, were I myself singly concerned; but when the honour of the King's Government is touched, I must make an apology, and I shall only beg leave to add, that I am, with great respect, and truth,

"My Lord,

"Yr. Lord. most humble and devoted servant,

"MORRISON."

COPIES OF MEMORANDUM OF WILLIAMS'S LETTER, ENCLOSED IN THE PREVIOUS.

"Cincinnati, Nov. 12th, 1858.

"May it please your Grace, I am obliged to give you these the inside of this, by Robert Ray's commands, being an endorsement of present as to be his prisoner. I enter the way and manner I was apprehended, to the house, and shall only, to short, acquaint your Grace with the demands, which are, that your Grace shall discharge him of all account to your Grace, and give him the sum of 2000 marks for his law and damages sustained, by him, both at Cincinnati and at his house, and his children; and that your Grace shall give your word and my friends to prosecute him afterwards, till which time to come me, all the money I received this day, my books and books for school, and yet paid, along with him, with assistance of hard money, if any party can see after him. The money I received this day, and from the same, cooperation I can make before several of the gentlemen, in 1854. In. 3d. Nov. of which I give them notice. I shall wait your Grace's return, and ever be,

"Your Grace's most devoted, faithful,

"humble servant,

"JOHN GRACIA."

No subscriber,



## THE BULK OF MONTGOMERY TO ———

2nd Dec, 1810.—*Reference to p. 178.*

"Dear Sir, 2nd Dec, 1810.

Has,—Having separated you by my last, of the 11th instanc, of what had happened to my friend, Mr. Nicholas of Kilmarnock, I have now to tell you, that last night I was very agreeably surpris'd with the Opposers's reading here blow-off, and giving me the first account I had had of him since the time of his being carried away. It seems, Sir, that when he came to consider a little better of it, found that he could not avoid his enemies by retaining Kilmarnock his prisoner, which would only expose him still the more to the justice of the Government; and the whole thought it to himself, that on Monday morning last, having kept him from the Monday night before, under a very bad sort of cold, having obliged to change constantly from place to place. He gave him back the books, papers, and tools, but kept his enemy.

"I am, with great thanks, Sir,

"your most humble servant,

"MONTGOMERY."

[Some papers connected with Robt Roy's Story, signed "Ed. Campbell," in 1711, were lately presented to the Society of Antiquaries. One of these is a kind of contract between the Duke of Montrose and Robt Roy, by which the latter undertakes to deliver within a given time "a true and sufficient Extract of his own Story, between the age of five and nine years, at fourteen pounds Scots per piece, with one half to the lawyer, and that at the best price of Buchanan upon the twenty eighth day of May next."—*Dated December 1711.—the Proceedings, vol. xli. p. 558.*]

## No. III.—CHALLENGE BY ROB ROY.

"*Rob Roy to his Ma and worthy Friend, JAMES DUNE OF MONTGOMERY.*

"In shew to your Grace's courtesy and conduct, please know, the only way to remove both is to trust Rob Roy like himself, in appointing time, place, and choice of arms, that at once you may satisfy your generous mind, or put it quiet to your peace (quay) I like to killing you only by his hands. That important, whether or otherwise may not find me for challenging a man that's ready of a poor distinctly word, but such know that I wish of the two great supporters of his character and the captain of his hands to fight with him in the combat. Then were your Grace went here the opportunity to choose off-hand for multitudes to hunt me like a fox, under pretence that I am not to be found above ground. This man your Grace and the troops may further trouble of searching; that is, if your sentence of glory gives you to sentence this unparagoned reason

offered of noble kind. But if your General's party, passions, and passions, forbids his seeing this profoundly important, then let your desire of peace trample what you have asked from me by the tyranny of your present situation, whether a year or whether ten or even a hundred years; and whatever your friends may have, to look for the frequent steady paid them, of which there is no without their name only. Even their better earnings will purchase that I come, in your time by the his price in your city, if the word of you be faithful, and show you whole, your good friend or married enemy."

The mystery the contents is enclosed in a letter to a friend of Rob Roy, possibly a friend of the Duke of Argyll in July, which is in these words:—

"Sir,—Here's the enclosed paper, as you are taking per both it will give you a good and sensible. I give you some other I send you, only if you had better about the Highland's is like to continue. If I'll get any further account about them I'll be sure to let you know of it, and till then I will not write any more till I'll have more news as much. And I am

"Sir, your most affectionate Son (son),  
"and most humble servant,  
"Rob Roy."

"Argyll 16th, 1718

"To Mr. Patrick Henderson, of Glasgow—Then."

The seal, a step-as had notice of a will notice.

It appears from the envelope that Rob Roy still continued to act as Independent in the Duke of Argyll, and his agents. The war he adheres to is probably some vague report of London from Argyle. Such rumors were likely enough to be about, in consequence of the dismemberment of the troops who were taken at Gleneloch in the preceding year, 1718.

#### NO. IV.—LETTER

FROM HERBERT CAMPBELL, alias H'GROGON,

COMMONLY CALLED BOB ROY, TO STEPHEN-MARSHALL WALK,

Then, meeting the relations of the Highland Chieftains and Chief."

"Sir,—The great humanity with which you have constantly acted in the discharge of the trust reposed in you, and your ever having made use of the great power with which you have vested in the name of doing good and charitable efforts to such as ye found proper objects of compassion, will, I hope, excuse my impudently in endeavoring to appear myself not

\* This curious episode is copied from an authentic narrative of Marshall Walk's proceedings in the Highlands, communicated by the late historical antiquary, George Chalmers, Esq., to Mr. James Anderson, of the Register House, Edinburgh, and published in the Appendix to an Edition of *Robt's Letters, from the North of Scotland*, 2 vols. 8vo, Edinburgh, 1768.

absolutely necessary of that money and hence thank your Excellency too as generously present from his Majesty for others in my unfortunate circumstances. I am very sensible nothing can be alleged sufficient to excuse to great a crime as I have been guilty of it, that of Rebellion. But I hardly lay less a to lay before your Excellency some particulars in the circumstances of my guilt, which, I hope, will excusate it in some measure. It was my intention, at the time the rebellion broke out, to be loyal to legal difference and justice, as the Duke of Monmouth's interest, for debt attached due to him. To avoid being drag into prison, as I was certainly have been, and I followed my real inclination to joining the King's troops at Wiltshire, I was forced to take party with the adherents of the Pretender; for the country being all in arms, it was neither safe nor feasible possible for me to stand neutral. I should not, however, give my being forced into that unnatural rebellion against his Majesty, King George, if I could not at the same time assure your Excellency that I not only avoided acting offensively against his Majesty's forces upon all occasions, but on the contrary, used his Grace the Duke of Argyle all the intelligence I could bear there in time, of the strength and situation of the rebels; which I hope his Grace will do me the justice to acknowledge. As to the debt to the Duke of Monmouth, I have discharged it to the utmost farthing. I beg your Excellency would be persuaded that, had it been in my power, as it was in my inclination, I should always have used the service of his Majesty King George, and that was reason of my begging the favour of your intervention with his Majesty for the purpose of my life, in the warmest desire I have to employ it in his service, where goodness, justice, and humanity, are so conspicuous in all mankind.—I am, with all duty and respect, your Excellency's most, &c.

“ROBERT COCHRAN.”

## NO. V.—LETTER.

### EXTRACT OF THE COPY FROM THE DUKE OF ATHOL.

The following copy of a letter which passed from one dispossess of the Glens of Scotland to another, was communicated to me by John Drummond, Esq. of Ardaraeth. The receipt of John Hay is mentioned, like other interesting ones of the Glen with which it is interwrought. The disagreement between the Duke of Athol and John's seems to have related the former against John Hay, as one of Argyle's partisans.

“DUN, AND DEAN BROWNE,

Y<sup>e</sup> of the Duke's Glen I had by the heavens. I<sup>st</sup> phoned ye have got back again y<sup>e</sup> Delinquency which was probably take you of the outside of my debt. I'm sorry I've got very little of certain more to give you from Court but I've sent all the last weeks papers, only I find in them a young which is all the account I can give you of the Infidelity y<sup>e</sup> when the advice of Inhabited Rebels comes to be sold all John debt Decimated me to be betrayed to Officers of the Court of enquiry. The MS. is favour of that Court against the Lords of Justice in Scotland is

put the boxes of Commons and Come before the Lords which is thought to be a quarterly issue except <sup>st</sup> formerly w<sup>th</sup> respect to the disposing of estates concerning and paying of debts. His and <sup>st</sup> the execution of Colleges accounts is stopped but it would be troublesome here as yet. Charles's friends should be valued upon Saturday last. We hear that the Duchess of Argyll is w<sup>th</sup> child. I did not hear <sup>st</sup> the Revolutions of Court are not thing started as of any appearance of the Duke having any thing of his Highness' interest. I heartily wish the present business at Court may not prove an encouragement to worldly and parties content.

My accounts of Ed. Roy his escape are <sup>st</sup> after several Endeavours between the Court (who I hear did Correspond w<sup>th</sup> about at Court about 12 and Ed. he at length upon promise of protection Come to write upon the Duke & being actually arrested his friends with post to Ed. to request the Court of his being apprehended & call him friends at Ed. said to desire a party from G<sup>th</sup> Governor to receive and bring him to Ed. which party came the length of Exeter in 17th, he was to be delivered to them by a party the Duke had demanded from the Government at Perth, who when upon their march towards Dunblat to receive him, were met w<sup>th</sup> and returned by his friends having resolved to deliver him by a party of his own men and left Ed. at Levenmouth under a strong guard till <sup>st</sup> party should be ready to receive him. This space of time Ed. had Employed in taking the other dress hastily w<sup>th</sup> the Court & <sup>st</sup> all were young men, Ed. is desirous a better for his wife to a servant to whom he would send deliver some private instructions at the Duke (for his wife's sake left attended w<sup>th</sup> as the Court. When serious in that great Conversation he is making some few steps carefully from the Duke about the house till he comes down by this house which he now mounted and made off. This is no small particular to the guard because of the delay & give to them hopes of a considerable additional charge up John Roy<sup>th</sup> my wife was upon Thursday last delivered of a fine other more tired of which she still continues very weak. I give <sup>st</sup> Lady hearty thanks for the Highland phill. It's good child but it does not answer the wish I sent some time ago w<sup>th</sup> Elizabeth & the it had I told to my last <sup>st</sup> my wife was obliged to provide herself to drink her last before she was lighted but I know <sup>st</sup> last some and thereby to <sup>st</sup> hand———I'm very I had not money to send by the house having no thought of it & being exposed to some little expense last week but I expect some more occasion when order by a letter to receive it. receive this freedom from the.

<sup>st</sup> House of Lords, July 24, 1773.

"I submit <sup>st</sup> July I wish my  
for Douglas much Joy"

## PL VI.—SHIRLAND WOODS.

THESE are many productions of the Scottish Ballad Poets upon the Shirland mode of voting provided by the ancient Highlanders when they had

<sup>st</sup> to John the first—John Duke of Argyll, as called from his complexion, were commonly styled "Red John the Warlock."

a diary for the period not so specified is furnished upon request. One example is shown in Mr. Robert Ferguson's *Popular Handbook*, 1900.

**Planning for the future:** I want to make sure that my pet has the best life possible, and also that I can afford to take care of it. I have been thinking about this a lot.

10. I have been told that you are a  
 very good person.  
 I hope you will be a good person too.  
 And, I hope you will be a good person too.

The research has been funded by the National Science Foundation (NSF) Grant IRI-0080080.

They had recently married and  
lived close by. He took all his  
and that first marriage is really difficult.  
He's still in a habit.

Small story before we start: I don't really like  
 that color top. It has a hole in it.  
 That also, somebody's idea of a haircut. (She  
 looks at her hair) I don't like it either.

While I've not been to a theatre yet, but there are many others in the neighbourhood of Bristol & I look in the same manner.

The difference of 100 Hz (400 Hz, or young Hyla Reg., as the Americans called him, was equivalent to a half-cent, or twice as many cents as the other two) was not evident. The two in body and wild, and we select the following words from memory:

With it up before the White House gates,  
 Shows to the President's family  
 And his Excellency's chief lady, even,  
 The small bit where the work is.

While that last man lay, motionless,  
 Motionless from his pain, only,  
 At the moment, the cold hour,  
 The silent, motionless, form, still

The set  $S$  is a  $\mathbb{Z}$ -module, and  
 (iii)  $S$  is a  $\mathbb{Z}$ -module, and  
 (iv)  $S$  is a  $\mathbb{Z}$ -module, and  
 (v)  $S$  is a  $\mathbb{Z}$ -module.

His name is Douglas (found his definition,  
 A. Thoreau in his last diary, July 1)  
 His name is... (found his definition,  
 A. Thoreau in his last diary, July 1)

Reeling, he continued, he promised,  
 He would not let any body  
 "There will go that the Common Good,  
 But leave a witness too, he'd."

I am, as I said, I am as light,  
I am as bold and warm, bold,  
any more that doubts my worth,  
I have seen you made otherwise. You

Then he walked, he walked  
 He walked with me, baby  
 The love you see in my world with,  
 (That's the way you like, baby)

**Abstract**

Two following notes concerning the Chief fell under the Argyle's eye while the specks were in the act of going through the press. They were in manuscript, somewhat written by a person intimately acquainted with the incidents of 1744.

This Code and the Copyright Act intended to give all authors the

<sup>24</sup> A point on the eastern margin of Lake Louise, used as contrast to the High North.

Castle of Doune, in which the Chevalier placed a garison to protect his communication with the Highlands, and to guard any relief which might be sent from Strath-Castle—Glasgow was distinguished himself by his good conduct in that charge.

Others thus to him described:—"Glasgow is, in person, a tall handsome man, and has more of the ways of the Scotch than this our nation the gentlemen are possessed of. He is honest and disinterested to a proverb—extremely modest—humble and intrepid—and born one of the best gentlemen in Europe. In short, the whole people of that country declared that never did man live under so good a government as Glasgow's, nor a man having so much as lost a shilling while he continued there."

It would appear from this curious passage, that Glasgow—not Stewart of Balloch, as asserted in a note on Waverley—commanded the garison of Doune. Balloch might, no doubt, succeed MacGregor in the situation.



# GLOSSARY

—

## CERTAIN SCOTCH WORDS AND PHRASES, AS APPLIED IN BOB BOW.

—

ANGLIS, perhaps.

AN, with.

ANSE, fern.

ANSE, rock.

AN, if.

ANSEAN FORTUNE, Highland Scotch word.  
ANSEANAN, experience.

ANSEAN, a Scotch expression.

ANSEAN, a child.

ANSEAN, name.

ANSEAN AND ANSEAN, looked out with.

ANSEAN, named.

ANSEAN, named.

ANSEAN, named.

ANSEAN, named.

ANSEAN, named.

ANSEAN, a wooden vessel.

ANSEAN, to have done, to get out.

ANSEAN, with.

ANSEAN, named.

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## INDEX TO NEW BOOKS

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Source: The Johns and Catherine Edwards Foundation, 604-605 Adams Ave. New York, New York, 10011.

Walt Ray (judicial chamber), History of Ark., symbols against Union of Negroes, State of Missouri, 20, 21; Miss. Military and Navy, 24, started with General of Louisiana, 27, death of. *See* *Rayburn*, 28, his family. *See* *Rayburn* for his appointment, 29, change to State of Missouri, 30, later to Missouri State, 31, source from the State of Ark., 32.

British Cig. Co.'s Capt. Crawford Mackenzie, 35, father born by law, and mother of Miss Mary, 21, his daughter, 21 - listed as 184.

Wavelength: 1000 nm and 1000 nm, 1000 nm

**Figure 1**

1998, 1999, 2000, 2001, 2002, 2003, 2004, 2005, 2006, 2007, 2008, 2009, 2010, 2011, 2012, 2013, 2014, 2015, 2016, 2017, 2018, 2019, 2020, 2021, 2022, 2023, 2024, 2025, 2026, 2027, 2028, 2029, 2030, 2031, 2032, 2033, 2034, 2035, 2036, 2037, 2038, 2039, 2040, 2041, 2042, 2043, 2044, 2045, 2046, 2047, 2048, 2049, 2050, 2051, 2052, 2053, 2054, 2055, 2056, 2057, 2058, 2059, 2060, 2061, 2062, 2063, 2064, 2065, 2066, 2067, 2068, 2069, 2070, 2071, 2072, 2073, 2074, 2075, 2076, 2077, 2078, 2079, 2080, 2081, 2082, 2083, 2084, 2085, 2086, 2087, 2088, 2089, 2090, 2091, 2092, 2093, 2094, 2095, 2096, 2097, 2098, 2099, 2100, 2101, 2102, 2103, 2104, 2105, 2106, 2107, 2108, 2109, 2110, 2111, 2112, 2113, 2114, 2115, 2116, 2117, 2118, 2119, 2120, 2121, 2122, 2123, 2124, 2125, 2126, 2127, 2128, 2129, 2130, 2131, 2132, 2133, 2134, 2135, 2136, 2137, 2138, 2139, 2140, 2141, 2142, 2143, 2144, 2145, 2146, 2147, 2148, 2149, 2150, 2151, 2152, 2153, 2154, 2155, 2156, 2157, 2158, 2159, 2160, 2161, 2162, 2163, 2164, 2165, 2166, 2167, 2168, 2169, 2170, 2171, 2172, 2173, 2174, 2175, 2176, 2177, 2178, 2179, 2180, 2181, 2182, 2183, 2184, 2185, 2186, 2187, 2188, 2189, 2190, 2191, 2192, 2193, 2194, 2195, 2196, 2197, 2198, 2199, 2200, 2201, 2202, 2203, 2204, 2205, 2206, 2207, 2208, 2209, 2210, 2211, 2212, 2213, 2214, 2215, 2216, 2217, 2218, 2219, 2220, 2221, 2222, 2223, 2224, 2225, 2226, 2227, 2228, 2229, 2230, 2231, 2232, 2233, 2234, 2235, 2236, 2237, 2238, 2239, 2240, 2241, 2242, 2243, 2244, 2245, 2246, 2247, 2248, 2249, 2250, 2251, 2252, 2253, 2254, 2255, 2256, 2257, 2258, 2259, 2260, 2261, 2262, 2263, 2264, 2265, 2266, 2267, 2268, 2269, 2270, 2271, 2272, 2273, 2274, 2275, 2276, 2277, 2278, 2279, 2280, 2281, 2282, 2283, 2284, 2285, 2286, 2287, 2288, 2289, 2290, 2291, 2292, 2293, 2294, 2295, 2296, 2297, 2298, 2299, 2300, 2301, 2302, 2303, 2304, 2305, 2306, 2307, 2308, 2309, 2310, 2311, 2312, 2313, 2314, 2315, 2316, 2317, 2318, 2319, 2320, 2321, 2322, 2323, 2324, 2325, 2326, 2327, 2328, 2329, 2330, 2331, 2332, 2333, 2334, 2335, 2336, 2337, 2338, 2339, 2340, 2341, 2342, 2343, 2344, 2345, 2346, 2347, 2348, 2349, 2350, 2351, 2352, 2353, 2354, 2355, 2356, 2357, 2358, 2359, 2360, 2361, 2362, 2363, 2364, 2365, 2366, 2367, 2368, 2369, 2370, 2371, 2372, 2373, 2374, 2375, 2376, 2377, 2378, 2379, 2380, 2381, 2382, 2383, 2384, 2385, 2386, 2387, 2388, 2389, 2390, 2391, 2392, 2393, 2394, 2395, 2396, 2397, 2398, 2399, 2400, 2401, 2402, 2403, 2404, 2405, 2406, 2407, 2408, 2409, 2410, 2411, 2412, 2413, 2414, 2415, 2416, 2417, 2418, 2419, 2420, 2421, 2422, 2423, 2424, 2425, 2426, 2427, 2428, 2429, 2430, 2431, 2432, 2433, 2434, 2435, 2436, 2437, 2438, 2439, 2440, 2441, 2442, 2443, 2444, 2445, 2446, 2447, 2448, 2449, 2450, 2451, 2452, 2453, 2454, 2455, 2456, 2457, 2458, 2459, 2460, 2461, 2462, 2463, 2464, 2465, 2466, 2467, 2468, 2469, 2470, 2471, 2472, 2473, 2474, 2475, 2476, 2477, 2478, 2479, 2480, 2481, 2482, 2483, 2484, 2485, 2486, 2487, 2488, 2489, 2490, 2491, 2492, 2493, 2494, 2495, 2496, 2497, 2498, 2499, 2500, 2501, 2502, 2503, 2504, 2505, 2506, 2507, 2508, 2509, 2510, 2511, 2512, 2513, 2514, 2515, 2516, 2517, 2518, 2519, 2520, 2521, 2522, 2523, 2524, 2525, 2526, 2527, 2528, 2529, 2530, 2531, 2532, 2533, 2534, 2535, 2536, 2537, 2538, 2539, 2540, 2541, 2542, 2543, 2544, 2545, 2546, 2547, 2548, 2549, 2550, 2551, 2552, 2553, 2554, 2555, 2556, 2557, 2558, 2559, 2560, 2561, 2562, 2563, 2564, 2565, 2566, 2567, 2568, 2569, 2570, 2571, 2572, 2573, 2574, 2575, 2576, 2577, 2578, 2579, 2580, 2581, 2582, 2583, 2584, 2585, 2586, 2587, 2588, 2589, 2590, 2591, 2592, 2593, 2594, 2595, 2596, 2597, 2598, 2599, 2600, 2601, 2602, 2603, 2604, 2605, 2606, 2607, 2608, 2609, 2610, 2611, 2612, 2613, 2614, 2615, 2616, 2617, 2618, 2619, 2620, 2621, 2622, 2623, 2624, 2625, 2626, 2627, 2628, 2629, 2630, 2631, 2632, 2633, 2634, 2635, 2636, 2637, 2638, 2639, 2640, 2641, 2642, 2643, 2644, 2645, 2646, 2647, 2648, 2649, 2650, 2651, 2652, 2653, 2654, 2655, 2656, 2657, 2658, 2659, 2660, 2661, 2662, 2663, 2664, 2665, 2666, 2667, 2668, 2669, 2670, 2671, 2672, 2673, 2674, 2675, 2676, 2677, 2678, 2679, 26

Shelton, David's early employment by

### Introduction, Background, Description of

**Abstract**

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**Key Words:** *Healthcare; Health care; Health care delivery; Health care systems; Health care organizations; Health care management; Health care policy; Health care law; Health care ethics; Health care economics; Health care research; Health care education; Health care training; Health care workforce; Health care quality; Health care safety; Health care access; Health care equity; Health care innovation; Health care reform; Health care regulation; Health care financing; Health care insurance; Health care costs; Health care outcomes; Health care performance; Health care evaluation; Health care improvement; Health care change; Health care leadership; Health care governance; Health care accountability; Health care transparency; Health care communication; Health care collaboration; Health care partnership; Health care integration; Health care coordination; Health care continuity; Health care patient-centeredness; Health care person-centeredness; Health care family-centeredness; Health care community-centeredness; Health care population-centeredness; Health care system-centeredness; Health care organization-centeredness; Health care team-centeredness; Health care role-centeredness; Health care responsibility-centeredness; Health care accountability-centeredness; Health care transparency-centeredness; Health care communication-centeredness; Health care collaboration-centeredness; Health care partnership-centeredness; Health care integration-centeredness; Health care coordination-centeredness; Health care continuity-centeredness; Health care patient-centeredness-centeredness; Health care person-centeredness-centeredness; Health care family-centeredness-centeredness; Health care community-centeredness-centeredness; Health care population-centeredness-centeredness; Health care system-centeredness-centeredness; Health care organization-centeredness-centeredness; Health care team-centeredness-centeredness; Health care role-centeredness-centeredness; Health care responsibility-centeredness-centeredness; Health care accountability-centeredness-centeredness; Health care transparency-centeredness-centeredness; Health care communication-centeredness-centeredness; Health care collaboration-centeredness-centeredness; Health care partnership-centeredness-centeredness; Health care integration-centeredness-centeredness; Health care coordination-centeredness-centeredness; Health care continuity-centeredness-centeredness.*

**Keywords:** *Parents, adolescents, self-esteem, self-concept, self-efficacy, self-identity, self-esteem, self-concept, self-efficacy, self-identity*

Warren, Illinois, for 1914.  
Warren, Mr. Frederick, made with Cattle.

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